

THE SIGN

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



**NEXT STEPS
TO RECOVERY**
—Francis J. Haas

FICTION—POETRY
Thunders the Belfry —Dinnis
Heart of Old Rome —Wiley
The Red Jewel —Newton
Stanzas of Love —Laube
Night Reveals —Waffie, S. J.

ARTICLES
Pope Faith —Chesterton
John's Early Splendor —Belloc
Spain Now —Williams
Dear Mr. Columbus —Herman
National Patients' Day —Croke
Remarkable —Conversen —Moody
Prison at Casaroda —Gwynn
Major Brooke Tacey —Gurn

DEPARTMENTS
Editorial
Book Post
Epistolary to China
Book Reviews
Woman to Woman

A Worthwhile Cause



Medicine Man in China

You Don't Like to Give

unless you are certain that you are giving to a really worthwhile cause.

You Can't Afford to Give

except to a really worthwhile cause, especially in these days when there is so much need.

Saving Lives Is a Worthwhile Cause

especially saving the lives of Missionaries—lives devoted to the service of Christ and to the spread of His Gospel.

A HOSPITAL AT YÜANLING

—a town nearly two weeks of travel from the nearest medical center—will help save the lives of our Missionaries—priests and Sisters. Had there been a Hospital there, many who died might have lived.

We Have a Responsibility to Them

They are the army in the field—the soldiers at the front. The war in which they are engaged is ours as well as theirs.

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to build a hospital at Yüanling, China.

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Our Cover

Amiens Cathedral

THE Cathedral of Amiens, in northern France, is what we might call a "canonized" Cathedral. Its grandeur, although dedicated to God, has not been reserved for His eyes alone. It has been admired and acclaimed by men of all nations, and used as a means of bringing them closer to God.

The exterior of Amiens Cathedral is a thing of very unusual perfection and beauty. The sculpture which adorns it has given to the Cathedral the title of "The Bible of Amiens," for it presents the whole substance of the Bible story. Christ is its center, and around Him are the prophets who foretold Him, the Mother who bore Him, and the Apostles who preached Him to the world.

Amiens Cathedral is built in the form of a Cross—a sign to the world that here the Sacrifice of the Cross is daily renewed, and the Victim of Calvary is permanently enshrined. The men entrusted with the adornment of the interior of the Cathedral were profoundly influenced by this truth of their faith. As a result, they produced wood-carving whose perfection has probably never been surpassed. Ruskin has said of this ancient oak carving: "There is nothing else so beautiful cut out of the goodly trees of the world." This praise is not extravagant. In fact, it was only fitting that He Who toiled as a carpenter, and Who died fastened to the wood of a Cross, should have His Cathedral adorned with the highest art that the Christian worker in wood has been able to achieve.

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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CONTENTS, FEBRUARY, 1936

The Good Neighbor	Theophane Maguire, C.P.	386
Current Fact and Comment		387
Categorica	Edited by N. M. Law	390
Punic Faith—and Arrogance	G. K. Chesterton	392
The Next Steps to Recovery	Francis J. Haas, Ph.D.	393
Moscow Moves Forward	G. M. Godden	395
Islam's Early Splendor	Hilaire Belloc	397
Mexico Now	Frederick V. Williams	398
Mortality— <i>Poem</i>	Wilbur Underwood	399
Heart of Old Rome— <i>Story</i>	Ernest Wiley	400
Signum et Crux— <i>Poem</i>	Clifford J. Laube	402
Look at the Darn Thing, Mr. Columbus!	Helen Walker Homan	403
Why Not a National Patients' Day?	John Croke	407
Hope— <i>Poem</i>	Eleanor Downing	409
A Remarkable Conversion	John Moody	410
From Catacombs to Cubism	Victor Luhrs	411

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

Communist Fury		413
Yungshun Falls	Bonaventure Griffiths, C.P.	416
Gemma's League—Archconfraternity of the Passion		419
Thaddeus the Seeker— <i>Story</i>	Enid Dinnis	420
Night Reveals the Stars— <i>Poem</i>	Richard A. Welfle, S. J.	423
The Sign-Post: Questions and Communications		424
France at the Crossroads	Denis Gwynn	428
Argosy— <i>Poem</i>	Sr. M. Raymund, R.S.M.	430
Woman to Woman	Katherine Burton	431
A Great Chief Justice (Roger Brooke Taney)	Joseph Gurn	432
The Red Judas— <i>Serial Story</i>	Douglas Newton	435
The Passion and the Poets (Bl. Robert Southwell!)	Daniel B. Pulsford	441
Notes on New Books		443

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THE GOOD NEIGHBOR

THE President took occasion to emphasize again his policy of the "Good Neighbor" in his address on The State of the Union at the opening of Congress. He contrasted the peace of the two Americas with the national hatreds and the rumblings of an impending war in Europe. He said some sharp things about aggression and imperialism, which happily are not characteristic of the countries on this side of the Atlantic.

We are not interested for the moment in his references to countries outside the Americas. What interests us chiefly is the reference to his policy of the "Good Neighbor," as it affects the relations of the United States with other countries of this hemisphere, particularly with Mexico.

It is pertinent to ask: What is Mr. Roosevelt's idea of a "Good Neighbor"? In the minds of most people, especially those with elemental Christian ideals, a good neighbor is one who helps another when he is in need, one especially, who assists those unable to help themselves. The President evidently does not share these common ideals.

This question was once asked of Him Who is the personification of divine goodness. Jesus had insisted on the duty of practising charity towards one's neighbor. A Pharisee, wishing to draw Him out, asked: "Who is my neighbor?" Jesus then told the beautiful parable of the Good Samaritan.

• • •

A MAN going down from Jerusalem to Jericho fell among robbers, who stripped him of his goods and left him half dead by the wayside. A Pharisee happened along (a Pharisee asked the question), saw the man suffering and crying for help, but passed by. A Levite shortly after did the same thing. Finally, a Samaritan (one whom the Jews thought accursed and of whom nothing good could be said), passing by, was moved with compassion towards the man, placed him on his own beast and took him to an inn. He requested the innkeeper to attend to the wounded man and guaranteed that he would pay for his lodging and care.

Jesus then asked: "Who of these three in thy opinion was neighbor to him who fell among robbers?" The Pharisee answered with unaccustomed honesty: "He that did mercy to him." Jesus replied: "Go, do thou in like manner."

In the light of this divine illustration of the good neighbor Catholics may justly ask: "In what does this administration fulfill its much vaunted boast of being a good neighbor to Mexico?" We find that the "Good Neighbor" policy confines itself to nice words which tell the world that the United States believes in freedom of

worship (President Roosevelt at the San Diego Fair), and that the country holds aloft the torch of liberty with the hope that all nations may see its beams (at the Notre Dame Convocation). Nice but innocuous.

What does the clique in the saddle in Mexico care about such generalities? They wink and say: "That will be a sop to those who seek to stop our persecution of religion and our suppression of free institutions. But it doesn't hurt us one bit. We know what the President means. We know the game of flimflam. And we have Josephus Daniels still with us."

• • •

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S convenient method of exposition does not fool Catholics. They will not be satisfied with anything less than an imitation of the *works* of the Good Samaritan, who did not expostulate in arid terms of being a Good Neighbor, but bent down and lifted up the wounded man and took care of him. He didn't talk; he *acted*.

Catholics want the President to *act* the "Good Neighbor" towards the persecuted people of Mexico, crushed and despoiled by a Godless and murderous crew. They do not ask him to "intervene,"—though the President tries to make it appear that they do—contrary to their explicit denial—but they do want him to denounce a gang that tramples on the fundamental rights of man. They ask it because the gang in power in Mexico would tremble with fear if one word of condemnation of their tyranny were issued from the White House. They stand or fall, as everyone knows, according to the good pleasure of the administration at Washington.

If Mr. Roosevelt wishes us to believe him sincere in his advocacy of the policy of the "Good Neighbor," he has an excellent opportunity to show that he is one in deed, as well as in word. Let him do this in the diplomatic way which he knows how to use, and which several of his predecessors—one of whom was a namesake of his—employed, not in the name of Catholics but in the name of *common humanity*.

The United States is really a "Good Neighbor" to the communistic and atheistic tyrants in power in Mexico, but not to those helpless citizens who suffer without redress under their despotic heel. A "Good Neighbor" would not pass by the prostrate form of religion in Mexico, crying for help, but would do something tangible to secure peace and security.

Father Theophane Maguire O.P.

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CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

THE month of February has been designated as Catholic Press Month, in order to bring home to Catholics the necessity of their supporting their own press. This necessity is

Catholic Press Month

felt lightly, if at all, by many of the faithful. Yet, without the Catholic Press—the diocesan newspapers and the various periodicals, Catholics

would be without an adequate defense of their rights and of their philosophy of life.

The Catholic Press is the greatest auxiliary of the pulpit. No priest in his weekly sermon can cover one-hundredth of the topics which call for discussion and explanation. There are many subjects which it is unseemly to mention in the sanctified atmosphere of God's house. Where will Catholics find the truth of what is going on in the world, especially as it affects the Church, if not in the Catholic Press?

Many recent events have a vital concern for Catholics. The Italo-Ethiopian War, the position of the Holy Father in relation to it, the persecution of religion in Russia, Germany, Spain and Mexico; birth control, "mercy-killing," education, etc., are all matters in which Catholics have a grave concern. The part which the philosophy of the Church plays in these things should be known to the faithful. This they will know only if they habitually read the Catholic Press.

Catholics help to support innumerable secular newspapers and periodicals, many of them positively inimical to Catholic ideals. Can they not, with more logic, support their own Press?

The Bishops of the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference urged this support in their Statement on the Present Crisis: "Catholic reading is necessary for Catholic life. The average Catholic is brought in daily contact with much that is calculated to pervert Catholic life and to weaken, or even to destroy, Catholic principles. The Catholic Press and Catholic publications will help to counteract the dangerous influences to which our people are exposed, owing to the atmosphere of worldliness, irreligion and indifferentism by which they are surrounded."

CATHOLICS who love their faith and sincerely desire to aid in its propagation should be very much interested in the appeal for reunion with the Catholic Church, which twenty-nine members of the Anglo-Catholic Church recently made to the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Appeal For Reunion

They are disillusioned. They feel that their present position is untenable. They see no hope of improving it so long as present conditions obtain

in their Church. Their expression of the failure of the Protestant Church, as a whole, in the United States is sweeping and emphatic: "Protestantism, once the religion of by far the greater part of the American people, is bankrupt ethically, culturally, morally and religiously. Its driving force, negative at best, has exhausted itself, and it has ceased to attract or to inspire. The forces of the day have proved too strong for Protestantism and it is disintegrating rapidly. The utter futility of the Protestant position is more and more apparent and it is probable that the fiasco of Prohibition, for twenty years the mainstay of American Protestantism, has delivered the *coup de grace*. Protestant churches are attended by fewer people each year and by those who are middle-aged or old, rather than by the members of the rising generation."

These twenty-nine members, undoubtedly, are voicing the thoughts and expressing the longings of many other members of their Church. They have asked for bread and have been given a stone. They still long for bread—the bread of Catholic doctrine, the bread of eternal life, which is Christ's true Body, and the bread of unity, which that Sacramental Body represents. They can have their fill of this bread at the table spread in the Catholic Church. If they come to the Church and ask for this bread, they will not be turned away empty.

We urge all our readers to pray that our Lord, who has begun this good work in them, may bring it to fruition by enlightening their minds and stirring their wills to embrace the truth, as it is presented to them in the Church, the "pillar and ground of truth."

THE confession of failure and the expression of futility which comes so frequently from Protestant sources in the matter of religion, should move Catholics to aid those

Good Example and Sympathy

suffering from frustration and divine nostalgia, by living according to the teachings of their faith. There is nothing more powerful in influencing those in religious error to embrace the truth than good example. It is far more convincing than eloquence and far more persuasive than argument.

We claim to have the true faith. Do we act as though we did? Too many Catholics are a disgrace to their religion. They are stumbling blocks in the way of those who look with longing towards the Catholic Church. Non-Catholics see the contradiction between what Catholics say they believe and what they do in practice. Such inconsistency shocks and repels the honest inquirer.

On the other hand the daily, unostentatious living out in practice of the teachings and the ideals of the Church is a

powerful magnet drawing the seeker after truth and security in religion—the most important of all life's problems—nearer and nearer the portal of the Catholic Church. The old proverb is as true as ever: "Words move but example *draws*." The faithful will do much towards the conversion of Protestants and unbelievers if they are Catholics in deed as well as in name.

Another point bears on the conduct of Catholics towards those who at great cost have embraced the faith. In many cases disowned by their families and friends, converts look for sympathy and good fellowship from Catholics. By adopting such an attitude those born in the faith will soften the shock which often accompanies conversion, and make it easier for those who fear to take the step to resolve, with God's grace, to do so. They will know that they will be received in the house of friends. Such human conveniences are not to be overlooked.

THE Encyclicals of Pius XI are a profound and well-informed analysis of the needs of modern society, with a clear and scholarly exposition of what the Catholic Church offers to supply those needs.

Pope Pius XI and the Priesthood

The Encyclicals on the Christian Education of Youth, on Christian Marriage, on Social Justice and Charity are among the most important and timely of the Holy Father's pronouncements. The Encyclical just issued on the Priesthood ranks with them both in importance and timeliness. As the Holy Father himself says, it supplements them, for the priest is the instrument for rendering effective their teachings.

The newspapers gave a summary of the contents of this Encyclical on its appearance, but to appreciate it one should read the entire text. It can be found in an English translation in various diocesan weeklies. Its perusal is recommended to the laity as well as to the clergy.

This is not the first time that the Holy Father has manifested his particular interest in the priesthood. Indeed, this interest might truly be called one of his greatest. In preceding declarations and in the present important document he manifests the conviction that no work is more important than the selection and training of candidates for the priesthood—no asset greater to the work of the Church than a holy and learned clergy.

One of the most striking points in the Encyclical, if one can judge by the reaction of the press—especially the secular press—is the note of progress and modernity: "The priest must be graced by no less knowledge and culture than is usual among well-bred and well-educated people of his day. This is to say that he must be healthily modern, as is the Church, which is at home in all times and all places, and adapts itself to all; which blesses and furthers all healthy initiative and has no fear of the progress, even the most daring progress, of science, if only it be true science."

Perhaps many find such words striking because they do not realize that the Catholic Church is and ever has been the friend of true progress and of true science.

SO beautiful are the words of the Holy Father in describing the assistance which the priest gives the faithful by his spiritual ministrations that we quote the words of the Encyclical:

The Priest and the Faithful

"Scarcely is he born before the priest baptizing him, brings him by a new birth to a more noble and precious life, a supernatural life, and makes him a son of God and of the Church of Jesus Christ. To strengthen him to fight

bravely in spiritual combats, a priest invested with special dignity makes him a soldier of Christ by holy Chrism. Then, as soon as he is able to recognize and value the Bread of Angels, the priest gives It to him, the living and life-giving Food come down from Heaven. If he fall, the priest raises him up again in the name of God, and reconciles him to God with the Sacrament of Penance. Again, if he is called by God to found a family and to collaborate with Him in the transmission of human life throughout the world, thus increasing the number of faithful on earth, and, thereafter, the ranks of the elect in Heaven, the priest is there to bless his espousals and unblemished love; and when, finally, arrived at the portals of eternity, the Christian feels the need of strength and courage before presenting himself at the tribunal of the Divine Judge, the priest with the holy Oils anoints the failing members of the sick or dying Christian, and reconsecrates and comforts him.

"Thus the priest accompanies the Christian throughout the pilgrimage of this life to the gates of Heaven. He accompanies the body to its resting place in the grave with rites and prayers of immortal hope."

ECONOMICS offers a golden opportunity for the activities of those who would give us a cure-all for the ills to which we have been subjected, especially since the evil

Why Work at All?

days of 1929. We were interested in reading recently of the good hard-headed, common-sense criticism which some of these *Nostrum* originators could give of the "economists."

Doctor Francis E. Townsend, father of the now famous Townsend Plan, when questioned about Epic said: "When they came to me and asked me what I thought of Sinclair's (Epic) plan I told them I would not support it, that it would not work. It would drive all industry out of the State and bring in all those who didn't want to work."

About Social Credit, Townsend said: "The Canadian scheme won't work because it can be put into effect only in one Province. All it will do is to attract all those who are out of work in other Provinces."

But Sinclair is just as sharp regarding the Townsend plan. Says he: "If I were 30 and out of a job, I'd just go home and live with father, who would be drawing down the gravy from a Government dole."

Perhaps it would be just as well to scrap all other plans and deals, new and old, and adopt the Retire at Birth Plan. According to this plan as reported in *Time* "every newborn child would be given a \$20,000 note payable by the U. S. in 20 years. The note would bear 3% interest (\$50 monthly) payable to the child's parents. This \$600 a year, plus \$1,000 a year for a sinking fund, would cost the Government only \$1,600 a year per pensioner compared to \$2,400 under the Townsend Plan. If a boy and girl married at 20 they would have \$40,000 capital to live on, so that they would never have to work. And as they procreated their income would mount \$50 a month for each child."

SEVERAL of our readers have manifested an interest in *The Chrysostom*, the new magazine which we "toasted" in the December 1935 issue, and which we described as "the

Two New Magazines

only magazine in the English language devoted to the Oriental Catholics." It is published monthly under Catholic auspices at 2 Park Avenue, Granville, N. Y., and is approved by Most Rev. Basil

Takach, D.D., of the Greek Rite, of the diocese of Pittsburgh.

The claim of *The Chrysostom* will have to be modified and limited to the United States, for it has recently been brought to our notice that another magazine devoted to the same purpose has recently made its appearance in England. It is called *The Eastern Churches Quarterly* and is published at St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate, England. THE SIGN welcomes both these new magazines and wishes them the greatest good fortune.

• • •

THE interest aroused and the controversy ensuing over "mercy killing" bring out once more the necessity of defining the boundaries of medical science and of ethics, or better, religion. The province of medicine is limited to the treatment of the diseases of the body. When there is question of what is lawful or unlawful

Limits of Medical Science

according to the code of ethics, and above all of religion, when there is question of what may be done, or ought to be done to a man suffering under what is called an incurable disease, the physician must look not only to what is good for the body of the sufferer, but more so, what is good for his soul.

That is, the physician must not view man simply as an animal, devoid of personality, but as a creature of God, with consequent relations to God. In other words, he must view man as a *whole*, with all his relations and obligations. Only then will the physician be able to see how the principles of medicine must be regulated by the higher principles of ethics and religion.

• • •

THERE is nowhere a more accurate and penetrating analysis of the distinction between medicine and ethics than in that marvelous lecture delivered by Cardinal Newman before the School of Medicine of the Catholic University of Ireland, and contained in his *Idea of a University*. A section of that enlightening address is appended here, but the whole lecture ought to be read by medical men and nurses, too.

Relation of Medicine to Ethics

dress is appended here, but the whole lecture ought to be read by medical men and nurses, too.

"Its province (the medical profession's) is the physical nature of man, and its object is the preservation of that physical nature in its proper state, and its restoration when it has lost it. It limits itself, by its very profession, to the health of the body; it ascertains the conditions of that health; it analyzes the causes of its interruption or failure; it seeks about for the means of cure. But, after all, bodily health is not the only end of man, and the medical science is not the highest science of which he is the object. Man has a moral and a religious nature, as well as a physical. He has a mind and a soul; and the mind and soul have a legitimate sovereignty over the body, and the sciences relating to them have in consequence the precedence of those sciences which relate to the body. And as the soldier must yield to the statesman, when they come into collision with each other, so must the medical man to the priest; not that the medical man may not be enunciating what is absolutely certain, in a medical point of view, as the commander may be perfectly right in what he enunciates strategically, but that his action is suspended in the given case by the interests and duty of a superior science, and he retires not confuted but superseded."

Not confuted but superseded! Therefore, medical men ought not to consider that their profession is impugned when professors of ethics and teachers of religion condemn "mercy murder" and operations of an unethical character; rather they ought to reconsider their position.

They may with all good conscience tell patients what *will* happen in view of their physical condition, but they transgress on the province of ethics and religion when they tell them what they *ought* to do or submit to, in the sense that what they say is lawful in their eyes.

• • •

PUNIC FAITH, by G. K. Chesterton, is a lively analysis, in his own inimitable style, of the Anglo-Italian situation. Dr. Francis Haas, treating of economic force in *The Next Steps to Recovery*, gives some plain facts and their consequences. A remarkable Congress held recently in London gives occasion for *Moscow*

The Sign This Month

Moves Forward, by one who knows Communism well.

In *Islam's Early Splendor* Hilaire Belloc explains the early spread of Mohammedanism. He speaks of it as a heresy which after fourteen centuries is as strong as ever spiritually. Mr. Williams discusses recent developments below the Rio Grande in *Mexico Now*. Look at the *Darn Thing*, Mr. Columbus! is another of those delightful letters for which Mrs. Homan is well known.

Father Croke gives much useful information in *Why Not a National Patients' Day?* and Mr. Moody, himself a convert, describes what he calls *A Remarkable Conversion*.

The Mission Department is particularly interesting this month as it contains the first letters of our Missionaries published since the recent Red invasion of our territory in Hunan, China. These letters and the absorbing narrative of adventure by Father Bonaventure give the reader an idea of the heroic lives led by these soldiers of Christ at the front.

France at the Crossroads by Denis Gwynn describes the various cross currents of French politics and the difficulties her statesmen are having in determining the course to follow toward the League, England and Italy. The centenary this year of the appointment of Roger Brooke Taney to the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the first Catholic to hold this office, makes particularly timely Joseph Gurn's *A Great Chief Justice*.

Stories, verse and the usual departments offer a diversified selection in which all will find something attractive.

• • •

TO Right Rev. Francis P. Carroll, on his appointment to be Bishop of Calgary. † To Right Rev. Hugh L. Lamb, on his appointment to be Auxiliary Bishop of Philadelphia.

Toasts Within the Month

† To Most Rev. George L. Leech, D.D., on his appointment to the See of Harrisburg. † To Dr. Daniel Sargent, President of the Catholic Poetry Society, on his election to the Presidency of the Catholic Historical Association. † To the Sisters Filippini, on the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of their foundation in this country. † To Rev. Joseph E. Hanz, Rector of the Brother Dutton School, Beloit, Wis., on his appointment to the Northwest Territory Celebration Commission by President Roosevelt. † To the Protestant and Catholic clergymen of Plainfield, N. J., whose united protests succeeded in preventing J. C. (J. F. C. "Jafsie") Condon from giving his vaudeville lecture on the Lindbergh kidnaping. † To Rev. Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J., on the completion of twenty years of writing his original and consoling spiritual essays under the title of *My Changeless Friend*, the circulation of which has reached the total of 757,000 copies. † To Uruguay, the little South American country, on its expulsion of the Soviet minister for subversive propaganda.

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

A FOLK PRAYER

FROM G.K.'s Weekly comes the following translation by Aodh de Blacam of an original Gaelic poem, familiar among the folk of County Clare, small farmers and fishermen:

I

Christ's is the Sowing,
Christ's is the Fall:
Into God's barn
May He garner us all.

II

Christ's are the waters
And fish of the sea:
Taken in God's net
May we be.

III

From youth to age,
And death until:
Thy Hands, O Christ,
Be about us still!

IV

At the end of life
When Life will begin,
Into God's Paradise
May we win.

AN UNUSUAL VOW

IN his latest work, "In Quest of Beauty," Dom Verkade gives an incident that illustrates the rather naive form that piety occasionally assumes, especially in Latin countries:

One day, as I knelt praying in the Madonna chapel, I heard an excited commotion nearby. Turning round, I was horrified to see three women engaged in undressing a young boy of five or six. Soon he stood there just as Nature made him, whereupon the women motioned to me, saying in agitated tones: "Si Mon, Mr. Monk, please take these clothes and put them on the altar!" I was staggered, but complied without a word. Then the women proceeded gleefully to dress the lad in a complete new outfit; and when I asked them to explain this unusual (to say the least) form of devotion, they told me that the lad had been seriously ill, and his parents had promised the Madonna that they would give her all that he possessed, if she would cure him. This she had obviously done, so *ecco!* the vow was simply being carried out.

MIXED DOUBLES

CLOSE resemblances often cause difficulties—for those resembling and others. Imagine the embarrassment of the lady mentioned in "Facts and Fancies" of "The Catholic Fireside":

Nature is reputed never to use the same moulds in fashioning men, but none the less she has permitted a fair number of such close resemblances as that which is reported to cause Dr. E. A. Ebbleswhite, a Highgate magistrate, to be mistaken for Lord Chief Justice Hewitt.

Professor Thomas Henry Huxley and Professor Schraeder were so alike that even intimate friends mistook them, while

Tennyson and Leslie Stephen, despite a considerable difference of age, were almost exact doubles, and Edmund Yates was so like Shah Nasr-ed-Din of Persia that when that monarch made his famous visit to England the journalist's photographs were sold in the streets as portraits of the Shah.

Alma-Tadema, too, was facially an almost exact duplicate of George du Maurier. One night a lady addressed one of the artists at dinner as Mr. Alma-Tadema, and assured him that he was "really not a bit like Du Maurier, as many people tried to make out."

"Possibly not," replied the artist politely, "but, you see, I am Du Maurier."

FAITH OF A NATURALIST

"MAGAZINE DIGEST" gives us something amusing but not without serious reflections in an article "The Faith of a Naturalist" by Archibald Rutledge:

At the time we were five years old . . . my little Negro comrade Prince and I. We decided to raid the family strawberry patch, although I had strict and specific injunctions from my mother to stay out of the garden. Our guilt must have added a certain strange zest to our pleasure, for we were enjoying ourselves hugely. Yet a heavy sense of sin was upon us; and that fact undoubtedly accounted for our swift and painful reaction to the sound that interrupted our evil orgy.

From a nearby river, or from the distant delta there came to us a thunderous moaning, a weird subterranean bellowing . . . as if a bull in agony were lamenting to be let out of a sepulchre. Moreover, our imaginations promptly suggested that these awful sounds were directed at us.

"W'at dat?" asked Prince, his eyes wide, his chubby black hands full of strawberries. But in this crisis my intelligence utterly failed me. I only gasped, "What?"

"Dat is de Debil," said Prince solemnly.

In such a crisis, whither should we fly? Whither indeed save to my mother, the all-forgiving and the high authority in the occult ways of gods and devils? And to her, the red signs of our guilt staining our faces and hands, we fled in terror. I can remember how those two, the black baby and the white, clung sobbing to my mother's dress. And I remember the sweet voice and the gentle hands that stilled our fears.

It was not until some years later that I had learned what had frightened us was a bull alligator serenading his lady love . . . or perhaps challenging to brute combat some rival dragon.

* * * * *

From my earliest years I have studied nature. Born on an immense old Carolina plantation, by the time I was five years old I had to take a hand in finding strayed stock, roaming the lonely woods for miles; in caring for the mothers and their young; rescuing from floods and from forest fires the cattle and the sheep and the hogs. The early love of the wilds has never left me.

But a purely scientific study of nature has never really interested me. I am less interested in the law of gravitation than in Who made it; nor am I captivated by the weight of planets and suns, the gases surrounding them, their distances from us. An older question fascinates me: Whose hand was it that set their delicate balance, started them at cyclone speed, holds them now in their vast orbits? The pure scientist will say

something about natural law; but law is a thing that is made or established. Behind everything in the universe my mind sees and my heart feels the presence of the Maker. Science, if I may presume to say so, has not gone far enough. It declares that certain effects are truth; but is it not going to include cause also as a truth, and an older and deeper one than what it produces? It seems to me utterly natural and reasonable to declare that Someone throned the mountains in the high azure, set the wild sea's boundary.

A PRAYER

THE sentiments of the following verse are appropriate for Ash Wednesday, which occurs during February. It is by Wilson W. Stader and appeared in "The New York Times":

How short the time! So swift the moments fly,
Our little day on earth seems scarce begun
When tolls its solemn midnight bell, and, done
Or not our work, we lay us down to die!
How short the time! So many things to try
To do in life's short span! We hurrying run
From this task to the next, and pray for one
More hour's brief space to put it finished by.
How short the time! Dear Lord, vouchsafe to me
The grace to know that Love is more than all.
Help me my every moment, Lord, to fill
With loving thought and deed, and tenderly
To cherish those whose hearts' clear answering call
Responds to my heart's cry in good or ill.

NEW SMUGGLERS

NECESSITY is the mother of invention, and economic pressure, too, has done much toward the same cause. In proof thereof is the following incident taken from "The New York Times":

Eight German farmers of Rothenbach, on the Dutch frontier, have been sentenced to five months' imprisonment for making smugglers of their hens.

The farmers, whose land lay on both sides of the frontier, conceived the idea of feeding their hens in Holland, where the food is cheaper than in Germany, and then driving them over the frontier to lay their eggs in Germany, where eggs are dearer than in Holland.

This ingenious means of making the best of both countries at last was discovered by customs authorities, but not before 2,000,000 eggs, according to authorities' estimate, had been carried into Germany without paying import duty.

STATISTICS ON RELIGION

THE following religious statistics, contributed by the Rev. V. H. Krull, C.P.P.S., will, we are sure, prove interesting and enlightening to our readers:

Upon the command of His Holiness Pope Pius XI a *Catholic World Atlas* was prepared and published. This was done by F. C. Streit for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. This book contains a geographical and statistical description with maps of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. The exact number of Catholics in the various parts of the world are given. We summarize the number of Catholics in

All Europe	208,881,598
All America	199,096,603
All Asia	16,535,812
All Africa	5,329,455
Australia and Islands.....	1,584,541

Total No. of Catholics.....431,428,009

Those who believe in the one true God are:

Jews	16,000,000
Catholics	431,428,009
Greek Orthodox	127,000,000
Protestants	171,000,000

Total745,428,009

Other religions in the world are:

Mohammedans	219,000,000
Buddhists	135,000,000
Hindus	210,000,000
Confucianists	301,000,000
Shintoists	21,000,000
Animists	136,000,000

Total1,022,000,000

The above total are neither Jews nor Christians.

The total number of believers in God

are1,767,428,009

The number of people in the world according to the *Catholic World Atlas*

of 1929 is.....1,940,744,350

Deduct the number of believers.....1,767,428,009
from the total number of people in the
world and we find, if figures are correct,
that there are..... 173,316,341
unbelievers or people without religion in
the world today.

It is high time that Jews and Christians unite in an effort to enlighten those who are without any belief and knowledge of God.

REVEREND!

"THE CHURCHMAN" quotes with considerable approval the following lines from an unknown writer in its department "The Cleric's Scrap Book":

Call me Brother if you will.
Call me Parson, better still.
Though plain Mister fills the bill,—
If that title lacketh thrill,
Even Father brings no chill
Of hurt or rancor or ill-will.
If D.D. the name append,
Then Doctor doth some fitness lend.
Preacher (Ugh!), Pastor, Rector, Friend,—
Titles almost without end,—
Never grate and ne'er offend;
A loving ear to all I bend.
But how that man my heart doth rend
Who blithely calls me Reverend.

BIGGEST CHRISTMAS PIE

IN the Christmas jottings of our contemporary "The Cross," published by the Passionists of St. Patrick's Province, Ireland, the following note indicates something of the upper class appetite in the London of the late nineteenth century:

Probably the biggest Christmas pie on record is that which is said to have been prepared by Sir Henry Grey's house-keeper when Sir Henry was spending Christmas in London in 1770. Among the contents of the pie were four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, two curlews, seven blackbirds, six pigeons and two neat's tongues.

Contemporary records described the pie as "a very great curiosity," but there is no indication of the number of guests who sat down to eat it or of what became of them. The pie was nine feet in circumference and was "fitted with a case and four wheels to facilitate its use."

Punic Faith—and Arrogance

By G. K. Chesterton

MR. CHESTERTON refuses to believe that politicians are strangling Italy out of compassion for Ethiopia, that the Empire which grabbed half of Africa is moved by a moral scruple or that American Magnates are fired by an unsuspected chivalry.

IT occurred to me the other day that there is something curiously English about complimenting China by holding a huge exhibition of all the arts and crafts and cultural creations of that ancient and august civilization, while allowing the country itself to be trampled over by the raiders and landgrabbers of Japan, in defiance of that very same sacred pledge of the League of Nations, for which we are supposed to be risking the renewal of the Great War in Europe.

We seem to be quite ready to incarnadine the multitudinous seas rather than admit the outrageous claim that Italy is connected with the Mediterranean; but at least we preserve all our memories of eighteenth-century literature; and if we are as noisy as ever in maintaining that Britannia rules the waves, at least she is mistress of herself though China fall. She has always had a curious and delicate discrimination about when and where to go into feminine hysterics. She is resolved to regard the rising cyclone or locust-storm of the Far East as a storm in a Chinese teacup; but at least she has built a beautiful big glass-case to contain the teacup.

Now if somebody were to read these floating fancies of mine, and were to go off and declare somewhere that I had proposed to blow up or burn down the Chinese Exhibition at Burlington House, that person would be in error. He would have misapprehended my meaning. He would fail to predict my movements. And he might, of course, call me baffling and inconsistent for failing to keep a promise I had not made.

My own personal feeling of the crisis arising out of the Ethiopian quarrel must be equally mystifying to many; and a remark by a writer in the *Catholic Herald* leads me to think it advisable once more to define exactly what it is. It is not identical with Imperialist opinion or Socialist opinion; it is apparently not identical with any great contemporary bulk of public opinion. But it is quite identical with my own opinion, old and new; and I have nothing to retract of anything I have said on such subjects at various

times; and nothing to be explained away; though a good deal, apparently, to be explained. Perhaps I can best explain it by going back once more to the working model of imperialistic war and aggression, or what I considered such, at the beginning of my life; I mean the British war against the Boers.

That aggressive war was preceded by an act so aggressive that it could hardly be dignified by the name of war at all; the Jameson Raid. On the failure of that random outrage, it may be remembered by some that the Kaiser sent a telegram to President Kruger, which was worded as a congratulation to the Boers but was taken as a defiance to the British. There was a great fuss; *Punch*, on such occasions the most solemn of our serious papers, was duly patriotic; perhaps Mr. Kipling wrote a poem. But nothing came of it; Kruger did not succeed in drawing any of our rivals into his quarrel; but he might have done so.

SUPPOSE he had; suppose the German Empire had started an attack on the British Empire in South Africa; suppose by some complications of the Balance of Power this had thrown France or other nations on to our side; there would have been a War with much the same moral constituents as the Great War. Now I should not be ashamed of thinking the Great War a greater thing than the South African War. I should not unsay anything I had said. I should not retract anything I had written as a Pro-Boer. I should not, in that sense, in any way cease to be a Pro-Boer. I should still think Kipling essentially wrong and Kruger at least relatively right. I should still think so and I should still say so.

But I should also say that all the proportions of the problem were altered. I should still be bound in consistency to condemn the Imperialism of Milner and Chamberlain. But I should not be bound to prefer the worse Imperialism to the better; or the bigger Prussianism to the smaller. I should not be bound to rejoice at the Prussians riding into Paris be-

cause it might prevent the British riding into Pretoria. I could not be compelled to dance with joy at Prussianism overshadowing all Europe and the whole earth, because I did not approve of my countrymen annexing another strip of a hinterland in South Africa. I need not lift up my heart to hear the most brutal and sneering bully of a Junker crowing on the top of the whole world, because I thought there was too German a tinge in the dull efficiency of Lord Milner. There is such a thing as proportion; it is the most practical of all things; and without it we know neither history nor humanity.

NOW that is very much what I feel about the last phase of the latest alliance of British Imperialism, American Capitalism and the Secret Societies, for the almost avowed purpose of "strangling Italy." If the League of Nations really were an impartial judicial authority; and if (what is about as probable) I were one of the judges; and if the Ethiopian Case were brought before me, I should decide instantly against Italy. I have again and again in this place stated in the strongest words the particular case against Italy.

But I cannot bring myself to believe that, at this time of day, anybody who knows what modern governing gangs are like, really thinks that our cynical old politicians are strangling Italy out of holy compassion for Ethiopia; that the Empire which has itself grabbed about half Africa is moved merely by a moral scruple about white men attacking black men; or that American commercial magnates are suddenly fired with a chivalry toward Ethiopia, which they seldom show toward America.

The new threat to Italy is not only from worse powers, but from those which we are here specially bound to watch as the very worst. Fascism is to be ruined, not for all it did wrong, but for the one thing it did right. It is the revenge of Plutocracy.

Children of Christian Rome, and even of Pagan Rome, have rightly denounced Roman Imperialism. So "Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa," or used his withering wit in the phrase, "They make a solitude and call it peace." But this is not now a war between Rome and Ethiopia. This is a war between Rome and Carthage. And it completes an unpleasant parallel that, while our Navy dominates the Latin Sea with Punic arrogance, we have left all China to accuse us of Punic faith.

THE NEXT STEPS TO RECOVERY

*A Profound Master of the Subject and Catholic Thinker Discusses
Economic Force and Its Workings on the Social Life*

By Francis J. Haas, Ph.D.

WHEN all is said and done the ten million unemployed and the twenty million on dole are the victims of economic force. However we may react to the idea, economic force, either used or held in reserve, must be employed to meet this deplorable condition. Since the abolition of the NRA codes unrestrained competition for wages and hours again holds the field, and, if we are really concerned about the suffering millions and are courageous enough to be practical, we shall insist that economic force making for social injustice be matched with equal economic force against it. Only in this way, here and now and until our social institutions are reconstituted, can we hope to have recovery and after it a reasonable measure of justice for all.

The present article should perhaps be entitled *economic force, what, why, and how*, as these questions will be discussed in order in the succeeding paragraphs. The comments that follow are limited to urban industry and urban wage earners, with only passing reference to agriculture and farmers. Basically, under unrestricted competition, the problems of agriculture are the same as those of city industry, and what is true of the one is true substantially of the other. The wage of the farmer is what he gets for his products, and this amount like the pay of the urban worker, is determined almost entirely by competition with fellow producers.

What is economic force? Considered either as cause or cure of social injustice it has nothing to do with violence or anything remotely resembling it. It is simply economic pressure exerted through threat of loss. As cause it operates through savage competition of worker with worker, restricting those who toil to the bitter choice either of taking what the weakest will take or of going without. As cure it would operate as a control on competition to hold employers, under fear of property loss, to decent labor standards.

As cause, prior to 1929 and from 1929 to 1933, among approximately 90

per cent of the employable, economic force asserted itself through unrestrained competition for wages and hours and produced widespread want and suffering. It is almost a commonplace to say that during the boom years preceding 1929 considerably more than half the gainfully employed were compelled to accept a yearly wage less than sufficient for decent family living. All the world knows that from 1929 to 1933 conditions grew tragically worse. Prices of commodities dropped sharply and employers, some to stay in business and others to increase profits, slashed wages. The more reputable manufacturers who in 1929 reported average hourly earnings of 60 cents, in 1933 reported 40 cents. During this four-year period, in the more sweated industries, in lumber and garment manufacturing for example, weekly pay envelopes of \$2.00 and \$3.00 in return for 60 and more hours work per week, or 3, 4, or 5 cents an hour, were far from uncommon, and in fact in some districts represented the "going" wage. Obviously, workers with such miserable incomes could not buy all they needed and all that others would have gladly produced, and therefore others were thrown out of work.

THE spiral continued downward until June, 1933, when the Federal Government, to put a floor under wages and a ceiling above hours, set up the NRA. It is history now that on May 27, 1935, the U. S. Supreme Court in the Schechter decision, sometimes called the "sick chicken" case, scrapped this necessary and too long delayed work, and on January 6, 1936, by outlawing the AAA stopped similar efforts for the protection of farmers.

Again we are back where we were in the spring of 1933, which means that economic force is again crushing millions. Again competition is free and unrestrained. Although it is simple arithmetic that to employ the unemployed, hours must be reduced, the lamentable fact is that numerous establishments instead of reducing hours are, either to

stay in business or to enhance profits, increasing hours and thereby increasing unemployment. Moreover, it should be remembered that since 1929 per-man output in manufacturing establishments has increased somewhere between 15 and 25 per cent, with the true figure probably the latter. Clearly, in the absence of control of hours, the inevitable result is more and more unemployment.

LOW wages, long hours, unemployment, and farm distress are the effects of uncontrolled economic might. The remedy is clearly indicated. Pressure is to be resisted with pressure, restraint with restraint, coercion with coercion. Some industrialists recognize the necessity of proceeding in this way, but unfortunately do not "follow through." They propose a "voluntary" plan to restrain wage and hour competition. Each trade association of employers, they say, for example the trade association of garment manufacturers, would agree on a code of minimum wages and maximum hours for the industry, and after the Government had approved it, the officers of the association would enforce its provisions on the constituent members.

A primary defect of this scheme is that it is unilateral. Workers who, to say the least have as much at stake in the labor contract as have employers, are excluded from the negotiation of the "voluntary" code and consequently it will contain only what employers are willing to give. In the last analysis the "voluntary" code system would create an employer dictatorship, and dictatorship of employers can hardly be more tolerable than that of workers.

But theory apart, from the negotiation side the "voluntary" idea would doubtless work out as not infrequently it did under NRA. Too often NRA codes came out of trade association conferences containing only the wage and hour provisions that either the most inefficient or the most greedy employers would accept. But NRA had and used some measure of compulsion to raise standards. The "voluntary" system has

and can use none. Moreover, from the enforcement side, the "voluntary" code would be like a tire with a leak. Employers not in the association would not be bound by the arrangement. They could and would, by having lower labor costs than association members, undersell them and disrupt the whole plan.

All this shows and experience has abundantly borne it out, that it is idle to talk of "voluntary" schemes to cure unemployment and effectuate a substantial measure of social justice. The "voluntary" plan, because it is voluntary, cannot invoke the one thing needed, compulsion. Its essential defect is that it is voluntary. What is necessary is restraint, and restraint applied to all.

WHY should economic force be used to resist social injustice? The question has been partially answered, but one important feature should be stressed. It is the moral and spiritual. Economic force working through cut-throat labor competition rides roughshod over the moral rights of vast numbers of individuals and families, rendering discharge of moral and spiritual obligations well nigh impossible. His Holiness, Pius XI, in *Forty Years After*, writes: "It may be said with all truth that nowadays the conditions of social and economic life are such that vast multitudes of men can only with great difficulty pay attention to that one thing necessary, namely their eternal salvation."

The following outline of moral evils caused by economic injustice shows that the men who exercise what the Encyclical calls "despotic economic domination" cannot be reached by moral force alone but that property force, their own weapon, must be employed against them. Before the crash of 1929 nearly one million boys and girls fifteen years of age and under were gainfully employed. The evil was practically stamped out by the NRA codes, but since their abolition it is rapidly returning. One of the clearest evidences is the increasing number of permits granted to child laborers; for example, in New York City in September, 1935, 1428 permits for full-time work were issued to 14 and 15 year-old children, as compared with 390 for the twelve months of 1934.

Child labor is one of the blackest moral blots on our national life. Nothing illustrates so clearly the cruel effects of economic force working through unfettered competition. "For just as rough weather destroys the buds of spring," Pope Leo XIII affirms, "so too early an experience of life's hard work blights the young promise of a child's powers, and makes any real education impossible."

With children the evil is bad enough. But it goes even deeper. For millions of men and women it attacks the source and wellspring of life, the family. From

a dozen sides economic force exercised through unlimited labor competition assails the family institution. It is well known that weddings increase in number during prosperous times and decrease in depressions. The Home Loan Bank Board in a recent bulletin declared that the marriage rate "is acutely sensitive to the ups and downs of general business activity." These trends have a public and a private aspect. Protracted engagements because of inadequate income, or as couples sometimes say, "Neither of us is earning enough to get married on," are public knowledge, but what is not made public are the all too frequent tragedies contained in abortion records in hospitals and in bastardy action files in District Attorneys' offices.

In numerous families, especially those newly established, the obstacle to normal marital relations is preponderantly, if not exclusively, the insufficient wage of the husband. It is only necessary to recall the many instances in which the young bride, because of the bridegroom's paltry wage or part-time employment, "goes right on" working after marriage in order to support herself. Even more common are the families wherein the mother, in direct competition with the father, takes his job in the factory while he takes care of the children in the home.

Economic force, however, operates in perhaps the most serious way of all by preventing married persons from having the number of children they would like to have and under Divine Providence to which they have a sacred right. There can be little question that for large numbers of poor couples the remark "We can't afford to have children" is not an excuse for avoiding responsibility but a complaint against deep seated privation and injustice. Ultimately those who advocate birth prevention among the weaker economic classes would subordinate family sanctities to the existing property order. Those who urge this pagan position are not the poor, but for the most part the well-to-do who selfishly want present economic arrangements with their cruel injustices continued. Needless to say, Catholic moral teaching rejects this materialistic conception of society, and holds that in the Divine plan an economic system is designed to serve family life and not family life an economic system. If changes are needed, as they are, they are to be made in the system and not in the family.

IN the Encyclical on *Marriage* His Holiness Pius XI insists "that in the State such economic and social methods should be set up as will enable every head of a family to earn as much as, according to his station in life, is necessary for himself, his wife, and for the rearing of his children, 'for the laborer is worthy of his hire.'" His Eminence

Patrick Cardinal Hayes in a recent sermon stated the Catholic position succinctly: "The true lover of the poor today, and the true social scientist, knows that the right approach to the whole problem is not to keep people from having children, but is so to re-order our economic and social structure as to make it possible for people to have children and rear them in keeping with their needs. Therein lies true social leadership; in birth prevention lies social degradation."

Other moral disorders within the family circle, directly traceable to economic injustice, should not be overlooked. The reader, perhaps from observation, perhaps from sad personal experience, can readily recall them: wrangling and discord because the husband cannot find a job or because he is not earning enough to support the family; broken morale and despair due to the husband's permanent layoff because he has reached forty; bitterness towards society which will not permit an able bodied and industrious man to earn an honest living, whereas the resources and equipment of the country could, were it not for the greed and tyranny of a few hundred men, provide comfortable abundance for all; loss of self respect of parents, and even of children at school, because they are forced to live on public charity.

THIS is the spiritual and moral wreckage of unrestrained labor competition. It cries to heaven for redress and above all for protection against future wrong. Irresponsible economic might must be made responsible and, making due allowance for the necessity of moral reformation, the result can be attained only by exerting economic restraint.

How is economic force to be restrained? For the present and undoubtedly for some time to come, through economic force using economic penalties. This answer should not be understood as minimizing the necessity of moral reformation and of working through men's consciences to remove economic oppression. Moral reform and economic reform must go hand in hand, the moral and the economic in society being as vitally interrelated as are the body and the soul in the individual. In his Encyclical *Forty Years After* Pope Pius XI insists not only on moral regeneration, but also on social and economic reconstruction, outlining the plans and specifications for it in considerable detail.

The Holy Father's program, the central feature of which is occupational organization, need not be discussed here, inasmuch as it will probably not be introduced in our country for some years to come. It should be mentioned, however, that the Papal program does not proceed on the naive assumption that

the self restraint of any class, either of employers, workers, or farmers, is sufficient guarantee for social order. Rather it assumes that a kind of balance of power, under the refereeship of government is to be maintained by having workers, farmers, employers, and professional persons organized in their respective orders.

For us the immediate question is what to do here and now and until such time as an effective system is established on the lines set forth in the Encyclical *Forty Years After*. To be sure, the work of moral reform is to be pushed to the utmost, but along with it that of meeting organized strength with organized strength should be urged with no less vigor.

There are three ways of accomplishing this result: Federal legislation; unionization of workers; and simultaneous use of both. The first is the enactment of laws, nationwide in scope, compelling an employer, under penalty of fine or refusal of a license, to pay not less than a fixed wage, and prohibiting

him from working any employee more than an established number of hours per week. Such legislation should be paralleled with appropriate restraints on the processors of farm products. The second is the formation of workers' unions, so that if necessary they can prevent an employer from getting workers unless and until he meets minimum standards of wages, hours, and working conditions. The third is the concurrent use of the first and second.

All three roads are blocked by serious obstacles. Legislation runs into constitutional difficulties; organization into the pathetic fact that only a negligible number of workers, not much more than 10 per cent, are unionized and that powerful employer interests are determined to stop future organization. Combined use of both measures has to contend with the obstacles lying in the path of each.

Nevertheless, a way must be found. It is unthinkable that in a country like ours, abounding in resources and equipment, one-fifth of the workers should be condemned to enforced idleness and

degradation, and hundreds of thousands of industrious farmers to servile tenantry. Every sentiment of brotherly feeling and patriotism, to say nothing of Christian charity and justice, revolts at the prospect.

The first and most necessary step is an Amendment to the Federal Constitution, empowering Congress and the several States to require employers and processors of farm products to meet nationwide standards, with the proviso that the States may raise such standards if they wish. The second is even more important but far more difficult. It is the recognition by powerful industrialists, in conscience as it is already in law, of the worker's right, characterized by Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI as innate and natural, to join a union of his own choosing. These are the tasks ahead, and no one in touch with the problems will regard them as anything but Herculean. Nevertheless, they are the first steps to be taken toward recovery and ultimately national well-being.

Moscow Moves Forward

By G. M. Godden

MOSCOW is losing no time in applying the new tactical line enjoined at the VII World Congress of the Communist International, last summer. December witnessed the most imposing display of Soviet activity in London, since the creation of the U.S.S.R.; and it was a display carrying out the "New Line" of Soviet tactics in a Congress which covered every department of human intelligence.

During two days this Congress, which claimed to represent over 1,000,000 persons from all political parties, all social classes, and various religious denominations, was emitting paeans of praise for that militantly atheist State, the Union of Soviet and Socialist Republics. Successive speakers exalted Soviet achievement in all fields. Members of both the British Houses of Parliament, took a prominent part in the proceedings, which were carried through with such fervor that the Congressionists cheerfully sacrificed dinner rather than curtail the sittings. And one and all of the speakers demonstrated the most perfect fidelity to the new Moscow demands for the widest possible "United Front." Conservative, Labor Party, and Socialist speakers lined up with Communist leaders. The great Hall of the sect of the Quakers, once noted for a staunch if misguided piety,

COMMUNIST activity in England has been intensified and directed along new lines. This article reports the facts and also the significance of these facts to England and America.

echoed incredibly to a panegyric on the atheist education of the children of the U.S.S.R.

Soviet agricultural collectivization was acclaimed as a "willing acceptance" of the collective system by the Russian peasants; a startling assertion in the face of the forcible deportation, largely to the Arctic, on open freight trucks, with no adequate clothing, and no provision of housing, of some 5,000,000 small-holders during the period of the inauguration of the Soviet collective farms. It has been well said that these deportations, which civilized Europe and America allowed to proceed without challenge, constitute one of the greatest crimes in history. This expropriation, moreover, of four to five millions of hard-working peaceful Russian peasants, with its colossal deathroll from cold, hunger, and disease in the arctic lands of their exile, was accompanied by the shooting of thousands of other peasants who contested the seizure of their homes.

To represent the Soviet collectivization of Russian agriculture as accom-

plished "willingly" is a monstrous lie, which shows, as THE SIGN has already pointed out, the Soviet belief in an infinite swallowing capacity in American and European audiences. It is a useful commentary on Soviet collective agriculture to remember that two years ago after the new system had been set up, a major famine raged in Southern and Southeastern Russia, causing an excess of deaths above the normal of 3 to 4 million.

In industry the Congress applauded Soviet Stakhanovization, a system which bears a remarkable resemblance to the rationalization and "Speed-Up" so ardently denounced when practised by Capitalist industrialists. Soviet medical achievement received the highest praise. It was mentioned that 12,000 abortions had been performed by one surgeon during the past year. Soviet sport was described in glowing terms; an objective specially mentioned being efficiency in national defence. Soviet art was described as aiming at "performing a social function." This definition of art

recalls the declaration of the Head of the Fine Arts Department of the Soviet Commissariat of Education: "Art is for the masses. It must aid in remolding all economic life. Art organizes thought . . . it must serve the proletariat in the Soviet Union." Not only must Soviet art be subservient to the proletariat; Soviet artists regard their art in the militaristic spirit of Communism, as appears from their message to the Soviet Commander in Chief Voroshilov: "We artists with our works want to shoot at our class enemies as Red army soldiers have shot, and will shoot. You have taught us fighting art, class art."

Soviet education, recommended as a model to be followed by all nations, was described as "materialist in conception and atheist in outlook." Soviet science was heralded by an injudiciously frank exponent, who observed that "not Soviet science, but the Soviet System is the important thing to consider." Soviet literature was a subject which produced a flash-light comment on the startling amount of money spent by Soviet writers when visiting Paris.

NOT the least amazing incident of this Congress was a panegyric on the Soviet Red Army, as exhibiting the utmost benevolence and charity for imprisoned enemies, a description difficult to reconcile with the Soviet records of raids, imprisonments, exactions and death sentences without trial, carried out by Soviet soldiers. To give only one or two recent examples of activities of the Red Army in Russia. Last year the Soviet Press reported the shooting of over 98 persons in four months. Last June the *Nowoje Slovo* described the shooting of ten children who were accused of having talked in a manner that "threatened the Government." Five years ago 48 persons, including distinguished professors and specialists, were shot out of hand. Only two years ago the shootings included 35 officials of the Commissariat of Agriculture.

The implications of this remarkable outpouring of Soviet propaganda in London, through the mouths of English men and women who should have verified their facts before declaiming them, will not be lost upon American citizens. The Soviet Power is anxious, to-day, to placate the opinion of the intelligentsia of the English-speaking nations. The Soviet rulers would welcome a British, perhaps still more an American loan, or even the grant of American commercial credits. The recent proposals for the settlement of the major debts of the Soviets to American citizens and corporations suggests the possibility of such a loan, since the Soviet Government is precluded from American loans so long as she is classed as a defaulting debtor, under the Johnson Act.

It is obviously extremely advantageous

to the U.S.S.R., under these circumstances, to manufacture a favorable public opinion for the encouragement of prospective investors both in London and in New York. It is exactly such a public opinion that the propaganda of Congresses like that described above is intended to influence. This is no campaign aimed at the capture of the workers and the unemployed, although these "cannon fodder" of the Communist International will be requisitioned directly the moment seems opportune to the tacticians of Moscow.

The extension of this propaganda has been the outstanding feature of the work of International Communism in England during the past twelve months. There has been a rapid advance all along the English Cultural Front. The Communist English propaganda theatre, camouflaged as the Left Theatre, has been created, for the diffusion of the Communist doctrine among educated and semi-educated audiences, and it is hoped to establish a repertory theater in permanent premises so that the English Left Theatre "could be made into as valuable and effective an organization as the Theatre Union in America."

The "Artists' International," the Communist organization for mobilizing art in the service of the Proletariat, has just concluded an Exhibition in London at which Augustus John and other artists of international repute were induced to exhibit by the bait of demonstrating "against Fascism and War." Film Shows of the great Soviet propaganda films have been arranged for audiences very far removed from those of working-class areas. And a new "Film and Photo League" has been organized, which announces that the "capitalist film" is dope; and that "real heroism and real drama" belong to the lives of the Workers.

PRIMARYLY concerned with spreading the praises of the U.S.S.R. in regard to all branches of human endeavor, this Congress was also designed, the promoters tell us, to counteract the "tales about religious persecution and famine, about slave camps and lack of freedom"; in other words to counteract the records which have gradually pierced the thick veil that hangs over Soviet Russia. The opaque density of that veil may be measured by the desire, so frequently expressed by intelligent persons, "to go and see for myself" the conditions obtaining in this sixth portion of the globe. No one ever hears the expression of an ardent desire to "go and see for myself" the conditions of human existence in Brazil, or France, or Norway, or New Zealand.

Within the last few weeks the veil has been lifted in a little book just published, and reviewed in this issue of *THE SIGN*, *Red Gaols*. This record, of transparent

simplicity and honesty, is of special value in regard to that Soviet "cultural achievement," so loudly acclaimed to-day—the construction of the White Sea Canal. A collectively written official volume has been translated into English, representing the building of this canal, by penal labor, as a masterpiece of Soviet remedial treatment of criminals. The author of *Red Gaols* was employed as a statistical worker on the White Sea Canal works, and writes from close personal knowledge.

THE "remedial treatment" included drafting of men and women from Solovki prisons, who were provided with nothing but canvas shelters with a thermometer at 38 degrees below Zero. Four hundred women were huddled together in one barrack, a dark shed lit by a single window at one end. Prostitutes formed three-quarters of the total number of women. The special work of the author of *Red Gaols* was that of statistics of the Planning Bureau of the Canal; and in the course of this work figures were compiled showing the deaths of three hundred thousand convict workers, who had been camping in forests, devoid of any shelter, without medical aid, without adequate food or drinking water. New batches of prisoners filled the ranks of the dead and dying convicts, a replacement which gave the Soviet authorities little trouble as the Soviet prison camps in one single area have held 20,000 victims. As many as 100,000 prisoners have passed through one receiving station, that of Novosibirsk during only one summer. The supply of Soviet prison labor is practically illimitable.

This "remedial" slaughter was proceeding from the summer of 1931 to that of 1933, the two years occupied in building the Canal; but the humanitarians of Europe and America raised no finger on behalf of this mass of helpless human misery. Now, the U.S.S.R., with incredible effrontery, asks a credulous world to believe that the survivors are reclaimed criminals, restored to useful lives by the "humane methods" of the police of the U.S.S.R., that quasi-military force which is execrated in all civilized nations under the name of the OGPU.

America will doubtless have, before long, a Congress similar to the one just held in London, asserting that "the welfare of mankind" demands the "closest possible coöperation" with the U.S.S.R. The three hundred thousand dead convicts, on the banks of the vaunted White Sea Canal, are the latest contribution of the Soviet Union to the "welfare of mankind." But that death-roll is not featured in the Film of the Canal, a film which is one of the outstanding productions of the new Moscow drive in its propaganda work on the Cultural Front.

Islam's Early Splendor

Mohammedanism Appeared Suddenly From the Desert. Soon It Had Conquered All of Near Asia and Was Striking at Europe

By Hilaire Belloc

WE saw in my last article what was the main cause of Islam's extraordinarily rapid spread; a complicated and fatigued society, and one burdened with the institution of slavery; one moreover, in which millions of peasants in Egypt, Syria and all the East crushed with usury and heavy taxation, was offered immediate relief by the new creed, or rather, the new heresy. Its note was simplicity, and therefore it was suited to the popular mind in a society where hitherto a restricted class had carried on its quarrels on theology and government.

That is the main fact, I say, which accounts for the sudden spread of Islam after its first armed victory over the armies rather than the people of the Greek speaking eastern empire. But this alone would not account for two other equally striking triumphs. The first was the power the new heresy showed of absorbing the Asiatic people of the near East, Mesopotamia and the mountain land between it and India. The second was the wealth and splendor of the Caliphate (that is, of the central Mohammedan monarchy) in the generations coming immediately after the first sweep of victory.

The first of these points, the spread over Mesopotamia and Persia and the mountain land towards India, was not, as in the case of the sudden successes in Syria and Egypt, due to the appeal of simplicity, freedom from slavery and relief from debt. It was due to a certain underlying historical character in the Near East which has always influenced its society and continues to influence it today. That character is a sort of natural uniformity. There has been inherent in it from times earlier than historical record penetrates, a sort of instinct for obedience to one religious head, which is also the civil head, and a general similarity of social culture. When we talk of the age-long struggle between Asia and the West, we mean by the word "Asia" all that sparse population of the mountain land beyond Mesopotamia towards India, its permanent influence upon the Mesopotamia plains themselves, and its potential influence upon even the highland and sea coast of Syria and Palestine.

The struggle between Asia and Eu-

rope swings over a vast period like a tide ebbing and flowing. For nearly a thousand years, from the conquests of Alexander to the coming of the Mohammedan religion (333 B.C.—634 A.D.), the tide had set eastward: that is, western influences—Greek, and then Greek and Roman—had flooded the debatable land. For a short period of about two and a half to three centuries even Mesopotamia was superficially Greek—in its governing class, at any rate. Then Asia began to flood back again westward. The old Pagan Roman Empire and the Christian Empire, which succeeded it and which was governed from Constantinople, were never able to hold permanently the land beyond the Euphrates. The new push from Asia westward was led by the Persians, and the Persians and Parthians (which last were a division of the Persians) not only kept their hold on Mesopotamia but were able to carry out raids into Roman territory itself, right up to the end of that period. In the last few years before the appearance of Mohammedanism they had appeared on the Mediterranean coast and had sacked Jerusalem.

Now when Islam came with its first furious victorious cavalry charges springing from the desert, it powerfully reinforced this tendency of Asia to reassert itself. The uniformity of temper which is the mark of Asiatic society, responded at once to this new idea of one very simple, personal form of government, sanctified by religion, and ruling with a power theoretically absolute from one centre. The Caliphate once established at Bagdad, Bagdad became just what Babylon had been; the central capital of one vast society, giving its tone to all the lands from the Indian borders to Egypt and beyond.

BUT even more remarkable than the flooding of all near Asia with Mohammedanism in one lifetime was the wealth and splendor and culture of the new Islamic Empire. Islam was in those early centuries (most of the VIIth, all the VIIIth and IXth), the highest material civilization of our occidental world. The city of Constantinople was also very wealthy and enjoyed a very high civilization, which radiated over dependent provinces, Greece and the seaboard

of the Ægean and the uplands of Asia Minor; but it was focused in the Imperial city; in the greater part of the countryside culture was on the decline. In the West it was notoriously so. Gaul and Britain, and in some degree Italy, and the valley of the Danube, fell back towards barbarism. They never became completely barbaric, not even Britain, which was the most remote; but they were harried and impoverished, and lacked proper government. From the fifth century to the early eleventh (say A.D. 450 to A.D. 1030) we call "The Dark Ages" of Europe—in spite of Charlemagne's experiment.

SO much for the Christian world of that time, against which Islam was beginning to press so heavily; which had lost to Islam the whole of Spain and certain islands and coasts of the central Mediterranean as well. It was under siege from Islam, and Islam stood up against it in dominating splendor and wealth and power, and what is even more important, with superior knowledge in the practical and applied sciences.

Islam preserved the Greek philosophers, the Greek mathematicians and their works, the physical science of the Greek and Roman earlier writers. Islam was also far more lettered than was Christendom. In the mass of the West most men had become illiterate. Even in Constantinople reading and writing were nearly as common as they were in the world governed by the Caliph. One might sum up and say that the contrast between the Mohammedan world of those early centuries and the Christian world which it threatened to overwhelm was like the contrast between a modern industrialized state and a backward, half-developed state next door to it: the contrast between modern Germany and its Russian neighbor. The contrast was not as great as that, but the modern parallel helps one to understand it. For centuries to come Islam was to remain a menace, even though Spain was reconquered. In the East it became more than a menace, and spread continually for seven hundred years, until it had mastered the Balkans and the Hungarian plain, and all but occupied Western Europe itself. Islam was the one heresy that nearly destroyed Christendom

through its early material and intellectual superiority.

Now why was this? It seems inexplicable when we remember the uncertain and petty and shifting foundation of the Mohammedan effort. That effort began with the attack of a very few thousand desert horsemen, who were as much drawn by desire for loot as by their enthusiasm for their new doctrines. Those doctrines had been preached to a very sparse body of nomads, boasting but very few permanently inhabited centers. They had originated in a man remarkable indeed for the intensity of his nature, probably more than half convinced, probably also a little mad, and one who had never shown constructive ability.

MOHAMMED was a camel driver, who had had the good luck to make a wealthy marriage with a woman older than himself. From the security of that position he worked out his visions and enthusiasms, and undertook his propaganda. But it was all done in an ignorant and very small way. There was no organization, and the moment the first bands had succeeded in battle, the leaders began fighting among themselves: not only fighting, but murdering. The story of all the first lifetime, and a little more, after the original rush—the story of the Mohammedan government (such as it was) so long as it was centered in Damascus, is a story of successive intrigue and murder. Yet when the second dynasty which presided for so long over Islam, the Abbasides, with their capital further east at Bagdad, on the Euphrates, restored the old Mesopotamian domination over Syria, ruling also Egypt and all the Mohammedan world, that splendor and science, material power and wealth of which I spoke, arose and daz-

zled all contemporaries, and we must ask the question again: why was this?

The answer lies in the very nature of the Mohammedan conquest. It did *not*, as has been so frequently repeated, destroy at once what it came across; it did *not* exterminate all those who would not accept Islam. It was just the other way. It was remarkable among all the powers which have ruled these lands throughout history for what has wrongly been called its "tolerance." The Mohammedan temper was not tolerant. It was, on the contrary, fanatical and bloodthirsty. It felt no respect for, nor even curiosity about, those from whom it differed. It was absurdly vain of itself regarding with contempt the high Christian culture about it. It still so regards it even today.

But the conquerors, and those whom they converted and attached to themselves from the native populations, were still too few to govern by force. And (what is more important) they had no idea of organization. They were always slipshod and haphazard. Therefore a very large majority of the conquered remained in their old habits of life and of religion.

Slowly the influence of Islam spread through these, but during the first centuries the great majority in Syria, and even in Mesopotamia and Egypt, were Christian, keeping the Christian Mass, the Christian Gospels, and all the Christian tradition. It was they who preserved the Greco-Roman civilization from which they descended, and it was that civilization, surviving under the surface of Mohammedan government, which gave their learning and material power to the wide territories which we must call, even so early, "the Mohammedan world," though the bulk of it was not yet Mohammedan in creed.

But there was another and it is the

most important cause. The fiscal cause: the overwhelming wealth of the early Mohammedan Caliphate. The merchant and the tiller of the land, the owner of property and the negotiator, were everywhere relieved by the Mohammedan conquest; for a mass of usury was swept away, as was an intricate system of taxation which had become clogged, ruining the taxpayer without corresponding results for the government. What the Arabian conquerors and their successors in Mesopotamia did was to replace all that by a simple, straight system of tribute.

Whatever was not Mohammedan in the immense Mohammedan Empire—that is, much the most of its population—was subject to a special tribute; and it was this tribute which furnished directly, without loss from the intricacies of bureaucracy, the wealth of the central power: the revenue of the Caliph. That revenue remained enormous during all the first generations. The result was that which always follows upon a high concentration of wealth in one governing center; the whole of the society governed from that center reflected the opulence of its directors.

There we have the explanation of that strange, that unique phenomenon in history—a revolt against civilization which did not destroy civilization; a consuming heresy which did not destroy the Christian religion against which it was directed. The world of Islam became, and long remained, the heir of the old Greco-Roman culture and the preserver thereof. Thence was it that, alone of all the great heresies, Mohammedanism not only survived, and is, after nearly fourteen centuries, as strong as ever spiritually. In time it struck roots and established a civilization of its own up against ours, and a permanent rival to us.

Mexico Now

By Frederick Vincent Williams

MR. WILLIAMS *relates and interprets the recent political developments below the Rio Grande.*

THE return of General Elias Plutarco Calles to Mexico was probably the most serious mistake he made in his life and at the same time a great boon to the Catholics struggling for religious freedom in that country.

It split the ruling minority—the enemy of the Church in Mexico—wide apart and it gave the armed units of the Liga Nacional—the new Cristeros—an opportunity to sweep over wide ex-

panses of territory when Lazaro Cardenas, the President, to protect himself against a Calles' revolt in Mexico City was forced to withdraw picked troops from the field against the religious insurgents.

For some time General Calles had been under pressure from the politicians at Washington and foreign investors to return to Mexico from what his friends fondly termed "self imposed

exile" and either curb Cardenas in his Communistic government or replace him as the nation's head and dictator.

General Calles hesitated at the California border for the opportune time. That time came when the Cristeros in Jalisco, Sonora and Durango States dealt smashing blows at the Cardenas military forces and the Ministry of War in Mexico City was in a wild state of excitement.

However the one time Iron Man of Mexico and despoiler of the Catholic Church did not return until he had concocted a little military plot of his own wherein on his arrival in the Capital his friends in the Army and in high

public office—those who remained—were to spring a coup.

General Calles might have relied solely on the assurances of Washington that not a hair of his head would be harmed and that Ambassador Daniels would be poised—as he is yet poised—to fly to his aid in the event that President Cardenas sees fit to treat the former dictator to some of his own medicine—LEY FUEGA—the celebrated Mexican Law of Flight wherein gentlemen in custody of soldiers are shot in the back while trying to “escape.”

It is certain that Washington has told Cardenas through Daniels that Calles must not be harmed or Calles before this would have joined the long procession of dead that marked his own bloody régime.

But General Calles, never distinguished for physical courage, no matter how sagacious a diplomat he might have been, decided on another trump card—a military coup with President Cardenas at the other end of the guns.

A colonel in Mexico City who was in on the plot and would have been, with others, most handsomely rewarded, got a case of cold feet as the magic hour approached and told everything he knew about it to President Cardenas. He will soon be made a general anyway.

THE result was that General Calles arrived in Mexico City by plane with no place in particular to go except home and those who met him at the airport lost their jobs and were threatened with jail.

The Communists—National Revolutionary Party—with which we have long said he lost caste, demonstrated against General Calles and otherwise showed their displeasure while Washington and big business suffered the keen humiliation of seeing their favorite Mexican son in the rôle of a great flop.

General Calles might then and there have died a natural death politically and ceased to be of consequence if Washington had not insisted on the dream that he could, if given the opportunity and enough encouragement, stage a comeback.

The general played some bad golf, missed a lot of holes and bided his time while the Communists debated heatedly on whether “accidentally” to kill him and risk Washington’s displeasure or allow him to live a little while longer until the American politicians’ ardor for the old blood spiller cooled of its own accord.

The Communists—N.R.P.—and that goes for Señor Portes Gil (pronounced heel) and the rest of the so-called intellectuals of the Revolution—made a great mistake however in overlooking

the fact that the Mexicans as a whole were fed up, as we say in nice company north of the Rio Grande, with President Cardenas and his Moscow ideas of mis-government.

They were so desperately sick, the Mexican nation at large, with President Cardenas and the N.R.P.’s idea of making them over into Russians that even General Calles, as bad as he was, began to look good in comparison.

This of course did not go with the Catholics and particularly with the fighting Cristeros who regard Calles in the same light as they do Cardenas—

But the idea began to take hold, especially with proper encouragement from Washington, and with it the balance of power, invisible as it might be, began

Mortality

By Wilbur Underwood

THE jackal makes his lair in
Babylon

By ruined walls and columns over-
thrown;

O'er Tyre's rich-carven marble briars
run

And desolation lies on scattered stone;
Proud Nineveh has crumbled into dust
A desert where the gaunt hyena
prowls;

Lo, Sodom burned to ashes in its lust
And Ur a nesting-place for mournful
owls;

These are but portents; all earth's
vast domain

Shall vanish, and that shining caravan
Of sun and moon and heaven's starry
train

Dissolve into the void whence they
began;

All, all shall change and perish; two
remain

Where else is naught: God and the
soul of man.

to slide slowly away from Cardenas and in the direction of Calles.

As Calles began to grow stronger with the moral support of Washington the gold braid boys around President Cardenas, the political opportunist, became restless.

If Washington was so dead set on Calles it would not be long before something would happen to Cardenas, they figured, and some of them, even those very close to Cardenas—and I have this right from the heart of Mexico City—began to go secretly Callista.

All our politicians have to do now in Washington—as if they didn't know it—is to sit tight and root for Calles and he is going to take Cardenas' place, but, the best informed Mexicans will tell

you, Washington will simply plunge poor old Mexico into another maelstrom.

Calles, those who are disinterested all agree, is not the way out for peace in Mexico. And anything he may have told Washington to tell the Church here that he will lift the persecution of religion in Mexico can be put down as worth nothing to the Mexican Catholics.

A Mexican Catholic, worthy of the name, who is willing to compromise with Calles is put down by his fellows as nothing short of an imbecile. The Catholics can not forget what Calles in the past has done to them. And they live in an unholy fear that somehow the great American government will work their ruin unless the Catholics in the United States who are their friends will bring pressure to bear on their politicians at Washington to stop United States intervention in favor of the return of Calles to power.

General Calles cannot last, even if he does succeed Cardenas with Washington's help—and whether you know it or not—that is Washington's ambition and object just now.

THE most intense official pressure in this country has been brought to bear on that point—with Calles' promise that he will ease up on the Mexican Catholics and save Washington's face with the American Catholics.

Washington, as usual, a habit of years, does not count the will or the opinion of the Mexican people at large in this tragedy below the Rio Grande. It still no doubt regards the thousands of men under arms and in control of many states against the Communist government of Mexico as mere rebels or bandits and sees in Calles the only solution to ending a governmental mess represented by Cardenas. It was not until Cardenas put the Moscow doctrines preached by Calles in effect and foreign investors felt the Communistic pinch that Washington bothered its head about a change of revolutionary administrations in Mexico. It was not until American Catholics and their friends besieged Washington with protests against the persecution of the Church in Mexico in a year when election time drew near that the politicians regarded the Church situation in Mexico with anything akin to serious interest.

The Mexican people—who are ninety per cent Catholic—tell me that they look to their fellow religionists in the United States in this crucial election year to wield their influence against United States support of Calles under whom they have suffered.

Calles, stripped of power, cannot disguise the contempt and hatred in which he holds God and Church in Mexico. His new rôle is but the trick of a political opportunist. The man remains the same.

HEART OF OLD ROME

By
Ernest Wiley



TRUDGING along towards the Forum, the old scrivener smiled with amusement as he recalled his landlady's anxious and gesture-filled report of the impression he had made upon his fellow-guests in her little *pensione*. Virtually according to that vivid exposition, he was a pariah in their midst. That noisy group of empty-headed youngsters, it would seem, had dubbed him *il sognatore*—exiled him as a thing unbearable, a dreamer. Naturally they would; for dreaming is a species of mental activity. And although the *padrona di casa* was much too charitable to mention any names, he was sure it was that caustic, swaggering fellow from the northern university who labelled him *il passo—the fool*.

Passo—sognatore; maybe they were right. He would admit their charges, if it would serve their pleasure. But he would go on with his "dreaming," for it

was bringing to life in his mind the Rome of the early Christians—the Rome of the Cæsar's and the martyrs. It was capturing something which he needed for his fiction-chronicle of that vital era.

Indeed, he would even admit that he found himself continuously fitting his own conscious experiences and the events of today into that early period—comparing the ages, laying the bewildering present, as it were, upon the stable pattern of the past, and thereby making strange discoveries.

The klaxon of an impatient taxicab suddenly emitted a shattering blast at the old scrivener's heels, and sent him scampering to safety against the wall which flanked the street.

He resumed his reverie with an added touch of vehemence, when the interrupting vehicle had clattered past him. Perhaps his critics at the boarding house could dispel a few of their stupid illusions

of the present if they would do a little "dreaming" of the past. For instance, there was that vital topic which they were so prone to dismiss with a disparaging gesture—the state of affairs in Mexico.

The past might teach the giddy group not to wave that subject out of their conversation with a grimace of mock-horror, or a stupid avowal of their scepticism. And it might, conceivably, induce the vitriolic student from the north to pause and reconsider his decision before giving utterance to his smug assurance that the end of the "Romish sway" in Mexico had come. For a passing knowledge of the Roman persecutions would display to them the hallmark of the Faith of the Man of Nazareth—its heritage of suffering. And a bit of dreaming of those persecutions would acquaint them with some characteristics of that faith—its serene endurance and strange vitality. Then, the case of Mexico might be less an enigma. They might find, on the one hand, less room for doubt, and on the other, less grounds for their assurance.

THE old scrivener had followed developments in the trial of the faith in Mexico as recounted in the *Osservatore Romano* and in the secular press. He was acquainted with the various phases of the persecution, and with the occasional overtures—mere gestures he considered them—of amnesty and friendliness. And he found exemplars for them all in the chronicles of Christianity's infancy in Rome. Many episodes in the ancient tale presented striking parallels to the story of the present. There were successive periods of storm and calm, fiendish ingenuity in designing legal instruments of torture, and a sometimes barbarous cruelty in applying them—all characteristics of the strife of the early faith in Rome, and keynotes of Christianity's present toils in Mexico.

As the old scrivener plodded along towards the Forum he made a sweeping review of the struggle in old Rome and, at the same time, thought of the plight of the faith in Mexico.

There had been short eras of peace in the history of the infant Church, during which many of her children had been lulled by the quiet and had grown torpid in the practise of their faith. But those periods had invariably been followed by times of trial in which the primitive Christians had been shaken from their stupor and had been called upon to suffer for that faith.

Those storms of persecution did indeed uproot the faith and tear it away from

some; but only served to strengthen it in others—the vast majority. And they brought into being a veritable army of heroic souls—men, women and children—who bravely faced the Roman tribunals for the mock-trial to which they sometimes were subjected; and then walked from the courts, with a frightened but joyous air of triumph, to the doom appointed for them as “enemies of the State.”

There had been times in the course of those Roman persecutions when the men in power, either sitting on the imperial throne or directing the nation's destinies from behind it, had caused to be hunted out and butchered the children of that faith, which members of their own families had embraced. And the Christians of those days had sought to evade the searching agents of the law to enjoy the consolations of their faith in secret rendezvous.

All that, the old scrivener reflected, needs but a shift of time and place to make it the story of Mexico.

Imperial edicts had been issued, in old Rome, which varied both in kind and in degree; and they had been diversely executed in the far-flung provinces. But all

of them had been designed, with a hellish cleverness, to blight the tender though strangely sturdy growth of Christianity. Mandates they were, indeed, that might have been the models after which the newer laws of Mexico were fashioned.

During two bitter years in the reign of Diocletian and his puppet-instigator, Cæsar Galerius, there had been a series of such laws, extending, it's true, beyond the point which Mexico, so far, has reached. Graded with a diabolical nicety in their ascending degrees of harshness and intensity, they had first mildly prohibited all Christian assemblies, and then had consigned their places of worship and their sacred books to confiscation and destruction. They had set penalties of degradation and banishment and occasional death upon the heads of those who would refuse to abjure the Christ by adopting the religion of the Roman State. Later, the imperial edicts had ordered the imprisonment of ecclesiastics, should they be discovered—should they manifest themselves by the exercise of their office.

The old scrivener paused in his review. Thus far, in effect, Mexico has drawn the parallel. To this point she has run the course of old Rome.

The next imperial command, in those bitter years, had appointed death to be the portion of all who would refuse to disclaim their faith. And, finally, the solemn order had gone forth that everyone must offer public sacrifice to the official deities of the State.

True, the old scrivener reflected heatedly, Rome claimed a multiplicity of gods, while Mexico claims none.

But in that galaxy of Roman divinities were numbered the deified emperors; and before them the populace was called upon to bow in adoration. Whereas the atheistic deities of the powers that be in Mexico, at whose feet the people are whipped into prostration, are not supernatural beings and lay no claim to godliness. For they are: madness, rapacity and blind hate, all impersonated by their creatures in authority.

Rome's insane persecution of the Christians reached its climax in the years of Diocletian. To the terrors which the edicts had established were added infernally conceived ridicule and caricature—frenzied efforts to heap derision on the followers of the Nazarene, and thereby stem the steady flow of converts to their ranks.

But all the hell-begotten efforts of the fiend Galerius—all the trials and tortments which he could goad his master, Diocletian, to inflict upon the Christians—failed of their purpose. And with the reign of Constantine came the Edict of Milan, removing the stigma with which Christianity had been branded. Then the young faith came into the light, resplendent and made strong, even in its youth, by the tests to which it had been put.

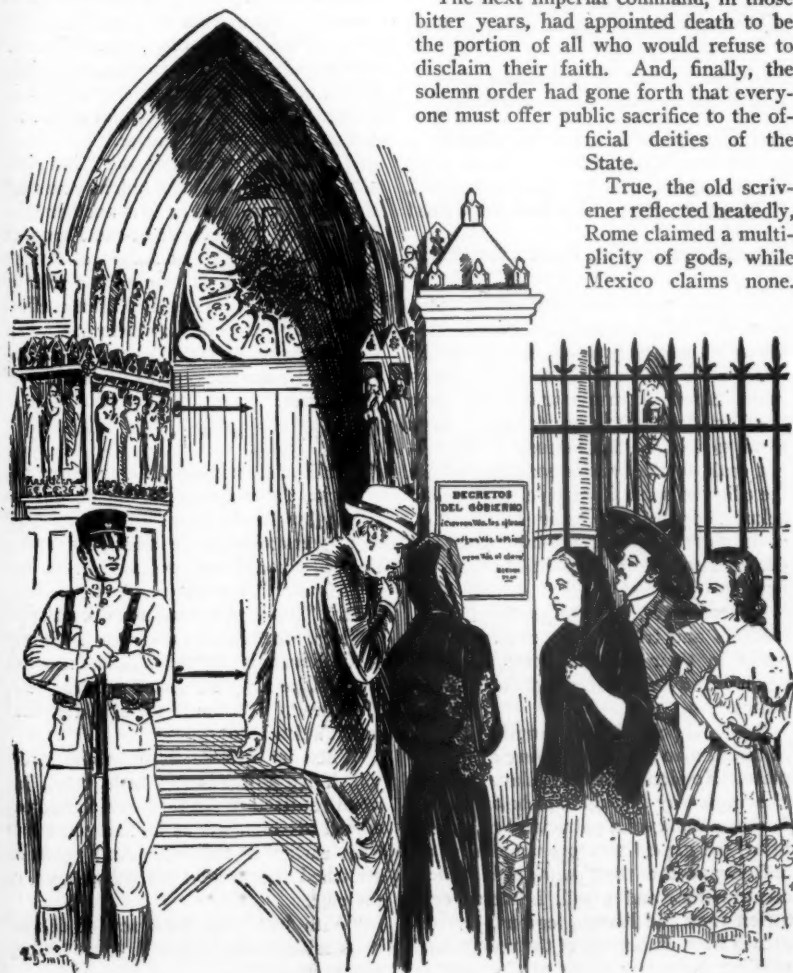
And today, all that remains of old Rome—the only scraps of her vaunted culture and civilization that endure, with rare exceptions, are the portions which Christianity found to be good and deigned to preserve; just as, with scarcely an exception, her only temples and basilicas which have withstood the ravages of the years are those adopted by Christianity and converted into fane where the Nazarene might dwell.

And those mighty potentates of old Rome, who wielded their brutal power against the followers of the Nazarene, are now remembered chiefly as the monsters who engineered the persecutions. Whatever good they might have done receives but passing notice; whereas their very names recall their fiendish efforts to obliterate the faith of the Christ. They are thought of less as benefactors than as scourges of their nation and mankind.

And the old scrivener wondered just how far, in the case of Mexico, the parallel would be drawn—to what extent history would repeat itself.

* * * *

THE sun hung low beyond the ruin-crowned Palatine, and the shadow of the hill was stretched across the valley where the Roman Forum lies, as the old scrivener reached the Arch of Titus at the valley's southern end. He paused in the shade of that monument, erected to perpetuate Rome's triumph in the city of the Jews—raised to remind the world of Titus' conquest in Jerusalem; and he gazed over the bewildering confusion of decomposing stones and columns, which



cluttered the field before him. A thought returned, which once had come to him, as he had looked down into the Forum's pit from the Palatine:

"There, in that excavated hole in the valley, lies the disinterred heart of old Rome."

HE set out along the strip of ancient paving through the Forum. "Via Sacra"—old Rome had called it—the "Sacred Way"; although it had been the route of triumphant march, along which the chain-bound prey of the Imperial Eagles had been dragged.

That "Sacred Way" led the old scrivener past the rotting vestiges of the pearl-dealers' galleries, where the riches of old Rome—precious stones and costly, golden trinkets—were once displayed for the delight and titillation of the wealthy. It led him by the grim remnants of the Vestals' house, and among the high foundation-stones and fallen columns of the temples and basilicas.

Hard by the site of the Temple of Janus, the two-faced god who looked both ways and offered a mythical protection to the gates of Rome, are spread the decaying flagstones of the *Argiletum*, the book-mart of old Rome. Along that little street had stood the busy shops in which slave-talent prepared ink and papyrus leaves, and copied and embellished the masters' works on the long scrolls.

What a bright place the *Argiletum* must have been, the old scrivener mused, during the Golden Age of Augustus, when Vergil and Horace had frequented it! And how grotesque the contrast must have been, when the aping scribblers of Diocletian's time had haunted those shops, in the shadow of Janus' Temple, and sought the favor of the fiend Galerius with the scurrilous caricatures and libels of Christianity, which they brought there for reproduction!

In the center of the space beyond the *Argiletum* had stood the Rostrum, the long, orators' platform, where the imperial decrees sealing the fate of nations had been promulgated, and from which the later Caesars had imposed their wills upon a restricted and degraded people.

Behind it had stood the golden milestone, erected by Augustus to mark the zero-point from which distances along the Roman roads to the farthest corners of the realm were measured. It was the place whence the great highways had spread, like arteries, throughout the land.

Rostrum and golden milestone—heart of the heart of old Rome! They marked the vital center, from which privileges and laws had flowed out along the roads to the distant members of the realm, like a bloodstream, at one time carrying strength and robust health, and at another spreading the virus of disease which bred in old Rome's cankerous heart. For the rabid edicts of diseased authority, like the decrees of the fiend Galerius, had gone

out from there, spreading an infection which gnawed unremittingly at the nation's very life.

The old scrivener crossed the basin of the Forum and paused to behold the rotting, marble floor and column-bases, which had been part of Caesar's *Basilica Julia*, erected and destined to serve the cause of justice, but doubtless, in that later age, the scene of many of the mock-trials of the Christian "enemies of the State."

The shadow of the Palatine had almost filled the basin of the Forum. The old scrivener slowly turned around and looked about him at the scattered remnants of the noble structures which once had stood there in the heart of Rome. And, with scarcely any effort, he could reproduce those buildings in his mind. He could see the Julian *Basilica* as it must have been, while the mad Emperor Caligula placated and won the acclaim of

Signum et Crux

By Clifford J. Laube

FACED by a never-resting Foe,
What fears, what dark defeats
were mine,
Did not this heavenly Auspice glow
For me as once for Constantine!

Yet I am humbled, having scored
A triumph or retrieved a loss,
Knowing that this my standard, Lord,
Is but the Sign. You had the Cross!

the popular mob by casting golden coins from its roof, or when the *Centumviri*—Caesar's court of judges—sat within its walls, or when their debased successors ruled its hall of justice and called upon the Christians, who were dragged before them, to drop a bit of incense on the red-hot coals in the brazier standing before the effigy of some Roman deity, in public acknowledgment of their renunciation of the doctrines of the Nazarene and their dutiful return to a belief in the gods of Rome.

He could see, throughout the Forum, columns and triumphal arches standing again in their ancient places, and the myriad temples on their high foundation-stones.

He could perceive the mingling classes of the Roman people, weaving about the place. He pictured a black slave roughly clearing a way through a plebeian throng for the passing of a patrician's curtained litter, the togaed senators wandering up and down before the *Comitium* in serious conversation, and a tall, helmeted centurion from the Roman legions, just returned from an outpost of the realms, and striding haughtily along at the head of

a corps of admiring urchins, or moving towards the Rostrum to learn from the placards on its base what had gone on in Rome while he was away.

The old scrivener imagined that he saw that captain from the armies of the empire reading, with a strange fascination, one of Diocletian's edicts, displayed on the Rostrum's base, and turning from it to behold, with a quiver of fear, a proclamation degrading one of his companion-officers who had been exposed as a member of the Christian sect. Then he saw the centurion, in the midst of a gaping crowd, emitting a nervous, mirthless laugh as he glanced at several cartoons plastered on the wall, heaping ridicule upon the cult of the Christians—picturing them as feeding like dogs on the flesh of infants slain in their secret orgies, or portraying their crucified Master with the head of an ass.

The picture took on a vital, burning realism in the old scrivener's fantasy; and he saw the centurion move unsteadily across the Forum to the *Argiletum*. There, he encountered a bearded, little man with a furtive shift in his actions, but a glint of fire in his eyes. When the officer drew near to him, the little man caught his eye, and then traced with his finger on the marble wall the figure of a fish. Upon receipt of the Christian soldier's gesture of recognition, he quietly told him of the secret rendezvous in which the faithful would, that night, assist at the sacred Mysteries.

Then, in the old scrivener's imagination, the changes of a hundred years fell upon the place; and he saw another temple, erected in a corner of the Forum to house the newly-gilded statues of Rome's twelve favorite gods, brought together by Praetextatus, in his feeble, frantic effort to revivify their cults and win back their devotees who, since the peace of Constantine, had been flocking to the shrines of the Christ.

* * * *

THE old scrivener had failed to notice the custodians of the Forum patiently but firmly herding little groups of sight-seers towards the exits. And he was startled when a voice sounded in his ear.

"Signore," the voice addressed him, gently, "Signore, e ora il Foro si chiude."

"Yes," the old man responded. "Surely—the Forum is closed." And he arose to go. "Closed?" he asked abstractedly. "It's dead. It's the heart of old Rome! and it's dead."

When he was again upon the street which led towards his little hotel, his mind reverted to the topic which had occupied his thoughts as he had come that way, earlier in the day. And again he stretched the present on the pattern of the past.

"With just what accuracy of detail," he pensively asked himself, "does history repeat itself?"

Look *at the* Darn Thing, Mr. Columbus!

By Helen Walker Homan

HIS Excellency, Don Cristoforo Colombo; Admiral of the Ocean, and of the American Continent; Viceroy and Governor of South and Central America; and of the Bahama, the Caribbean, and Virgin Islands; of Cuba, Haiti, Jamaica, Trinidad, and Porto Rico:

My dear Mr. Columbus:

Wherever you are at this moment, I only hope that due respect is being paid all those distinguished titles used upon the superscription of this letter. For they should by rights remain primarily yours forever and ever—no matter what new worlds you may have been exploring since leaving us.

Let King Ferdinand no longer raise his royal Spanish eyebrow as he did that January day in 1492, when you, an Italian commoner, told him you wouldn't play unless you could be Admiral of all the seas and countries you would discover on your projected voyage. (I can imagine how that eyebrow twitched at the ultimatum—Admiral being a title which at that time in Spain was only bestowed upon one of royal blood.) He has had plenty of years to realize that it was justly allotted to you; and to reflect that there wasn't a single soul of kingly lineage in those days who had the courage to undertake what you planned or the ability to execute it.

But being a king himself, naturally he was a little reluctant to admit that at the moment. He seems to have choked more over titling you Admiral of the Ocean, and Viceroy and Governor of all the lands you might find, than he did over the masterly financial bargain you were driving. He couldn't call you exactly modest.

Well, if you had been, where would you be now? Or I myself, for that matter? For I'm an American, Mr. Columbus; though one such as you never saw. You see, I don't wear feathers in my hair—though sometimes I do on my hats. But never mind that. You aren't a bit interested in my appearance; even though you must be incensed by this time, by my audacity. How dare I, a mere subject of part of that continent over which you were appointed viceroy and governor, presume to indite a letter to you? Alas—deplorable feminine curiosity alone is responsible. For I can no longer forego asking you a confidential question—to

wit: Aren't you, Mr. Columbus, at this moment actually a little sorry you ever discovered America?

I concede that it must have been rather a nice place when you first set foot on that virgin isle off the coast, back on October 12, 1492—but now look at the darn thing! Long ago, of course, it began betraying your own hopes and dreams for it. For you planted the cross of Christianity deep in its soil—and now a great part of it is owned by the Jewish race—that race which Spain expelled at the moment she sent you out to discover America (another of history's delicious little ironies). And you struck the emblem of Spain firmly into its earth—and four hundred years later we went and freed Cuba, the last small Spanish vestige left. True, much of the gold you hoped the continent would furnish Spain, did get there—and for a while the Spanish conquistadores had a high old time in South and Central America; but their day gradually ended. And the autocratic state which you had labored so hard to implant was eventually demolished.

Sadly observing its total failure, both in Spain and in the New World, it does not seem unlikely that you may finally have turned your gaze somewhat hopefully toward the experiment of democracy, inaugurated in that country which shortly began to pre-empt a great section of the northern part of your own private continent. Perhaps here lay the answer to all your problems—the cure of all the old ills. But I am wondering whether the things which have been happening to this democratic state may not be causing you to regret your discovery even more than those which happened to the autocratic state. Our foundation-stones were idealistic enough; but we have built so vast a structure above them that, like an overgrown giant with too rotund a girth, we seem to have said goodbye to our feet long ago!

APART from this question, there are a great many other, more personal matters I should like to discuss with you. There's your birth, for instance, of whose date no one today seems to be quite certain—whether it occurred in 1446 or 1451. But all are agreed that it was in a village close to Genoa that you first opened those wide grey eyes—dreamer's

eyes, poet's eyes—eyes which beneath that lofty brow ever held an unutterable sadness. You were really a very handsome person, Mr. Columbus. When I look at certain portraits of you which depict your tall and graceful slimness of a melancholy romanticism. I feel sure that those good looks helped you to win your own way even as a child in your native village. Some say it was Cogoletto—I wish you would settle the dispute once and for all—but whatever its name, we know it lay close to Genoa, that lively port on the Mediterranean whose seafaring activities must have thrilled you from the start.

DID you not often stand upon its wharves, breathless with excitement as you watched some sea-beaten ship from fabled lands approach and lower its sails, as a great bird might droop its wings, to float smoothly into port? Were you not one of other small boys lying eagerly in wait for the sun-toughened sailors to come ashore, to wheedle permission to be taken aboard? Was ever thrill so keen—even that of sighting the New World—as that you knew before manhood and disillusion had touched you, when you first clambered up a mast and helped adjust a loosened canvas?

I can imagine how bored you must have been, for instance, when you had to leave those fascinating wharves, lapped by that sea which was forever calling, calling you; and return to your father's house to help him in his trade of weaving and wool-combing. The hardworking Domenico Colombo and his wife Suzanna must have despaired of your industry after these visits to Genoa. When they would leave you alone for a moment, they returned, I think, not to find you woolcombing, but rather wool-gathering—dreaming of that day when you could at last be united with your lady, the sea, whose arms were so endless and so beautiful.

Yet soon you were showing abundant proof of activity—for you have told us yourself that you were but fourteen years of age when your dream was realized and you became a sailor. One wonders if you had to run away from home to do so. Yet if we are to believe one of your sons, Fernando, who wrote your biog-

raphy, it must have been that you also attended the University of Pavia during these adolescent years. For my part, I can easily see you as both sailor and student, alternating deck and desk—but I'm inclined to think the desk would not have seen much of you had it not held that lore for which you were so avid—the lore of the sciences of the sea—astronomy, geometry, cosmography. And no treatise on travel to strange, far far lands seems to have escaped you.

You studied all the maps, but when it came to believing everything that was on them, it was a different matter. You seem to have been convinced that the authorities of the day didn't know the half of it concerning the world and its waters. Well, God willing (for we know you to have been deeply religious) you would show them. . . . I suppose money as usual had to play its necessary part—otherwise I can't see why you spent your early twenties in Genoa as a weaver, and also in trade. Then came that chance of sailing to the island of Chios—and thenceforward your seafaring life seems to have begun in earnest.

WAS England, I wonder, your destination some ten years later, when the little fleet of four Genoese vessels with which you sailed in 1476, was attacked off Cape St. Vincent by the privateer of Guillaume de Casenove? It appears that the buccaneer was also surnamed "Colombo"—and if this was intended as any slight to you, I resent it vigorously. Or was it only an odd coincidence? Anyway, I'm delighted that you out-Colomboed him—and with but two vessels left of the fleet, got safely into the port of Lisbon. Apparently he hadn't even made you nervous, for it was not long before you left Portugal and set sail for England. But that country could not have appealed greatly to you, for you have told us yourself that early in 1477 you embarked for northern seas, penetrating even as far as Iceland—and that in February too!

Although there is no corroboration for the theory, I often imagine that there in Iceland you heard for the first time the thrilling legends of Leif Ericson and Thorfinn Karlsefne—heard of those fabulous coasts of Markland and Vinland which lay to the unexplored West. How they must have stirred you! And did not the desire then take root to determine finally whether they were only

mere old wives' tales; or whether they were based on fact?

But the warmth of Portugal was beckoning you—or was it rather the warmth of a more personal attachment? For I rather like to think, Mr. Columbus (although with absolutely no justification) that perhaps you may have seen



the Lady Felipa Moñiz de Perestrello on your previous sojourn, and that you had not been able to shake off the memory of her brown eyes for all your voyaging—that even Iceland had not been able to chill your ardor. Of course I know I'm a rank sentimentalist; the historians say nothing of all this,

merely telling us flatly and unromantically that arrived once more in Portugal, you wooed and won the Lady Felipa and married her in 1478.

I seem to see in all this the far strides you had already made from the status of a mere Italian wool-comber's son—for Felipa was a lady of rank, the daughter of a distinguished captain and explorer in the service of Prince Henry the Navigator, and commissioned first governor of that island-conquest of Portugal, Porto Santo. She was, besides, a cousin of the Archbishop of Lisbon. Surely her family would have opposed the match had you not borne with assurance about your personable figure an aura of achievement and authority. We don't know just when your father-in-law, Bartholomew de Perestrello (who must have been a man after your own heart) died; but I was greatly interested to learn that a year after your marriage you were visiting Porto Santo yourself, avidly studying the nautical records he had left, turned over to you by an amiable mother-in-law.

ONE sees you constantly interrogating hoary old seamen as you earned a living there by making maps and charts. Of course you had long since aligned yourself with those minority-thinkers who were convinced the earth was round; and now as you pored over the deceased governor's papers, and charted the familiar waters you had already sailed, did not that dream of a yet unknown land finally take shape in the idea that to find it would mean finding a new route to the rich Indies?

But about this time I must admit that I begin to feel a little sorry for your wife, Mr. Columbus. I seem to see her beginning to realize what it meant to

marry in the navy. She was apparently doing her best by you, having dutifully borne you a son, Diego, in 1480. But there you were, first gallivanting off to Porto Santo, seemingly more interested in Bartholomew's maritime papers than you were in his daughter; and then in 1481, to the Gold Coast under Diego d'Azambuja who was busy about building the Portuguese fort of St. George at El Mina. When you returned in 1482, to her dismay you could talk of nothing but your now matured plan to find Asia by sailing westward, and of your hope of getting the necessary support from King John of Portugal! The poor Lady Felipa must have sighed. She wouldn't have been human if she hadn't rejoiced a little when two years later, in 1484, the King, having conferred with his investigating committee, rejected your scheme as that of a visionary.

SOME authorities say that after King John had refused you his aid, he tried to double-cross you, despatching a secret caravel upon the route you advised—but that the frightened sailors soon abandoned the perilous voyage and returned to port. If this be true, Mr. Columbus, who can wonder at your abrupt departure from Portugal? The less you saw of such a king, the better! We know that you took the little Diego with you; and I often think how difficult it must have been for a mariner like you, traveling in haste, to handle a four-year-old child. But I'm tremendously bothered by the thought that Felipa did not accompany you—even though some writers assume that by this time she had died. Was your intended destination France, as some claim; or were you thinking of Spain all along? As for me, I'd like to think it was France—for then I could delight in the part Destiny played by sending a furious storm which drove your ship ashore at the Spanish port of Palos. Strange indeed, that it should be from this very port, but eight long years after, that you would achieve your heart's desire and set sail upon your greatest voyage!

And now enter into your magnificent story, at least for the first time that we know of, the Franciscans. If all historians have not acknowledged the part the followers of the Little Poor Man of Assisi played in your success, at least you responded gratefully. It was as though you never forgot how, weary from battling that gale off Palos, bedraggled and hungry, you and little Diego had begged food and shelter at the Franciscan monastery of Santa María La Rábida above the town, and how warmly you had been received.

Who shall say that Destiny was not at work, when of the two friars who welcomed you, one, Fray Antonio Marchena, was a scholar in astronomy and

cosmography—and the other, Fray Juan Perez, the prior, was former confessor to Queen Isabel herself! Were not these the good friends who so proved themselves that you were to refer to them many years later as the “two friars who always were constant”? How relieved you must have been to pour out your convictions to such interested and sympathetic listeners. You remember that their enthusiastic counsels encouraged you to seek out that wealthy nobleman of Andalusia, Don Luis de la Cerda, Duke of Medina Celi, who might either finance you himself or induce King Ferdinand and Queen Isabel to do so.

But alas, Mr. Columbus, you were to learn like so many others, how slowly things move in Spain! It was all very lovely to have the Duke welcome you into his palace at San Lucar—but to keep you there two years before he could make up his mind what to do about you was a different matter.

How threadbare must have grown your patience when at long last he took his quill in hand and wrote to Queen Isabel, stating his faith in your claims and offering to finance you himself, provided he had her permission!

Yet when I consider the delay Queen Isabel herself caused you, I want to draw a long breath. For all her real greatness, I do think it was a little trying when, not permitting the Duke to go ahead on his own, she sent for you to come to Cordoba and kept you waiting there for months while she went off and had a baby and a Moorish war!

Small wonder that, in your discouragement, you should cast about for something to assuage this heart-weariness. And there it was waiting for you in the charming person of Beatriz Enríquez de Arana. We do not know why, if you really were a widower by now, you did not marry her, Mr. Columbus. And I agree with you—it is actually none of our business. But we have always been interested in the son she bore you, Fernando, whom you brought up and loved on an equality with your first-born, Diego, and who lived to write your biography.

IT is pleasant to reflect that there were others in Cordoba besides Beatriz to help you forget in a measure your delayed hopes. And apparently you had won all the court by the time the King and Queen returned to Cordoba. The baby had been accomplished; but unfortunately for you, not the Moorish war, the spring campaign of which was just about to begin.

I often think of you as you stood that first time in the presence of Spanish royalty, within the great walls of the Alcazar. Isabel of Castile, that queen who was in truth a queen, beautiful in her strength and virtue, must have sought your eyes searchingly—and at once you

must have felt that quick, indescribable bond which is born when two attuned spirits meet. You must have read in her gaze, sympathy, tolerance—intuitive trust.

But King Ferdinand there beside her—he seems to have been a different proposition. A shrewd man, loath to gamble on a mere speculation, despite any woman's intuition—a man who would count the cost of ships. Tactful though you were, appealing to him with the argument of the vast wealth awaiting Spain in the Indies to the West—and then turning to the religious queen with the plea of Christianizing those heathen parts—yet must you have sensed that web of delay spinning itself even closer about you.

FOR despite her evident interest, the really single-minded Isabel was absorbed at the time with only one matter—the winning of the Moorish war. And the King put you off by referring your plan to a commission. Then they went blithely off to fight the Moors. . . .

I am full of sighs when I contemplate the next six discouraging years—first while you patiently followed the court to Salamanca; then to the siege of Malaga (small comfort to be supported out of royal funds when you couldn't even get a further hearing!) then withdrawing in despair to Portugal whither King John was beckoning you once more with a fickle finger. And finally back to Spain, only to meet another rebuff. But no wonder you weren't putting faith into any such uncertainty as that. You would offer your plan to another nation—and how resolutely you must have packed your things for the journey to France!

Surely you were very sad as you traveled up to the seacoast. But I'm ever so glad your melancholy did not induce you to neglect Franciscan friends in the friary of La Rábida at Palos. I can imagine their distress as you mournfully related the whole story—and once more I am forced to admire their still unshaken faith in you and their unfaltering determination to save you for Spain if they could. But I wonder if they did not almost have to tie you in bed to keep you while they

awaited an answer to the importunate letter which the good prior, Fray Juan Perez, despatched at once to Queen Isabel.

What a day of rejoicing it must have been within those peaceful monastic walls when the messenger returned, bearing you a summons to court and a purse of gold florins!

As you stood before their majesties once again, I for one admire you greatly in evidencing a spirit that was far from broken. Instead of putting forth the humble plea of a defeated soul, you stated the terms of a conqueror! As I've heretofore reminded you, King Ferdinand was dumfounded by these demands for titles and wealth—and Queen Isabel herself was left a little breathless. Stubbornly you must have watched them shake their heads. Those were your terms and they could take them or leave them. . . . So be it! This time you'd go to France with a vengeance.

I can well imagine your disgust as you turned your face from Spain forever—and how almost indifferently you must have greeted that messenger who, sent after you post-haste by their changeable majesties, overtook you with news of their capitulation. The victory had been so long in coming and so hard to win,



that it must have seemed almost without relish. . . .

But of course by the time the agreement was signed, the three ships equipped and manned, and when at last you stood on the wharf of Palos proudly surveying your caravel, the memory of those frustrated years was banished forever in the joy of seeing your dream come true.

You whose nature had grown increasingly religious through the bitter years

of disappointment, naturally would not undertake this momentous voyage without seeking Divine blessing upon it. I like to reflect that it was your friend, Fray Juan Perez, who said Holy Mass for the little company on that fair morning of August 3, 1492, administered the Sacrament to each; and then, walking to the waterfront, solemnly blessed the Santa Maria, the Nina, and the Pinta. How prayerful your own spirit must have been, as the prows sought the open sea—and the shores of Palos, the waving friends and fishermen, became more and more indistinct! You were embarked upon a holy quest—you must not, could not, fail.

ALL these things you must have thought upon as you surveyed the little fleet and gauged the ability of the seamen and your two captains—those Pinzon brothers, hardy navigators, to each of whom you had entrusted a ship. But of course it was the Santa Maria which led the way, with you on the bridge, steering a straight course for the Canary Islands. The weather, delightful from the start, seems to have continued so; but other troubles were not lacking. You must have been very anxious when, three days out, the Pinta lost her rudder, forcing a landing at Tenerife for repairs. Then there was that alarming rumor of some Portuguese vessels in hot pursuit with intent of intercepting you. And once more at sea, those strange variations of the compass, never witnessed before, which frightened the sailors badly.

But you who were constantly consulting charts and that "Almanach Perpetuum" with its tables of the sun, moon, and stars as done by the astrologer, Zauto, had a way of quieting them, the authority for which I'm afraid, Mr. Columbus, was not to be found in any almanac! They were like so many children, and had to be treated as such. And I do marvel at your nimble wit in devising a reason for the peculiar behavior of the compass. The instrument was perfectly all right, you remember you assured them—but it was really the North Star which was cutting up. It had gotten tired of being stationary all these years, and had suddenly begun to revolve about the Pole like a lantern.

Though for the moment only—for you recall how they soon began to get nervous again. They had come too dangerously far! Well, that was a simple matter. All you had to do was to keep two different reckonings—one for yourself, which recorded the actual number of leagues the fleet had sailed; and another for the sailors which very comfortably lopped off a couple of hundred leagues. There was no crisis you were not ingenious enough to meet suavely. You could explain anything—even if you did have to make some of it up out

of whole cloth. (I adore the story of how, later, you finally got food out of those natives of Jamaica, who had been starving your men to death, by telling them that the gods were so angry at their parsimony that they would darken the face of the moon on a certain night. Presto! The eclipse occurred—as foretold in your almanac—and the poor, terrified Indians came running with provender.)

Did the wind blow so steadily from the East that the sailors declared it never blew from the West in these strange seas, and hence they would never get home again? You had an answer for them—although I must say it was a lucky break when, shortly after this complaint, the wind actually did shift. Did the sea become so tranquil for days that the men vowed they were in a windless ocean, there to perish on the motionless waters? Your reasoning was most plausible. Just the same, I surmise how greatly relieved you were when, after all those heart-breaking false alarms—the appearance of a pelican in mid-ocean; low clouds which at first appeared to be land; those patches of weeds on the water; finally some of your crew saw a curiously wrought pole and a berry-covered branch borne along by the waves. Sure indications that men and vegetation were near! It had been a long two months since you had sailed away from Spain.

Then at last, at ten o'clock that very night of October 11, you yourself sighted a light ahead! I can imagine that there was no sleep for you thereafter, and that when land actually appeared at two o'clock on the morning of October 12, the wait for dawn and a landing seemed interminable. In truth, it must have, Mr. Columbus, if one is to believe literally those two famous pictures of you as reproduced on our own Columbian Issue of postage stamps, made to celebrate the four-hundredth anniversary of your discovery. In case you have not seen them, you may be interested to know that the one entitled "Columbus Sighting Land" depicts your handsome face utterly clean-shaven—while the one entitled "The Landing of Columbus" shows a lovely growth of thick, fluffy whiskers thereon. Perhaps the very excitement produced them in a few hours—it may be, if one's hair can turn white overnight, that whiskers can be grown in the same limited time. In any event, I'm sure you didn't stop to shave when the Santa Maria's anchor dropped.

YOU must have been the first ashore on that rocky island—your own San Salvador, called by the Indians "Guanahani." How often I have thought of you and those weary mariners, dropping to your knees to give thanks to God—kissing the ground "with tears of joy for the great mercy received." I find

your letter to Sanchez, the treasurer of Aragon, so characteristic of the fundamental element in your nature: "I named the first of these islands San Salvador," you wrote, "thus bestowing upon it the name of our Holy Saviour, under Whose protection I made the discovery."

WE can follow you in fancy to all those other islands you discovered on that first voyage—to Cuba, which you called Juana; and to Haiti, which you called Hispaniola and where you established the colony of La Navidad. Then back to Spain in triumph with feathered Indians at your heels, via Portugal—where you would not have been human had you not at least implied to King John, "I told you so!" And finally and gloriously to the court of Spain itself, to Barcelona, to be received that spring of 1493 with the honors due a conqueror—Isabel and Ferdinand showering distinctions upon you as the great national hero. . . .

It is this first voyage and return that I like to think most upon, Mr. Columbus—for while the three others you made in the course of the next ten years also covered you with glory and extended the discoveries, they were none of them as happy. There was that disastrous second voyage on which you found the fort of La Navidad destroyed and the colonists you had left murdered by the Indians; and there was that fearful third voyage which was marred by jealousy and sedition, and which ended so unfortunately with your return to Spain in chains, charged with being an incompetent governor. For all that the Queen indignantly had the chains struck from you and restored your full honors—for all that she sent you out upon a fourth voyage—yet from that time on, Fortune seemed to withdraw herself more and more. Then came that saddest of days in the year 1504, when your greatest friend, and the greatest ruler of her age, Queen Isabel of Castile and Leon, died.

To be sure, your two devoted sons, Diego and Fernando were left you, besides that loyal brother, Bartholomew, and a few friends—but these proved powerless against King Ferdinand's faithlessness. I never did like that man, Mr. Columbus; and since I've learned how after the Queen's death he played fast and loose with your rights, bound though he was to you under solemn contract; and how he took your own New World away from you, giving its offices and dignities to others, my antipathy has reached new heights. Small wonder you sickened unto death, your poor body defeated by the privations and hardships it had endured for his cause—your great heart failing under the weight of disillusionment and betrayal.

We think of you carefully and generously framing your last testament—and

then, with a weary sigh, resigning your thought solely to Him in Whose name you had sailed and conquered the far seas; in Whose name you had hoped even eventually to reclaim the Holy Sepulchre for Christendom. Then once again did not that inner voice repeat comfortingly the words that you once wrote Queen Isabel it had whispered to you?—"Of the gates of the Ocean Sea, shut up with such mighty chains, He delivered to thee the keys. . . ." And in that shadowed room in Valladolid, on May 20 of the year 1506,

those faithful ones still near heard you murmur, "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum"—and watched you close your eyes upon the world, old and new.

But I want you to know that for all Ferdinand's treachery, he has not been able to rob you of posterity's honor. Beside the brilliance surrounding the humble Italian wool-comber who rose to be Admiral of the Ocean, he himself remains a pale light.

You may indeed have had your faults, Mr. Columbus, as has any man—per-

haps sometimes even irritable, imaginative, egotistical—but you were a man among men, intrepid, valorous, faithful—and a man with vision far beyond your times, and with a poet's soul of truly kingly dimensions.

It is for this cause that I have wondered if, in these days, you are not really sorry you ever discovered America. For indeed you left it the heritage of your kingly soul. Left it your own magnificent patience and perseverance. It remembered those—for a while. Let us hope it has only temporarily forgotten.

Why Not a National Patients Day?

By Rev. John J. Croke

OF LATE years there has been a great vogue for National Days. Not infrequently have these days been singled out by clever advertising men to stimulate business. As a result we now have a Fathers Day, a Mothers Day, a National Flower Day and latterly even a National Hospital Day. It is particularly in reference to the Hospital Day that we would advocate another Day, somewhat similar in character yet not so obvious in purpose, namely a *National Patients Day*.

The aim is not so much to focus attention upon those who are now patients but upon those who may one day become patients. This will naturally include most of us. The National Hospital Day was designed mainly to prepare one to meet his bills, allowing very little thought of meeting his ills. A National Patients Day would enable more people to become patient minded, preserving them from many needless fears. Were patients endowed with some understanding of the routine steps in their treatment they would have so much more peace of mind, a greater sense of security and less of the horrible shock consequent upon such an experience. Besides, a sensible preparation for meeting physical ills would dispose them more readily to meet the spiritual ills.

Charles Lamb in his essay, *The Convalescent*, gives us a quaint but accurate picture of the patients. "If there be a regal solitude, it is a sick bed. How the patient lords it there; what caprices he acts without control: how king-like he sways his pillow—tumbling, and tossing, and shifting and lowering, and thumping, and flattening, and moulding it, to the ever varying requisitions of his throbbing temples." A regal throne indeed, but how insecure! It falls easier than did the thrones of Europe in these dis-

turbed years. Let the patient undergo a few routine tests, including the many types of analyses blood counts, blood chemistries, X-Rays and the like and his throne falls. He is King no longer. Some tyrant usurps his power and dignity.

Nor is this entirely unexpected or unusual. Physical illness of any kind brings a host of other trouble, chiefly mental, often far more harmful and insidious in their effects. Throwing a sickly, weakened individual into a series of tests for the first time is usually crushing. His whole being shrinks instinctively from pain and also the sense of uncertainty. Not knowing the nature and purpose of these steps in his treatment, often unaware of their administration, the patient reacts badly. Unless his condition is grave or his pain severe, his confidence is shaken. He grows apprehensive of what to expect next. His ability to adjust himself to his new surroundings or his new state is noticeably lessened. It is trite to say that no two patients are alike, yet under these conditions it becomes painfully true. Reactions will depend largely upon the state of the illness, its nature and the capacity of the individual to evaluate pain and suffering as necessary factors in human existence. Taking the patient into confidence reassures him, turns his mind to the mode of treatment, aids the work of the physician. Confidence begets confidence. In the art of medicine the doctors who seem to win the confidence of their patients are those who take their patients into confidence.

Undoubtedly the physician plays an important part in bringing comfort to mind and body. With the advent of Mental Hygiene more attention is being paid to the mental state of patients than ever before. Yet most of the en-

deavors are being spent upon those who are abnormal. Little is being done for those patients who might be regarded as fairly normal. Actuaries remind us, perhaps facetiously, that few are perfectly normal. Physicians, as a rule, cannot give much time to the healing of mental ills. Time can be given, however, to inform patients of the types of tests, the methods and time of administration and the general purpose. Whether they ought to be told the complete results is another question quite beyond our present consideration.

Needless to say the patient is expected to cooperate. Expecting cooperation implies that they know in what it consists. A National Patients Day would serve to inform people of what is demanded of those who look at life from a horizontal position especially for the first time. Nurses, and those who have the sick in their care, share in this responsibility. Many a human derelict might thereby be salvaged. Many patients are so distraught after a few days of hospitalization that they are fit inmates for a mental institution. Sometimes the thought arises that many of our advanced mental cases had their beginnings as poorly advised patients.

TO-DAY, more than ever, special tests are a prominent and often a necessary part of the routine. Even the word routine is so stressed that the patient can be lost sight of. It may result in the old story of not "seeing the forest because of the trees." Too often are new patients expected to fit mechanically into a smoothly running machine. Yet the sick refuse somehow to conform to type. The human equation kicks up an awful fuss. The "principle of individuation" as the Scholastics would say or that little something that make no two individuals identical,

alters things considerably. Some are shocked by even the very thought of illness. Others appear to take pain very lightly but really suffer deeply inwardly. Withholding all knowledge, especially, in the first few days, is distressing and nearly always disturbing. Even in heart and thyroid conditions broaching the subject delicately generally stimulates the interest of the patient. His future health might be in his own hands. Informing the diabetic of the general plan in his treatment, teaching him how to administer insulin to himself, gives him a share in the treatment. This knowledge instead of alarming him unduly serves to give him years of life and health and not a little happiness. As a result, much of the mystery connected with routine steps is allayed, if not entirely removed.

Patients, at home and in hospitals, are often apprehensive of what might possibly develop. All too readily do they construe the simple steps in their treatment as foreboding most serious results. What is nothing more than a chronic appendix becomes in their mind a dreadful cancer; a sluggish colon becomes a fatal tumor. Like Job "that which they fear has already come upon them." Shrouding all method of treatment in a cloak of mystery adds further fuel to the glowing embers of their discontent. Employing every art and stratagem to keep them in blissful ignorance only aggravates their condition.

To-day newspapers carry column after column of medical news. Readers must abound. More people than ever seem to have at least superficial acquaintance with medical terms. This "little knowledge," always a "dangerous thing," adds to their confusion unless it be corrected in time. Were only this desire to know more about ourselves given greater play in actual illness the whole interest might gravitate away from instead of toward ourselves. Proper consideration of this aspect of medicine might engage more people in considering what is being done *for* them, rather than what is being done *to* them.

IT might be well to cite a few examples, often noted, of the shocks attendant upon the first hospital experience. Entering you are a bit surprised to face a volley of questions shot at you by the clerk in this manner:

"What's your address?"

You do not reply at once. Your mind is off a million miles. You are thinking of a thousand problems mostly involving yourself. You may have before you that ever gnawing pain in your stomach. A sharp rejoinder is heard, not a little impatiently.

"What's your address, please?"

"Address? Oh, yes, yes," might be your reply when you come to earth.

Assuming the rôle of patient you are finding the part a little difficult to play. Perhaps as a psychiatrist might remind you, that is your way of "escape."

Your impatience grows as you hear more questions. You find so little is known about you. For ages it seems your physician had been questioning you. Can it be that there are more questions! The preliminary ceremony over and you are escorted to your bed. Hardly a moment passes and you find a nurse thrusting a glass tube into your mouth. You blurt out.

"What's this?"

DON'T you know that this is a thermometer; the reply comes perhaps not too graciously.

You do not know that the nurse must obtain the temperature which records the body heat, giving an idea of whether you are above or below normal. Besides the respiration and pulse must be recorded upon the chart before the house physician sees you. This gives him some idea of your general condition. It may be that you require immediate attention. In every hospital there are internes, or physicians in training, in charge of medical or surgical departments. Besides there are special divisions known as, E. N. T., ear, nose and throat; O. B., obstetrics or maternity; and many others.

You are beginning to relax a bit when one of these "men in white" presents himself, with the salutation:

"I am here to take your History."

History always implied a school subject. But in this case you find it to be the record of your ailments going back to your ancestors who may have come over on the Mayflower. You begin your litany of troubles all over again. A host of other complications begin to crowd before your vivid imagination. A look of terror steals over your face as the Doctor says.

"Let me have your finger for a moment."

"What are you going to do now, Doctor?," arises faintly from your parched throat.

"I am going to do a *Blood Count*," replies the very business-like interne.

Instinctively you shrink from the whole procedure. It is all so new and so mysterious. You find it so hard to understand these routine but helpful steps. Your physician aims to make a proper diagnosis. From a count of your blood corpuscles he obtains a more accurate idea of your general physical condition. In much the same way will the taking of a *Blood Chemistry* or *X-Ray pictures* involve certain regular steps. Having some understanding of the purpose and value of the part they play in our treatment helps one immeasurably. At least there will be a disposition to receive them in a better

frame of mind. Instead of regarding them as special forms of torture arranged for your special benefit, their place in the method of treatment will become more apparent.

Hospitals and physicians exist solely for the welfare of the patient. Patients have a claim on intelligent care and comfort. Imparting this comfort requires infinite tact and zeal. There will necessarily be a certain amount of discomfort. Only a quack would presume to offer treatment, "free from worry and care." Yet one widely acclaimed text-book on Nursing proposes this as the ideal aim of the nurse. The true aim of the ideal physician or nurse is to reduce pain to a minimum, to eliminate discomfort as far as possible, to avoid any undue distress. Sick room experiences usually impress themselves indelibly upon the mind. It does happen that the unpleasantness may be the only thing remembered of the whole circumstances. One woman patient after three weeks successful hospitalization recalled only that she was not asked to take a seat while asked the few questions upon her admission.

A National Patients Day by disposing people to meet certain regulation procedures would prepare them in some way for the inevitable. Instead of the belligerent attitude so often found there would be a disposition to learn something of the necessary steps involved in the care and treatment. The New York Academy of Medicine recently began a series of medical lectures to make the lay public more "medicine minded." The President of the Academy declared that "the lectures had been arranged in the hope that they would promote a better understanding between the medical profession and the lay public." With all the new plans afoot to give hospital care for as little as three cents a day, prospective patients might well acquaint themselves with certain fundamental notions. Otherwise their first experience may be remembered as a nightmare. Only intolerable pain will drive them back or their inability to voice a sufficiently vehement protest. Otherwise health programs instead of leading to sound educational goals too often force many to Christian Science Reading rooms or the offices of a Faith Healer, or to complete neglect, if not to utter despair.

IF merely physical treatments are so mysterious, causing so much distress, what of the spiritual treatment? Strangely enough so little is known or properly understood of the precise method of the spiritual care of the sick. Even practical Catholics show such amazing ignorance of the Last Sacraments. Not only do they confuse their purpose but they often retard their effects. Delay in calling the priest

jeopardizes the ultimate salvation of many. Sometimes this delay arises from a fear of disturbing the serenity of the patient. Yet at that time he may be so filled with morphine or a like drug as to be little disturbed by anything "in the heavens above or the earth beneath." On the other hand you hear he is not sick enough to have the priest. And with a temperature hovering around one hundred and five degrees for days! The words of a non-Catholic Dr. Robert Carroll, author of *The Soul in Suffering*, might serve as a reminder to many Catholics. "The only truly sick person in this life is he of the sick soul." Having to remind those of the Faith of the meaning and purpose of the spiritual seems absurd. Yet it is unhappily true. Not only is there evident an appalling ignorance of matters spiritual but a general air of indifference.

The Catholic priest enters every sick room with the healing powers of grace after the manner of the Divine Physician. His aim is to comfort souls in sorrow, souls weighed down with the cares and trials of a disturbing illness. Catholics know full well that in the Sacrament of Penance the Physician of souls offers the remedies for deep rooted ills. In the Holy Eucharist He nourishes starved souls craving the food of eternal life. In Extreme Unction he anoints the offending members of the body in preparation for the struggles in the "dark night of the soul." The whole Divine plan has been so beautifully arranged for the consolation of man, the creature of God. How many times does man by his very stubbornness seem to thwart the "Ruler of the universe," in His efforts to help him. He fears the very means which can alone remove fear.

Modern trends in Psychiatry declare; "Do nothing to disturb the mental peace of the patient." Obviously do not let him be annoyed by the visits of a clergyman. It is too distressing to bother him now. What he needs is quiet and rest. Of course placate him with sugar coated bromides. Lull him to sleep with sedatives, but remind him of eternal truths—absurd! The Church insists that spiritual treatment where properly administered will not only aid the soul but the mind and body as well.

OBTAINING spiritual treatment for the patients at home is relatively simple. Sending a messenger or calling a Rectory will bring a priest to the bedside at any hour. Some information as to the general condition and ability to receive Communion should be given. It may happen that some special difficulty be in the way such as marriage or years of neglect. Informing the Priest gives him an opportunity of making a hurried diagnosis of the spiritual condition. No two patients are alike spiritually so

the treatment will vary. Non-Catholic physicians are quick to realize the peace of mind and quiet joy which soothes the unrest at this hour. Intelligent spiritual care is not only helpful but necessary for the soul in its moment of travail.

In the modern Hospital the situation differs greatly. Naturally in the Catholic Hospital arrangements for the spiritual rest in the hands of the authorities. Should the bed capacity of the Hospital warrant a resident Chaplain he is to be consulted. He knows from experience the needs of each patient. His ministrations are in keeping with the prescriptions of the Roman Ritual, dating back to the year 1614. It is surprising how much sound psychology is to be found

because of any special danger for the patient.

Should the condition be critical the priest is summoned. In accident cases when the person is unconscious it may be impossible to determine the religion. In such cases the individual is given the benefit of the doubt as the Sacraments are administered conditionally at any hour of the day or night. Should the person be unable to speak English, a priest speaking his own tongue will be called. Not infrequently confessions are heard daily in as many as ten languages.

IN non-Catholic institutions such care is not always available. Frequently the officials are not interested in the spiritual or minimize its importance. Many unhappy situations could easily be avoided by remembering certain salient facts. Family physicians may be affiliated with non-Catholic hospitals or sanatoria. It is well to ascertain this in the early stages. Otherwise tragic results may follow as regards the salvation of the soul. Unless a patient asks for a priest he is not likely to have one. Usually most people regard an illness lightly. Sending for a priest is farthest removed from their minds. If relatives or interested friends do not assume the task very often it will be necessary to wait until the patient is put on the "critical" list. Then he may be too ill to appreciate spiritual matters or too far gone to appreciate anything. Sometimes a zealous Catholic nurse assumes the task, frequently to the jeopardy of her own position. As a result many patients deprive themselves of the full benefit of the Sacraments disregarding their value as remedies for the ills of body and soul. *A National Patient's Day* would thereby serve to cultivate a common-sense attitude toward the spiritual aids provided by the Divine Physician in His treatment.

A well disposed patient, fortified by the grace of the Sacraments, is a joy to the doctor, the nurse and the family. About the sick room there is an air of hope and peace. This peace of soul differs from mere quietude of mind. It is the peace which the world cannot give, which no man can bestow. It is the peace of Christ Jesus, the peace "which surpasseth all understanding." It reaches to the very depths of the one's being, transforms the soul, bringing healing on its wings. Psychiatrists may "rage and devise vain things," but the "Hound of Heaven" seeks souls everywhere. He treads the "labyrinthine ways" of life along quiet corridors, into sick rooms everywhere. Behold the Divine Physician "stands at the door and knocks." Do not bar the way. "Garnish and sweep" the house and "bid Him enter." For "His greatest desire is to be with the children of men."

Hope

By Eleanor Downing

SUDDENLY, out of this tumult
Fear shall depart.

Out of the whirlwind of error,
Out of the shadow of terror,
Sudden, His love shall uphold me,
Seek me, and draw me, and fold me
Close to His heart!

Suddenly, dawn shall rout darkness,
Shadows take flight.

Out of a sorrow despairing,
Out of an anguish past bearing,
Sudden, my heart shall break cover
Thirsting for peace, and discover
God Who is Light.

in this Ritual. Patients are urged not to delay the grace of God. They may be in a more serious condition than they realize or are willing to admit. Nor is it always advisable to tell them. The Priest warns them tactfully as the Ritual suggests, proposing suitable remedies and prayers. "These suggestions should, however, be made opportunely and discreetly, so that they will not prove an annoyance to the sick person, but an alleviation." (Section 14)

Physical ills are cared for at once. The Chaplain makes his daily rounds of the Hospital as does the physician. Catholic patients are advised of his coming. They are free to see him or not. Knowing this they are not inclined to be frightened. His visit is regarded as part of the routine, not

A Remarkable Conversion

By John Moody

CONVERSIONS to the Catholic Faith are not always so surprising when told in print as they often seem when we see the process of conversion at first hand. I have read many convert stories and have usually been edified by them, but have seldom been surprised at the outcome if the prospective convert began his or her approach to the Church in a spirit of sympathetic inquiry. Beginning in this way one is almost certain to embrace the Faith in time. But one is surprised when some one finally becomes a Catholic whose first approach was marked by venom, intolerance and scepticism of all things Catholic; whose motive in "looking at" the Catholic Church was to satisfy curiosity as to why some obviously intelligent people insist on being Catholics.

I know of such a case; a case which has come very close to me. It is a true story and I should like to tell it.

An unusually intelligent, well-educated but thoroughly sophisticated married woman of about 35, was, up to about three years ago, a merely nominal believer in religion. She was of Protestant parentage, but lost her father in babyhood and her mother before she was fully grown up. She drifted away from the Church of her childhood and by the time she was 21 lived practically as an unbeliever. She had begun to regard all religion as merely something for sentimental old ladies and milksop men, and never spoke of God except occasionally to take His name in vain. At 25 she married, and had an Episcopal Church wedding, as she had been baptized in that church. As for the husband, I do not suppose he cared a hoot where they were married, so long as he got the girl!

Now this young person, in spite of her irreligion, was really a good, moral woman; she was simply living according to the standards of her environment and her social circle. Nearly all the people she knew, young or old, were viewing life as she did. Life was simply a condition you found yourself in, and your job was to get all the pleasure out of it, and avoid all the pain you could, by "playing the game" as best you knew how, being kind and sweet to friends and loved ones—but also hard with your enemies, and snubbing those you did not like. And, as is certain to be the case with most people who take that view of life, she became less charitable and less tolerant of other peoples' point of view as she grew older.

Her attitude toward Catholicism was



JOHN MOODY

one of utter disdain. To her, "that hot-bed of ignorance and superstition" was simply impossible! I knew her most intimately, for she was a relative; but she never deigned to speak to me about my own religion, and if it was mentioned when I was not in hearing, she invariably expressed her horror of my strange apostasy from sanity and common sense. It was natural, therefore, that I should come to class her in my mind as the last person in the world who would ever become a Catholic. I remember saying to her one night, "If the whole family, the whole street, the whole town became Catholic, you would still be sticking to your pagan position." And she answered with scorn, "You've said it!"

Then, one evening, nearly three years ago, while this young lady was visiting my family, she caught me reading a little book called *The Church Surprising*, written by Penrose Fry, an English convert. Glancing over my shoulder she remarked.

"That's an odd name for a book. May I look at it?"

I handed it to her and she went into the next room and began to read it. Half an hour later she returned and said.

"This book is Catholic and therefore nonsense. But I would like to take the time to read it more carefully; the author makes some crazy statements about the Anglican Church. You know I'm a

member of that church—though you think I never go except on Easter to show off my new hat!" Then she laughed and as she passed from the room, remarked, "Don't you get the notion that I'm becoming interested in *your* old Church—for I hate it, *I hate it!*"

"You bet you do," I replied. "You probably would be turned down if you ever tried to get in." She stuck out her tongue at me!

A week later she wrote me a letter in which she said, "I would like to read some book about the English Reformation; can you loan me such a book? *But*, don't assume that I'm getting interested in your darned Catholic Church—for I'm *not*. I merely want to inform myself of some facts."

I SENT her a copy of Hilaire Belloc's *How the Reformation Happened*. She read it with avidity and then wrote me a letter of a dozen pages full of questions about the history and teachings of the Catholic Church; but insisted that she found Belloc's book "absurdly biased," and warned me once again that she would *never, never* become a Catholic.

Naturally I replied to all her questions in full, recommended several other books, and sent her a book on the Reformation written by a Protestant, telling her to compare it with Belloc's and she would see at once where the "bias" lay—provided she was honest with herself. She read this Protestant book, and reluctantly admitted that it was "full of holes." (You see, she was honest with herself.)

By this time I guessed she was ripe for Karl Adam's *Spirit of Catholicism*, and I gave her a copy with the remark that "this book will make you a Catholic overnight." Furiously she replied, "It won't; it won't; I *won't* believe it!" But she read it; and she read it again. Then she began to bombard me with further questions. It was clear that she was becoming very unsettled. She kept repeating, however, that she would never, never become a Catholic.

A month or two thereafter, one bright Sunday morning, she decided to go to her Protestant Church (which she seldom invaded except on Easter), and try to have a little talk with the rector, "to straighten me out," as she told me long afterward. She went quite early, hoping to see the rector before the service, to make an appointment for a long talk later. But he was too busy to see her.

Now it happened that the Catholic Church in that town was just across the

street from the Episcopal Church, and as she stood in the entrance of the latter, she noticed crowds of people coming in all directions, going to the eleven o'clock Mass at the Catholic Church, while only a very, very few were going into her church. While watching these crowds, the thought passed through her mind, "Why not go over to the Catholic Church? Nobody will know it, and I can see what it is like."

Two minutes later she was being ushered into a front seat in the Catholic Church, which was already crowded. In utter astonishment she noticed that all the people in the Church were on their knees, as the Mass had just begun; and, as she later said to me, "everybody there was actually taking it all seriously, actually worshipping God as though they meant it!" She had never seen anything like this before; old and young, poor and rich, all appeared equally earnest and sincere! She was thrilled, and although the Mass was almost entirely a mystery to her, she found herself praying with the rest before it was half over.

For the next six months she went to that eleven o'clock Mass every Sunday morning, and not a soul knew it except her husband, for she knew no Catholics in the neighborhood. She also kept this secret from me, but kept writing me letters and asking for books, and always denying that she was "seriously inter-

ested." Finally it happened that she came to make a visit at our summer home. On Saturday evening she drew me aside and asked.

"What time do you go to Mass in the morning? Will you take me with you?"

"You will be like a fish out of water," I said, "You don't want to go to Mass—for you hate all things Catholic."

"Yes I do want to go," she replied. "But—don't get the notion that you can make a Catholic out of me—for you can't. I am just trying to understand it—out of curiosity, that's all!"

I took her with me the next morning, and to my surprise, as we went into our seats, she genuflected like any other Catholic, knelt down, made the sign of the Cross, said some prayers, and then asked me to loan her my Missal. And she followed the Mass with the Missal just as easily as though she had been doing it all her life!

Immediately we left the Church I said to her, "You've been fooling me, you little fraud. *You're a Catholic already!*"

The jig was up. With tears in her eyes she exclaimed, "What shall I do next! I've read books and books, I've studied the catechism from cover to cover. *I'm convinced!* But I can't go on reading books forever and ever. *How do you get into the Catholic Church?*"

The next day I took her over to see the priest, and she at once began to take

instructions from him. A few days later the priest said to me, "Why, that young woman has instructed herself. On nearly every topic I bring up, she says, 'I understand that already, and believe it; you don't need to explain it.'"

A short time went by and she was received into the Church, to the amazement of her family, relatives and friends. And at once, as is always the case, a hundred voices began to chatter, and tell us the reasons for her surprising action. Never the true reasons, of course; but the "ulterior" ones: "She wanted to do something dramatic; it flatters her to be talked about; she likes sensation," and so on. And if you passed out the true reason—that she had come to believe it—you invariably received a sardonic or cryptic smile. It is ever so for every convert.

Nearly two years have now gone by; I see her quite constantly, and do not know a more devoted and intelligent Catholic than she. Some time ago I asked her what specific thing had changed her attitude, her nature, and her former "hate" for love of the Church. This was her reply:

"I am entitled to no credit whatever—it was Grace. But the conscious thing that turned me was the discovery of a virtue which, in my horrible pride, I never knew anything about before—*humility!*"

FROM CATACOMBS TO CUBISM

By Victor Luhrs

EVERYWHERE in France rise Notre Dames—great Cathedrals that proclaim the glory of the humble Maid and Mother. Their very existence is a drama—silent, but none the less soul-stirring.

VII: NOTRE DAMES

TO those who are acquainted with cathedrals, northern France has come to be known as the "Jewel Box of France." Reims, the royal cathedral, Rouen, the city of churches, Notre Dame de Paris, Saint Etienne de Bourges, Saint Denis, ghost of dead kings and Spirit of a Living One, the Bible of Amiens, the dream at Chartres; these are a few of her gems!

The beauty of French Gothic cathedrals is beyond description. This I will

not attempt to discuss, as it will lead me from one superlative to another. Instead I will attempt to deal with the drama in them. They are the only things I know of that are dramatic merely because they exist. They do not quote Shakespeare nor do they thunder Wagner. They do not blossom with the spring and die with the summer time. They simply stand unmoved from one end of the year (or century) to the other and enact a drama in existence.

Kings came, kings went, kings rested in them. Angry rabble stoned

them. Restorers cheapened them. Warfare lacerated them. Yet they see the Mass offered daily as in their heyday. Some like Saint Denis were demoted from mighty abbey cathedrals to humble parish churches. Others like Reims were war wracked. Some like Saint Pierre de Beauvais were over ambitious and destined never to be completed. Still others like Saint Etienne de Bourges were completed and remain undamaged. Daily Mass is celebrated in all.

Notre Dame de Paris seeing the possibilities of Gothic, strove and still strives for artistic perfection. Notre Dame d'Amiens having approached that perfection longs for the charm that she sees in the Paris Cathedral and which she lacks. Notre Dame de Reims smothered in sculpture, soars to a new star of splendor. Notre Dame de Rouen makes it look puritanical by compari-

son. Notre Dame de Chartres rests the soul from splendor. Notre Dame de Coutances, Notre Dame de Quimper, Notre Dame everywhere! Humble maid and mother what wonders you have inspired!

Between the doors of the first portal of most any French cathedral stands a stone image of a Madonna with a tiny Babe. The crude medieval craftsman who made the image put his whole heart and soul into it, yet his results were a stiff unlife-like Madonna and a severely upright Babe. Their expressions are so simple they would be comical were they not so pathetic.

Poor Madonna! You look so helpless and simple on your crude pedestal. I pity you. This modern world moves with such rapidity I fear you would be lost trying to cross the street.

"Don't pity me!" says the Madonna, "Look around you."

I look around. I see endless masonry, sculpture, tracery and crocketing. I see column after column, arch after arch. I see stained glass, wood carving, iron and other metal work. I see the main altar in which rests the Host. All this was made to please her. All that art and Faith can offer is hers. It is I who am to be pitied. It is I who am lost; lost crossing the nave.

THE drama of the French cathedral is significant in other forms. The *chemin de fer* from Havre to Paris races through Normandy. From the window a city may be seen looming up in the distance. Even before the city appears a spire rises on the horizon. As the train draws nearer other lesser spires appear. Suddenly all is blotted out as the train enters a tunnel. Upon leaving the tunnel the train passes close to the city. It is Rouen, the famed city of churches. The towering spire belongs to the cathedral, the lesser steeples and spires belong to the churches of Saint Ouen, Saint Malcou, Saint Goddard, Saint Patrice and others. Rouen is a true medieval city. Modern commercialism has crept in but as yet the churches will not yield.

Elsewhere the importance of the cathedral is brought forth with equal dramatic significance. Whatever approach is made to Chartres, the exquisite two spired cathedral prevails. In the market place of Beauvais, women peddle flowers while the unfinished fragment of a cathedral watches over them from a short distance. The glorious Bible of Amiens is the city of Amiens. Reims, Bourges and Coutances are not cities. They are cathedrals, the city being merely a group of buildings fortunate to be located around them. The importance of the medieval Church is symbolized by the cathedrals of France.

The majesty of these cathedrals is all the more impressive when one realizes that they have been through fire and water. The French Revolution visited many, stamping "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*" on their piers, and broken sculpture, shattered stained glass and desecrated altars in their interiors. The cathedrals at Saint Denis, Paris, Rouen, and Amiens were among the chief sufferers. Amiens for instance, lost its stained glass, and what a heavenly building that cathedral must have been when it owned Chartres-like windows! Reims, Soissons and others suffered during the World War.

RESTORATION work (some pretty bad) undid much of the damage of the First French Republic and "Nach Paris." The name of Viollet le Duc is synonymous with this work. Much of his restorations have been severely criticized but he unquestionably possessed genius, as his spire on Notre Dame de Paris clearly shows. The cathedrals are indebted to him for returning at least part of their dignity so rudely shattered by the rabble of the Revolution.

Nor are the cathedrals alone the only gems in the "Jewel Box of France." The petite Sainte Chapel in Paris, a "baby Amiens," built by Saint Louis, is a Gothic masterpiece. The medieval Parisian churches of Saint Etienne du Mont, Saint Cloud, Saint Sernin and Tour Saint Jacques are all worthy courtiers of Queen Notre Dame.

One of the abbey churches of Rouen, that of Saint Ouen is comparable to Amiens as an architectural gem, and in size and beauty is the equal of most cathedrals. In Laon there is a mighty cathedral. Yet if this did not exist, Laon would still be interesting because of its little lancet Templar Church. In Abbéville, the flamboyant Church of Saint Wulfram is a miracle of splendor. The churches of Gothic France do justice to their cathedrals.

The "Jewel Box" area has somewhat dimmed the fame of cathedrals scattered throughout southern and central France. Yet the two towered Cathedral of Tours would require a volume to do it justice, while the cathedrals at Troyes, Sens, Rodez, Avignon, Albi and elsewhere are worthy of study. Albi Cathedral, built with massive walls, had to serve as a fortress as well as a church. It is one of the oddest cathedrals in the world and the most famous, if not the most beautiful of the Gothic cathedrals of southern France. The southern provinces, however, are noted for their Romanesque, rather than their Gothic churches.

Utterly unable to do justice to these gems, I have been content to refer to them at random. Yet when I realize that such cathedrals as Meaux, Metz, Le Mans, Saint Quentin, Bayeaux,

Bayonne, Orleans, Senlis, (Strasbourg will be considered a German cathedral as it is German built) and others have not even been mentioned, I realize the futility of even trying to name them. From the little Saint Chapelle to the mighty Bible of Amiens, medieval Catholic France has given the world irreplaceable treasures.

To read about these cathedrals is not enough. Every writer leaves them with his or her own impressions which differ. One will praise a cathedral that another may think gaudy. Mrs. Pennell in her "Cathedrals of France" thought the gallery of gargoyles on Notre Dame de Paris was hell-like with its grotesque figures. I thought it rather suggested heaven with its haven of Gothic beauty so far above the world. To see pictures of these cathedrals is not enough. Photographs, etchings or paintings do not capture the sheer overwhelming majesty of them. Perhaps the most famous painting of a cathedral is Monet's impressionistic interpretation of Rouen. But one who has seen this painting certainly has not seen Rouen Cathedral. Yet I hesitate to urge anyone to visit them for the sake of the cathedrals themselves. The onslaught of American tourists threatens to turn them into hippodromes.

One of the first to cure me of any illusions I may have held about heaven when I reached Notre Dame's gallery of gargoyles was a stout American leaning on "le stryge" complaining bitterly to his companion about his "rheumatism." He braves the havocs of *mal de mer* by crossing the Atlantic. He arrives in Paris and thence to Notre Dame. There he climbs a lengthy spiral stairway till he comes to the gallery of gargoyles. Now at last he has reached the ideal spot to grumble about the ailments of his joints!

HE represents one type of American tourist the type whose troubles follow him wherever he goes. Insofar as a cathedral does not flatter him to the extent of following him, he is more interested in his rheumatism. The more common type however, could be represented by a typical elderly lady of a mid-western town, who as part of a student tour, actually stood on the exact spot where Joan of Arc was burned, and saw the very bed (and here her eyes assume a wicked glint) where Louis Quinze and du Barry slept! Then by way of penance she went to "Victor Hugo's cathedral," and while the guide was leading her around, became the living image of the hunchback. That night she saw the Folies Bergere.

These and others are catered to in the "Jewel Box of France." It is all part of a medieval cathedral's work in the modern world. A touch of comedy, perhaps, in their solemn drama of existence.

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



Communist Fury

THE following are a few of the letters received recently describing the terrors of the latest Red invasion of the Passionist Vicariate in China. Some are addressed to Fr. Flavian, at Yüanling; others to Bishop O'Gara, Vicar Apostolic of Yüanling, who is in the United States at present.

Wuki, China.
Nov. 27, 1935.

DEAR Father Flavian:

Am safe—so far. Living across from the Mission in the hills but will move again tonight.

Had a very close call—will tell about that later.

Hsiao K'eh, with about ten thousand Communists, passed through the valley on Monday. They then took the mountain road—some think to Supu; others think down to Taoyuan. Ho Lung hasn't passed this way; don't know where he is. The people here do not consider the danger over, as their women-folk are still in hiding in this vicinity. Am playing safe. Four men were decapitated in Kuan Chuang—a Mr. Lo, Wu and Hsiung, and an unknown man. The new bus station over there was set on fire.

The Mission is a grand mess—they all must have visited it. Let me know how things are with you, and condition of road. Am sending up a man, Wang—he will return with the news. If all is well I will try to get to Shenchow the first of next week. Not much left in the Mission, so it's useless to stay very long. Am well and the Christians have been excellent.

Happy Thanksgiving to all in Shenchow.

Still smiling—
Always,
Joachim.

Catholic Mission,
Yuanchow, Hunan, China.
Nov. 30, 1935.

MOST Reverend and dear Bishop:

Of all the things that have blown up in China during my eleven years over here, I have yet to meet anything to equal the suddenness and "the impossible" of Ho Lung and Hsiao K'eh breaking through and overrunning this entire section. Father Flavian wrote on the 23rd that the Reds were at Ch'i K'ou, 90 li in from Taoyuan. The next night the local telegraph

"runner" (a Catholic boy) told me that the Communists had taken Supu. I laughed. Next day we heard the same rumor but nearly everybody (including the head of the Twan Pu) stated it was bandits who were causing the trouble over Supu way. I telegraphed Fr. Flavian asking if it were Reds or bandits that took Supu. He replied, "Greatest danger Supu—here safe." Guess he didn't know if it were Reds or bandits. Then I telegraphed Fr. Anthony at Chenki asking him the same question; also inquired about conditions at Chenki and the whereabouts of Frs. Raphael and Dominic. He replied on the 26th inst. at 6:30 p.m. "Supu, Chenki still safe—Raphael Dominic unknown." Still I didn't know if it were Reds or bandits.

But the city here went wild on the 26th—rumors galore. Prices of everything shot sky high. I laid in a month's supply of salt, oil, rice, firewood, etc. Nanking sent a wireless on the 27th that the Reds had broken through at Tzeli—had crossed the Yuan River (at Pehyung, Ch'ing Lang T'an and Maifu) and were occupying the Supu and Chenki areas. That same afternoon Governor Ho Chien sent a message to Pu Twan Chang to hold this city at all costs—that reinforcements were being sent. Only then (heard this the a.m. of the 28th) did I know that it was really the Reds. By this time the wires to Chenki and Yüanling were down (they would be!!)—no mail carriers have come through from Chenki since the 28th. To date I have not had a line from anyone of our Fathers saying the Reds were in the Vicariate. Of course I interviewed the Magistrate and the military. Impossible to get an escort out of here, as all soldiers, even the Ni Yün Chuin, are being called inside the city walls. As part of the Red army under Hsiao K'eh left Supu for Hungkiang direct, an escape via Hungkiang was out of the question. From Chenki, one part of the Red army went via Kaotsun and Mayang—so that way out for us was blocked. The only way left was west to Kweichow, but the road from here to Lung Ch'i K'ou is a mess of bandits. Folly to attempt that. Yesterday we had definite word that the 15th, 19th and 63rd divisions are on the heels of the Communists, driving them up this way. So we think the Reds will do no more than pass through this entire section. If this be true, then they will not be outside the walls of Chihkiang for more than a few days. The city will certainly be able to hold them off for so short a time. This is our hope. Today the Protestants had a telegram from their superior in Changsha saying, "Changsha military authorities state positively that reinforcements are being sent to Chihkiang. Perfectly safe if you remain in Chihkiang." These ministers and their wives and children number six-

teen souls. With our eight, the city has 24 foreigners inside the walls.

On the 27th, Father Germain came up from Kienyang—that place hasn't half a dozen soldiers. The Reds will surely take it by walking through the gates. Hungkiang went panicky also, as the city had only two Tuan of men, and these two went down river on Monday last. All the big merchants fled up here. Li Pao Cheng's father, a new Magistrate, and all the families of the military are here. Hungkiang, I believe, will be easy pickings for the Reds. It is an unvalled town, you know. Hsiao K'eh is out for that place; Ho Lung is on his way here; another branch went up the Mayang. Begins to look as though they intend to hole up in this section of Hunan for the winter. Kweichow has sent two divisions of troops to the Hunan border to prevent the Reds entering the Province. These troops won't come to Chihkiang, stopping at Lung Ch'i K'ou.

So far as I can figure, the Reds took Supu on the 26th—Chenki on Thanksgiving morning—early. The first Reds entered the town as bandits—thus they had the place before the people even knew they were Reds. I do hope Frs. Anthony and James left the city in time. No word at all about Frs. Raphael and Dominic. It is just possible that Fr. Ernest was also in Supu at the time—he intended going in to Supu.

At Chenki the Reds captured five auto buses—they burnt three and Ho Lung kept two for himself. He may think he can ride into Chihkiang!

Yesterday I telegraphed Fr. Quentin at Hankow, giving him the information that we could not evacuate and that he should notify Fr. Flavian. (Wires have been cut for three days between here and Chenki.) Fr. Quentin wired back that the wires are down above Taoyuan, so that explains why no messages have got through to or from Father Flavian. This p.m. I thought it best to notify Father Provincial. I did so by a night letter cablegram. No doubt you will see it. Do hope it was clear.

Poor Father Cyprian, too, must be in terrible trouble at Kaotsun. I sent a messenger to him three days ago, thinking the carrier would be back here tonight. He has not shown up. He may have been taken by the Reds. If Fr. Cyprian only goes north to Fenghuang he will be safe.

The Sisters and Fathers here keep in calm spirits—but there are anxious days ahead.

It is getting very late and I have had a hard day. Tomorrow is Sunday. . . . must tell the Christians something about persecution and the spirit in which to meet it. Pray much for us, please. I am asking the Poor Souls to get these lines through to you—the Reds may be in Hungkiang by the time it reaches there . . . if so . . . goodbye.

All best wishes.

Ever devotedly in Christ's Passion,
William.

Catholic Mission,
Luki, Hunan, China.
Nov. 28, 1935.

DEAR Father Flavian:

Lots of excitement in the village last night. Around seven o'clock a report came in that the Reds were in Puhsih. The Luki magistrate was supposed to be in Puhsih and last night he was supposed to have come back here on the run. I say supposed because I think he wasn't outside the city. About nine o'clock last night many of the local people ran from the city down along the Shenchow road. It began to look like a panic but the soldiers put a stop to it. Things look all right now. Part of the 19th Division has just arrived in town. Expect Li-Chioh in this afternoon.

The story about Chenki as far as I can get it from the Yamen is that on the night of the 26th the magistrate, the military and the well-to-do moved across the river to the temple. Spies were sent out but couldn't find the Com-

munist anywhere, so on the morning of the 27th they moved back into the city and were having breakfast when the Reds did arrive. The Chenkiites fled across the river again. There is no word about the Catholic mission or the priests.

Last night a telephone message came from Puhsih that the Reds were in the place.

I haven't gotten this morning's news yet. I don't think the Communists will try to come down this way when a division of soldiers is moving in.

Just this minute got the news that Puhsih hasn't fallen. So that makes things a bit better.

If you want me to take a run up Chenki way as soon as I can, let me know. You may have more definite news than I have about Chenki. I hope nothing serious has happened.

Will write again tomorrow.

As ever,
Denis.

Nov. 30, 1935.

DEAR Father Flavian:

I made a mistake when I said that the 16th had arrived. It was the 15th. Wang-Tong-Yuan's crowd. Li-Chioh stayed here only a couple of hours and Wang soon followed him. As soon as Li's men arrived they immediately started up the Puhsih road. About 18 li from here they bumped into a crowd of Reds, about thirty or forty, and had a little fight. One of the soldiers was killed. His body was brought into Luki yesterday. So the Communists have Puhsih also. Their advance guard came into Puhsih dressed as civilians. The Niyung-toei was fooled for awhile and several killed but the most of them managed to flee into the country. The Luki magistrate is hiding in the country near Puhsih. If the soldiers hadn't come when they did I am afraid that Luki would have been paid a visit by the Reds.

Supu has fallen to the Communists also. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day Chenki was taken. Hsiao-keh is supposed to be in Chenki and Ho-lung in Supu. Ho-lung must have taken the short road from Shenchow to Supu. The Chenki magistrate's secretary is here in Luki. He says that Father Anthony was told that the Reds were coming. He doesn't know where the Fathers went, but thinks probably toward Yuanchow. I don't think it is so as that road was said to be filled with bandits. The Chenki magistrate is in hiding near Chenki; probably the priests are with him.

Just heard that the Communists have retreated from Puhsih. The 63rd is moving over toward Sao-ki-wan, so I guess you won't have to worry.

As ever,
Denis.

Luki, Hunan, China.
Dec. 2, 1935.

DEAR Father Flavian:

Had quite a scare in the village yesterday. The Communists were reported to have crossed the river below Puhsih at a place called Ma-ki-keou, which is 45 li from here. It was supposed to be the plain clothes section of the Red Army, called the "pien-i-tuan," and are the advance guard. Most of the women left the city during the afternoon.

About six o'clock the postmaster ran over and asked me where I was going to run to. I told him I would hang around and see what happened. Around seven o'clock there was a lot of firing. The catechist became excited and wanted me to hop a boat and go to Shenchow but I went for a "look-see" and found it was the home guard calling some boats to shore. A little further investigation revealed that the trouble at Ma-ki-keou was nothing. A few bandits exposed their noses for a few minutes and then fled. Also learned that the 63rd is in Chenki. The 16th and 19th haven't



SOLDIERS OF THE 16TH DIVISION BILLETED IN THE YUNGSHUN WOMEN'S CATECHUMENATE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPULSION OF THE COMMUNISTS.

crossed the river as yet. General Lo-K'i-Kiang is supposed to be in the neighborhood. At Kienchow I believe.

Reports have it that the Catholic and Protestant missions in Chenki were completely looted. The Yamen was dismantled. Three of the gentry were held for ransom. One for \$600, one for \$800, and one for \$1,200. The first two turned over the money and the third escaped.

I intended to leave for Chenki today but the trouble of yesterday kind of changed my plans. I am trying to locate a dependable man to get in contact with the Puhsih catechist.

Expect some of the Shenchow home guard in today.

As ever,
Denis.

Luki, Hunan, China.
Dec. 3, 1935.

DEAR Father Flavian:

Some boatmen from Wang-ngan-ping got in here yesterday afternoon. They said that they heard that two foreigners passed through Wang-ngan-ping the day before the Reds took Chenki. It must have been Frs. Anthony and James. Wang-ngan-ping is 35 li from Chenki on the Mayang river and on the opposite side from Kaotsun. The Fathers must have been headed for Kaotsun.

Boatmen from Chenki say that the Communists painted a lot of signs around Chenki, thanking Li-Chioh for "escorting" them on their gambol through Hunan. There were also signs saying that the Soviet will soon rule the country. One of Wang-Tong-Yuen's colonels, while here, said that Li-Chioh was to lose his head if he didn't stop the Reds. But in spite of that Li manages to keep a day's march behind them.

Reports say that Hungkiang is in a panic. There are two



SOLDIERS OF THE MACHINE GUN CORPS QUARTERED IN THE GUTTED AND BADLY DAMAGED YUNGSHUN CHURCH.

companies of home guard in Hungkiang. Looks bad for that sector.

Everything peaceful around here so I guess I will sign off for a few days.

Thanks for yours of the 20th.

As ever,
Denis.

Passionist Procuration,
Hankow, Hupeh, China.
Dec. 5, 1935.

MOST Reverend and dear Bishop:

Just a brief note—to send a little news re the new Communist invasion. The enclosed copy of a letter received from the Japanese Consul in Changsha is a good summary of the situation. Fr. Dominic and myself left Supu on November 27th at 2 p.m. At 4 p.m. the Reds arrived. The first night we were only 20 li from the city. The next morning we started at 3:30 a.m., in the dark and rain, toward Paoking. Many were the scares and truly providential were some of our escapes, because on the third and fourth day we went through territory occupied by the Reds. Fr. Dominic had been unwell for the days previous to our leav-

沒收天主堂福青堂及
教會一切財產分給
貧民

紅三軍團四師政治部

Translation:
Confiscation of all the properties of the Catholic and Christian churches and missions for distribution to the poor. Political Department of the 4th Division Second Red Army Group.

THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION WAS FOUND AND COPIED BY HIS EXCELLENCY, BISHOP O'GARA, VICAR APOSTOLIC OF YÜANLING, AT YUNGSHUN, AFTER THE DEPARTURE OF THE COMMUNISTS.

ing Supu (seemed to have a blood-poisoned foot). So that he got out of bed to start the five days' journey over the mountains to Paoking. After a day in this place we continued on to Changsha and then by train to Hankow, arriving at ten last night. We have hopes that the Communists will not be able to hold on long at Supu. Would like to be back there by Christmas!

It was a most sad disappointment to Fr. Dominic and myself to have to leave Supu with the work for souls coming along so nicely. We sent home eighty catechumens the morning of Nov. 27th. These were in Supu studying doctrine. The catechists and servants and even the pagans proved loyal to us in our trial. May God bless them!

With all best wishes from myself and Fr. Dominic,

Always devotedly in Christ,
Raphael, C.P.

Yungshun Falls

By Bonaventure Griffiths, C.P.

WE skirted through the back alleys, for if the Reds were in the city, the main streets would be first overrun with them. We expected at every turn to find ourselves face to face with the bayonets of the invaders. It was a nerve-racking run. The rain pouring down; inky blackness all about (the feeble light of the lanterns availed little); mud underfoot, sticky slippery mud; the tumultuous roar of a frightened city dinning in our ears; and the end, perhaps not far ahead—a bayonet's thrust. Should I grow to a ripe old age, the horror of that race against time will ever remain vivid in my memory.

The street leading to the east gate loomed ahead. Into it we turned without slackening speed. At least, Father Timothy did. I tried, but the momentum was too great, the footing too precarious. My feet shot out from under me, and across the street I went at full length in a splash of mud and rain. A poor vendor, his basket of wares perched on his back, was fleeing by; but, unfortunate fellow, he was right in the path of the projectile. It was a thudding collision. The vendor crossed the remaining half of the street with me and also at full length, his wares flying in all directions.

Father Timothy had turned at the sound of the crash. "Up and away, old top," he cried, "we've made it!"

In short order I was at his heels, both of us galloping with might and main. My lantern, hopelessly smashed in the fall, lay somewhere behind in the mud. The vendor was picking himself up, screaming horrible curses at this disappearing "foreign devil." By the time I was out of earshot, he had reached the roots of my family tree down somewhere among the contemporaries of Saint Patrick.

The gate hove in sight. Hundreds of panicstricken people milled around it, all trying in a confused frenzy to get through. Right into the milling mass we charged. It was no time for civilities. We were the only two white men in that entire district, and worthwhile prizes for the Reds. So far, we had made safety. Once through that gate, and all would be well. So, in utter desperation, we attempted to fight our way through the mob. We joined in the yelling and shoving and clawing and pulling. Perhaps we sounded too bloodthirsty; or perhaps the sight of two fighting white men (we're both Irish, by the way) awed the natives into opening

a path for us. We finally broke through that panting, struggling mob to the outside of the gate, a pair of heaving, perspiring missionaries.

The city was now behind us. Before us was a long, hard climb of five miles to the gap through the mountains. Positive safety lay in reaching that gap. The Reds could easily head us off on the way, if word reached them that two Catholic priests had just fled the town.

What a climb that was! Thousands of fleeing townsfolk were ahead of us, the road nothing but a winding stone path. Pelting rain, slippery mud beneath, pools of water ankle and even knee deep, and the hurrying multitude before and behind us. The road grew steeper. For hours we forged ahead, slithering and falling, with shortening breath each foot of the way. Only dogged determination kept us trudging on that agonizing five miles. Time and again we had to push through clustered groups of refugees, whole families carrying all they owned in the world strapped to their backs. Many a curse was called down on our heads by these poor people as they felt themselves roughly shouldered aside. There was terror abroad, and panic hastened every foot treading that dark, lonely mountain path. It paid to be as rough as the next one under the circumstances. Meekness might have invited a robber's thrust.

Toward midnight, the gap stood out a mere half a mile ahead. We were well spent, but had managed to force ourselves well to the front of the fleeing multitude. The hardest climb lay right ahead. Hundreds of stone steps zigzagged their way up the sheer face of the mountain. At the top of them, the Moloch-like jaws of the gap towered into the night. We rested before attempting the last leg. Panting furiously, throats too dry even to converse, soaked with rain and perspiration, mud from head to foot, nevertheless we felt content to be alive and fervently thanked the good Lord for such timely deliverance.

LAST Month, in "Terror Over Yungshun," Fr. Bonaventure described the terror caused by the approach of the Reds. In the following article he describes in vivid word pictures his hurried flight to safety together with Fr. Timothy.

The first few steps of the final half mile beckoned us. However, we never set foot on them. A tumult broke out below, shrill cries of "Shen Fu, Shen Fu" carried through the night air accompanied by the snorting of mules and the clatter of hoofs on the stones of the road. Our mules had arrived. Joyfully we ran down to meet them. The poor beasts were panting hard and looked strangely unfamiliar, so covered with mud were they. The horseman and the mission cook were with them. They, too, showed the effects of a hard and trying climb. They had to fight almost every inch of the way to get out of the city and then reach the place where we stood. Loyal chaps, both of them.

ASTRIDE the mules, the steep ascent to the gap offered no discomfort. True, the mules were breathing heavily when the top was reached; for the climb was a killing one. Before starting through the gap, we rested the mules, meanwhile taking a last look down into the valley where Yungshun lay somewhere in the darkness far below. A long serpentine line of lights marked the upward climb of fleeing townsfolk, those whom we had left far in the rear. Even at that great height, strident murmurs reached our ears, the height-weakened sounds of the clamorous multitude below. We turned into the gap, and trotted between its canyon like walls.

Through the night we rode along the winding mountain trail made dangerously slippery by the heavy rains. It was a lonely ride. Save the few feet of visibility cast by the single lantern and occasionally by our own pocket flashes, Stygian darkness enveloped us. Once in a while as we clattered along, groups of people could be seen standing by the road, refugees all. Their frightened faces in the dim lantern light looked strained, as they peered out to see if we were friend or foe. A reassuring word of identity relieved them.

Far out of Yungshun, the road descended a steep mountain. Here we were forced to dismount and give the



WUKI BOYS—THEY FLED TO THE MOUNTAINS WHEN THE REDS PLUNDERED THEIR HOMES.

reins to the horseman. The descent is bad in good weather in the full light of day. At night, with rain pelting down and the way underfoot wet and slippery, it is a ticklish proposition. The horseman carried the lantern to light the way for the horses. We had our pocket flashes. Constant sharp turns in the descent made progress all the more dangerous. A fall, and one could easily slide over a precipice into the unknown depths below. As luck would have it, only one-third of the way was covered when my flash suddenly went out. It had burnt out. Two-thirds of the way down, Father Timothy's light began to grow dimly dim. By the time the bottom was reached, it had lived its life and flickered out.

IT was three in the morning when we clattered into Mao Tze Ping, a small mountain town. In that town, no doubt, the Yungshun magistrate and those who had fled town before us were lodged somewhere. Up and down the short street we went, banging on every house and inn seeking admittance. Not a person stirred, not a sound echoed from behind those locked doors. It was like a city of the dead. The street stood deathly silent around us; each house a tomb. And no wonder! When the deep silence of the night is suddenly broken with the clatter of hoofs and the noises of much yelling and knocking, the townsfolk behind their locked and barred doors know from past experience that travellers of such unholy hours can be naught else but robbers and bandits.

For half an hour we tried in vain to make the silent dwellers within realize

we were not bandits but the missionaries fleeing from Yungshun. One courageous innkeeper finally did open his door a hair's breadth. He would see for himself what manner of men these were who so unceremoniously had come to disturb that out of the way place in the dead of night. Our sharp-eyed cook almost immediately detected the slight movement of the door. Over to it he rushed. At the same instant, the hidden door-keeper recognized us and swung wide the portals. Out he shuffled into the rain, a small oil lamp clasped in his hand. After a chromatic series of bows coupled with a litany of apologies for having been the cause of such unheard of inhospitality, he ushered us within. Soon a roaring fire was ablaze and a pot of rice boiling on the stove. No clubman in the exclusive

glowing embers. There indeed was a fellow who, if he sought the ways of heroic penance, would have to seek other means than merely treading burning coals. Through the open doorway, the mules could be seen, standing patiently in the rain. Faithful beasts! Despite their idiosyncrasies, exasperating at times, they never fail in the pinch; and the tougher the going, the better they seem to like it.

Wednesday morning dawned sullen and grey; the rain, fortunately, had ceased, but the footing remained extremely hazardous. Niu Lo Ho gorge was reached after an hour in the saddles. This is a great chasm which cleaves the mountains to an enormous depth. For centuries it has remained unbridged. Hundreds of stone steps lead precipitously downwards, a silent, forlorn descent, which seems to lead into the very bowels of the earth. All of half an hour was consumed stepping down the slippery steps to the bottom.

To our dismay, on reaching the bottom of the gorge, there was no ferry to be had.

From time immemorial a large punt, decrepit and worn by constant years of use, had been employed to ferry travellers across the narrow river. A silent, wizened old Chinese, as still of speech as the solitude that pressed in on all sides in the gloomy depths, plied his monotonous way back and forth, placidly serene, unhurried and unmoved. Charon ferrying his melancholy way o'er Stygian waters; thus did I envision this gnome-like creature each time I had sat, a passenger, at his feet.

But now he was sans ferry. A few



GOVERNMENT SOLDIERS POSE BEFORE THE RUIN OF THE YUNGSHUN RECTORY.

coziness of his club ever enjoyed such sweet contentment as we did that night, crouched over the open hearth in that mountain inn. And show me the epicure, absorbed in the pleasures of his table, who has experienced such complete satisfaction as we did in consuming those steaming bowls of rice.

Warm of body and soothed in spirit, we sat back against the walls of the inn until dawn should call us to the saddles again. The aged inn-keeper placidly smoked his massive water pipe the while he droned out excoriations on the heads of Reds, bandits, and all lawless folk in general. Across the fire, the horseman dozed, leaning back on a pile of firewood; his gnarled feet, well calloused from years afoot on rough mountain trails, stuck into the midst of the

EVEN THE YUNGSHUN MISSION WELL DID NOT ESCAPE THE INSENSATE FURY OF THE COMMUNISTS.



nights before a lad had poled himself across; and, with the thoughtlessness of youth, had gone off leaving the boat untied. A river never sleeps. Soon the boat was drifting far from its mooring stake. The rapids below beckoned. The next day, it was found impaled on the rocks, shattered beyond redemption.

However, old Charon still had his customers to take care of; and where there's a will, there's a way. Charon's way was to chop a few saplings down and bind them together with bamboo into some semblance of a raft. And without more ado, it was launched and poled across the stream.

The unsaddled mules quickly swam the river. Saddles and passengers crossed via raft to the obvious discomfort of the passengers. Charon and his cargo of missionaries so reduced the buoyancy of the impromptu barge that its floating level was removed from the surface to one foot below. Thus, the crossing was effected in slightly submarine fashion, Charon and his guests standing knee deep in water on the submerged deck. However, a fixed nicety of balance had to be maintained, lest any untoward motion disturb the equilibrium of the unruly craft, an eventuality which would have pitched us headlong into the icy waters.

Such pilotage called for a few extra coppers. Yet the handful of coppers which filled Charon's scrawny fist drew no smile of delight across his immobile visage. Into his belt pouch went the coppers; and, utterly unconcerned, he pushed off to bring over the horseman and the cook who were still waiting on the opposite bank.

Then began the long, tedious, arduous, and toilsome climb out of those abysmal depths. In an almost perpendicular ascent, the trail zigzagged its sharp angled way to the heights above, up and up almost to the very fringes of the low lying clouds. A few minutes' climb, and a few minutes' rest; another hundred feet, and another short respite. Thus, in slow stages, the summit was reached. Resting there for the moment, we could see far below the river, a mere thread of dark-hued silver; and Charon, a mere speck at that distance, sitting on the bank patiently waiting for other customers.

THE mules were fed and watered at a nearby inn. With Chinese informality, we joined the innkeeper's family around the fire and helped ourselves to the steaming tea from a kettle always ready 'gainst the chance arrival of any stray traveller. The innkeeper and his garrulous mate, old friends of ours from former visits in our travels throughout the district, rattled off questions about the Reds like a pair of practised attorneys. Poor people! The very next day the Red army was to come surging

up from the same nearby gorge. I have often wondered how they and the hospitable old innkeeper of Mao Tze Ping (where we spent the last hours before dawn) yes, and even poor old Charon, fared at the hands of the invading Communists. Some day soon, I hope to be traversing that same road, this time towards Yungshun; and I do hope they will all be on hand at the same old spots.

That afternoon, the sharp tattoo of hoofs brought the natives of Wangtsun to the doors.

"There go the Yungshun Shen Fus," could be heard on all sides. Little did they realize that we were only the vanguard of fleeing multitudes. The next day Wangtsun, itself, would know panic and fear.

The gateman of the Wangtsun mission in amazed wonder swung open the main portal to admit the pair of unheralded missionaries. He needed no second glance to know that we had not travelled in self chosen circumstances. There was something up. Indeed, he was soon to find out that something was up, and right in his home grounds.

THE clatter of hoofs had brought Father Anthony Maloney, the Wangtsun missionary to the door of the mission. It was a few moments before he recognized the pair of bedraggled and mud-covered riders to be his brother missionaries from Yungshun. A smile broke out on his countenance. Rather, it was more of a grin, since the long curved pipe prevented the famous Maloney smile from reaching its full proportions.

"What are you fellows doing here?" he serenely asked.

"Reds," we piped out in unison, stiffly dismounting the while. "And we've been on the road since last night."

Then Father Anthony went into action. He is a Kentuckian. That is enough to say. And certainly he was true to the famous heritage of his native State. Basking in the afterglow of a warm bath, and cozily clothed in some clean dry duds, we recounted for Father Anthony the incidents of the previous few days and nights. Meanwhile, out in the kitchen, Father Anthony's cook was feverishly preparing a worthwhile meal.

Needless to say, I slept that night a mighty sleep. Out of the depths of it I was roughly aroused by two pairs of hands and confused sounds of excited voices.

"What's all the fuss?" I cried in sleepy bewilderment, managing to perceive in the bright light of day the figures of Father Anthony and Father Timothy.

"Come on, Rip Van Winkle," said Father Anthony, "the Reds are on the way and we have to clear town."

That was enough. All sleepiness vanished. The clock stood at eleven.

At Father Anthony's request, I hastened into the Chapel and consumed the Blessed Sacrament. The Sacred Vessels were quickly removed and packed. A boat had been hired. It had no sooner reached midstream than the magistrate with his entourage arrived on the scene. His bodyguard immediately laid claim to the few remaining boats. Another ten minutes, and we would have been left high and dry.

"And now," I said after we were settled under the hood of the sampan and on the way to Shenchow, "what's the dope to date? Evidently I missed the latest news while making up lost sleep."

"You certainly missed it all right," remarked Father Timothy. "Here's the story.

"It seems that all night long refugees have been pouring into Wangtsun from Yungshun. Their arrival and the lurid tales they had to tell quite disturbed the people here. Then this morning, not long before we had to dig you out of bed, our Yungshun cook came in all aflutter. He had met some of his townsmen as they came in to Wangtsun. They had remained, or rather had not succeeded in quitting the town, when the Reds took Yungshun. The invaders swarmed through the streets like rapacious wolves, looting and destroying. Many poor people accused of resisting the plunderers were shot down in cold blood. Some of the Reds went to the east gate through which the people were still fleeing, and mercilessly killed anyone who looked respectable enough to be above the coolie class, crying out that they were members of the hated capitalists. The lad asked these people about the Catholic mission and how it had fared. They threw up their hands. Why, they saw the invaders swarming around it like ants, all trying to get in first and do the choicest looting. Anything movable had been carried off; floors ripped up, and walls pulled out in the search for hidden hiding places. After spending the night sacking the city, the Reds left an occupying force in the town; and, at dawn Wednesday, the main force left to put Wangtsun to the sword. They are somewhere on the road now, and Wangtsun is doomed."

TWO days later, shooting the numerous rapids during the entire time, we arrived in Shenchow; or to give it the new name, Yüanling. However, Yüanling proved to be merely another stopping place. The Reds, unopposed and gathering momentum with each plundering delay, soon were threatening Yüanling. The same scenes of panic, the same sights of fleeing multitudes, the same tense apprehension, were again to be witnessed and felt. The great invasion of the Vicariate was in full sway.

Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion

HOW few people, even those who call themselves Christians, ever think seriously of God and their relations to Him. Many act as though He did not exist. They are absorbed in the pursuit of this world's goods and pleasures.

Catholics, because they have the true faith, ought more than other Christians have the thought of God ever in their hearts. If you reflected seriously on the eternal realities how happy and holy and peaceful your life would be. If the members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion directed their thoughts more frequently to the life, sufferings and death of Christ, what great progress they would make in virtue.

Serious thinking cannot be made if you read nothing but the daily papers and never shut out from your thoughts the vanities and frivolities of the world. Such thinking can be done only in peace and quietude of spirit, either in the privacy of your own room, or during your visit to the Blessed Sacrament, or some other suitable time.

It is the purpose of the Archconfraternity to help you do this. It is not difficult, if you have the good will to try it. Kneel down and devoutly recall the presence of God, Who, as St. Paul says, "is not far from every one of us." Direct your thoughts to Jesus and think of Him as He hangs on the Cross. Look at that torn and mangled body. See that weary, dropping, thorn-crowned head; that sacred face defiled with dirt and spittle; those pierced and bleeding hands and feet; that open side; the broken heart. Look—and look—and look! Then consider your own life and ask yourself: "Does Jesus Crucified reign in my heart? Why am I so unlike my Master and Lord; so averse to suffering—so impatient—so worldly?"

Then after thinking seriously such thoughts, make an act of contrition, asking pardon for the past and grace to persevere in virtue for the future.

This period of serious thinking should be made daily for five or ten minutes. It will work wonders in your soul. Each month I shall give an outline for a reflection on some phase of the Sacred Passion in order to help you do this.

REV. RAYMUND KOHL, C.P., GENERAL DIRECTOR.

ST. MICHAEL'S MONASTERY, UNION CITY, N. J.

Gemma's League of Prayer

BLESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League of Prayer.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

"The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY

Masses Said	7
Masses Heard	55,741
Holy Communions	43,237
Visits to B. Sacrament	117,025
Spiritual Communions	152,538
Benediction Services	42,136
Sacrifices, Sufferings	43,633
Stations of the Cross	73,635
Visits to the Crucifix	145,837
Beads of the Five Wounds	33,838
Offerings of PP. Blood	145,306
Visits to Our Lady	41,191
Rosaries	49,260
Beads of the Seven Dolors	8,934
Ejaculatory Prayers	1,992,079
Hours of Study, Reading	44,668
Hours of Labor	44,538
Acts of Kindness, Charity	31,004
Acts of Zeal	40,239
Prayers, Devotions	420,782
Hours of Silence	37,268
Various Works	61,260
Holy Hours	706

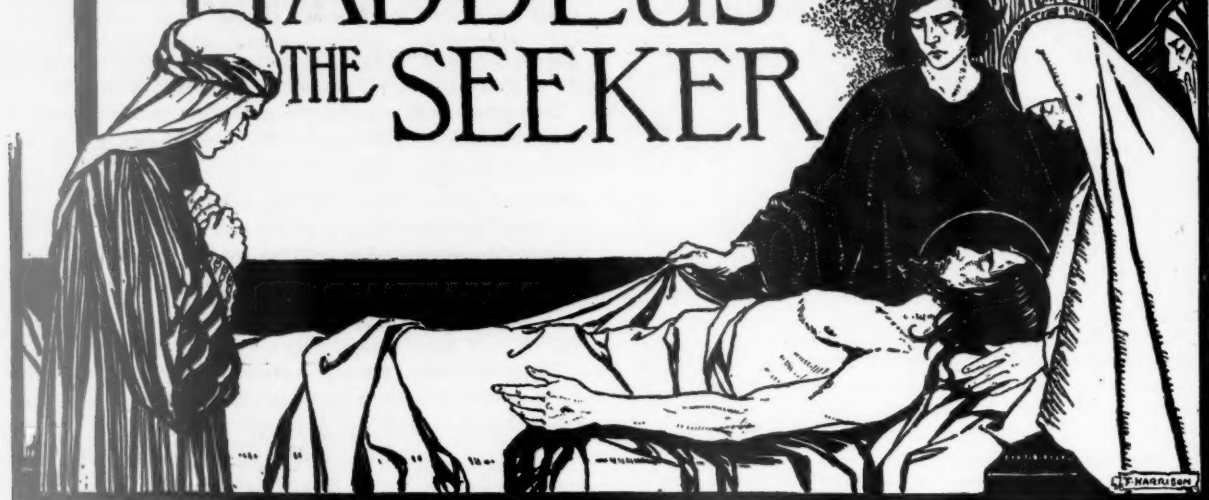
✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Ecclus. 7: 37.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

MOST REV. THOMAS O'DONNELL, D.D.	THOMAS F. MULLEN	JOHN CLAHANE	MARY CAIN
REV. EDWARD DONNELLY, C.P.	BERNARD F. MCGAFFIGAN	VIVIAN JOHNSON LIBBY	MARGARET HEAGERTY
REV. TERENCE F. BEEHAN	H. C. MURPHY	MARY GARONI	MRS. KELLY
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	JOHN McDONOUGH	MICHAEL J. BARNETT	
	WILLIAM LINSKEY	THERESA KAMP	

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

THADDEUS THE SEEKER



BY ENID DINNIS

THE man whom his friends had sur-named the Seeker was standing on the outside fringe of the crowd that had gathered round the Prophet. He had his face turned towards the door of the syna-gogue where they were assembled. The ground beneath the feet of Thaddeus seemed to have lost its stability; yet his feet were chained to it, for the Preacher was still speaking, and never had man spoken as this man.

The Prophet always drew an immense crowd ready to listen to the words that fell from his lips—words that seemed to make all things living to exist in a new light. They were as simple as they were amazing, the words he spoke. The more amazing the message, the more it seemed to answer a crying need in the heart of man which had not hitherto made itself felt. Thaddeus the Seeker had listened to them spell-bound and there had seemed to be a new man born in him who cried feebly for the light of a world into which he had only just been born.

It was such a simple message that the common people flocked to hear it. That had proved a stumbling-block to Thad-deus whose assiduous search for knowl-edge had won him his nick-name. The untutored mind was content to jump to conclusions, or to be swayed by mere sentiment. Thaddeus was a man of bal-anced pros and cons. All the proposi-tions that came his way were placed be-fore the tribunal of his reason.

"Have a care," Ezra the Pharisee had said to him, "for sooner or later this man will be saying something that will de-mand the surrender of your reason. He is already above himself through the favor that Heaven has shown him. He who casts out devils may give house-room to Beelzebub himself."

Ezra had been right. Thaddeus, standing with his face turned towards the door of the synagogue, had just heard the impossible thing spoken.

He had not ignored Ezra's warning. He had determined to seek a private audi-ence with the Prophet and put to him the questions that a man of intelligence and learning would require to be answered ere he formed an alliance with one who professed to be a teacher. It had been unforgettable, that interview. He had put his questions and the Prophet had answered them. He had spoken new and astounding things. For one thrilling mo-ment Thaddeus had expected to hear the words: "Follow Me." But the Master had refrained. He had not issued the invitation. His gaze had been wistful and searching, full of that wonderful tenderness, but his lips had not uttered the fateful words. The questioner had gone away still steward of his wealth and guiltless of the great refusal.

Many a time since, as he stood with the others listening, he had seen the gentle eyes of the Teacher fixed on him-self. The man who could read hearts might even yet say, "Follow Me." Even as it was he had come to be reckoned with those who followed him, not with the same intimacy as the twelve chosen ones, but as one of his avowed disciples.

Up to now there had been hard say-ings. "Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." A little child asks no questions in the way of contradiction. The Seeker, as his name implied, was a man of many questions that queried the answer.

There had been the miracles. But so far the Master's miracles had been in harmony with nature. He had healed the sick—restored nature to her pristine

wholeness. He had raised the dead. But—what is death? Then there had come, only a day or two since, a strange story of another kind of miracle. It had taken place out in the wilderness where the Master was preaching, and it had been hard to credit.

Thaddeus had heard it from the mouth of a little lad who lived near his home. It came back to his mind, for it had some bearing on the thing which he had just heard. The little lad had a great love for the Prophet, all children had. When it was known that he was out in the desert preaching to the crowd that had followed him as it always did, the young Jacob had thought to himself that the kind Rabbi might get hungry, out there away from the places where food can be got. So he had begged five barley loaves and two small fishes from his mother and set forth with them for the wilderness.

THE boy had returned home in the evening, his eyes big with wonder and his basket containing broken bread and portions of fish, such as might make up the amount of five barley loaves and two fishes.

Thaddeus had been passing at the mo-ment. "Then did you not feed the Prophet and his friends after all?" Thaddeus had asked the question. Jacob had nodded his head eagerly, and then he had sought to explain the wonder that had taken place. He had given his loaves to Andrew, and Andrew had shown them to the Master; and the Master had made all the people sit down—thousands and thousands of them—and he had taken the bread and blessed it and divided it into parts and each disciple had taken a portion and given it to the people, and everybody had had as much as he could

eat. And what was in his basket now they had given him from the twelve baskets full of fragments that were over.

Jacob's mother had examined the fragments. "It is bread of my baking," she had said. Thaddeus had remained skeptical, but later on the people, an immense multitude of them, had returned with the same story. It was as though the Prophet had fed them with manna as the Children of Israel had been fed before, save that there had been, to begin with, five loaves of earthly baking and two fishes, such as are caught in the Galilean Sea.

Thaddeus had told the story to Ezra. The latter had shrugged his shoulders. "This man will be more above himself than ever," he had opined. "He is out to gain a mob following. No man will be able to go on listening to him and remain master of his reason."

And now, a moment since, the prediction of Ezra the Pharisee had been fulfilled. The Master had stood up in the synagogue where Thaddeus stood listening with the others, many of them learned men like himself, and he had proclaimed a new message. "I am the living Bread that came down from Heaven. If any man shall eat of this Bread he shall live forever. And the Bread which I shall give is my flesh for the life of the world."

THE listeners—those in front who sometimes raised a point when the Prophet was addressing them—had turned and looked at each other. Thaddeus had felt a sudden throb of his pulses. For a moment he had been lifted up into a region beyond that in which his mind had its being. Something had reacted to the amazing message. Then someone had touched his elbow. "You hear that?" Ezra the Pharisee had said. "I ask you—how can this man give us his flesh to eat? The wine of success is in his veins and he is talking wildly. How can it be done?"

Thaddeus had answered: "Why not ask him? He is there. He can explain his meaning."

Ezra had accepted the challenge—in the way that a man of his stamp would. He had found another ready to face the Master with a request for an explanation which would make clearer the word just spoken.

And as the crowd closed up the Master had made reply:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you: except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood you shall not have life in you."

He could not be speaking in parables. To devour a man is to destroy his good name. He had said it solemnly—"Verily, verily."

The Speaker had continued—It was the voice that had drawn the multitude out into the desert.

"He that eateth my flesh and drinketh

my blood hath everlasting life and I will raise him up on the last day."

The questioner had dropped backward into the crowd. A hush had fallen over the assembly. Thaddeus the Seeker had turned on his heel and sought the outskirts of the crowd. Never yet had there been a hard saying like this. Never yet such a glorious promise—"I will raise him up on the last day."

HE stood now in the synagogue at Capernaum, a man who could not urge his feet to bear him away from the spot where his hope had been shattered; his dream destroyed.

Was the Prophet a madman after all? His very disciples, the twelve, had gazed at him aghast.

Ezra the Pharisee approached him. He was full of triumph. "There," he said, "can a thinking man remain the disciple of such a one?"

He moved off, following the crowd that was slowly melting away. It seemed to Thaddeus that the ground under his feet was doing likewise. The magnetic Preacher was out to enslave the intellects of men, their highest parts. Beelzebub had turned preacher.

Yet the words, like all the Master's new sayings, had found a response from a hitherto unsuspected hunger in his soul. There was something in man which had not yet been fed. He had once said, "Come unto me all ye that hunger." He had fed five thousand with bread in the wilderness. But this was a hard saying.

Thaddeus sat himself down and watched the people. They seemed to have been able to take the message, these simple, unthinking folk who stood and watched the Master's face as they listened to his voice, it might be, rather than his words. To them *he* was life. His voice made the music of another world. They were ready enough to pass over what they could not understand. He had chosen his disciples from among this sort of people. Here was one of them coming along. It was Simon the fisherman.

Simon and Thaddeus were by way of being good friends, for all the difference in their education. The former's mind was evidently full of what they had just been hearing. Thaddeus accosted him.

"What think you," he asked of Simon, "of this hard saying of the Master's? How can he give us his flesh to eat, and in that same prodigal way that he gave bread in the wilderness?"

The rough fisherman shook his head. "I know not," he answered.

"It makes one feel that it is no good—walking with him," Thaddeus whispered, and the sound of his own words seemed to sever his heartstrings.

Simon made answer. He was gazing before him, and his eyes were focused to great spaces like those of a sailor on wider seas than Galilee's.

"But to whom could we go?" he asked. "He has the word of eternal life."

That was it, the horror of it. There was no one, nowhere to go to. Life without the Galilean Teacher was not life. But, on the other hand, to submit to teaching from which his reason turned away was a betrayal of, of—that intellectual life which made of him a man.

Simon continued. "He told us once that with God all things are possible. And, he hath told us that He is the Christ, the Son of the living God."

The light in the fisherman's eyes was calm and steady. His answer had been logical. He who accepted the Christ accepted His words as the words of the Father with whom all things were possible. But this word. How could the mind of man accept it?

Yet, it was the word of eternal life. "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, the same shall live by me." These words He had said teaching in the synagogue. It was a stupendous deposit of doctrine, repeated and affirmed. This fisherman follower of his had received it as an unfathomable mystery with the solving of which he was not concerned. Thaddeus the seeker might do the same. But Thaddeus the thinker had set a frontier line beyond which the seeker could not journey without a passport issued by one—himself to wit—who refused to have truck with the country beyond. "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" He repeated the question petulantly in his heart. The crowd was making way for some one. It was the Master himself. Thaddeus rose to his feet in some confusion. He caught sight of Ezra the Pharisee standing watching them at a little distance. The Prophet was looking tired, he often did, and there was sadness in his eyes. There was a certain majesty that seemed to come and settle on his sadness, and his weariness.

He paused as He passed Thaddeus and addressed him.

"Does this scandalize you?" He asked. He was answering the question in the other's heart. Then He continued, speaking gently.

"What then if you shall see the Son of Man ascend up to where He was before?" There was something contained in the query. A something which the listener might have caught hold of. A clue, a key to the hidden meaning.

THE gaze of Thaddeus met the searching eyes. The living Bread that came down from Heaven would be returning to Heaven. Yet all must have this bread to eat in order to live forever. The Preacher was torturing him with conundrums.

The voice continued: "It is the spirit that quickens, the flesh profits nothing. The words that I have spoken unto you are spirit and life."

"Spirit and life." Thaddeus felt his heart throb. Spirit and life enclosed in the hard saying that his intellect was unable to accept.

WAS his intellect part of the house of flesh that cannot inherit the Kingdom? He caught the eye of Ezra the Pharisee. The expression on the countenance of the latter was one of scornful expectancy. Ezra expected him to capitulate. To make himself less of a man for the sake of an emotion.

The Master gave a little sigh. "But there are some of you that believe not," he said. "Therefore was it that I said that no man can come to me unless it be given to him by my Father."

He passed on, continuing his way across the synagogue. Thaddeus stood and gazed after him. The group of those who had been disputing among themselves stood and watched him. He was all alone. He had broken away from his disciples for the moment. Thaddeus was the one most closely associated with him of the number assembled. Many eyes were turned towards him besides those of Ezra the Pharisee.

The Master had not given the definite challenge. He had not said, "Follow Me." But one may follow unchallenged. The people who were clamoring to make him a king followed him uncalled. Even now they might make him a King—the people who were ready to receive anything that was said to them, like Simon the fisherman. The group of scribes and doctors of law had already turned their backs on the retreating figure. Thaddeus remained with them. The man whom they had sur-named "the Seeker" had not allowed himself to be seduced along with the common throng. And Thaddeus found himself in good company for there were many after that day who went back and walked with him no more.

From that day Thaddeus the Seeker watched the Prophet from afar off. He still had all the world after him but Thaddeus belonged to the intellectual aristocracy. He did not go where all the world went. He followed, as meekly as the others, in the select file of those who followed the teaching of the lettered men amongst the Pharisees, amongst whom was Ezra. The thinking men who had asked, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" The men to whom the Master had not thought it worth while to speak of "spirit and life."

Ezra perseveringly prophesied exposure and collapse for the Prophet's pretensions. The people had not yet succeeded in making him a king, but the danger was imminent, especially at the festival time when they crowded into the holy city and its neighborhood.

It was many a day now since Thaddeus had looked upon the face of the



"YOU HEAR THAT?" EZRA HAD SAID. "HOW CAN IT BE DONE?"

Prophet of Galilee. Sometimes the longing to do so was overpowering and the soul of Thaddeus lamented the "intellectual honesty" that prevented him from swallowing the hard saying and seeking once more the voice that spoke of "spirit and life," of wells of living water, and strange blessings on the mourner and the meek, and the makers of peace. "Come unto Me," the Speaker had said; and He had stood, as it were, out beyond the frontiers of ordinary thought, of the known country explored by philosophies, just as He had once sat in a boat out on the deep water and addressed those who stood on the dry land.

* * *

THE Festival time had come round. Thaddeus had heard the children in the temple crying, "Hosanna." He had seen palms waving. The monarch-elect had arrived in Jerusalem. The Scribes and Pharisees were disturbed. There was conspiracy in the air. Thaddeus stood apart and watched. Lazarus had been raised from the dead after four days in the tomb. Beelzebub was busy, so the men who found reasons for things

said. They had clamored for a sign, but this sign had not convinced them.

Then there had come a sudden change. The wonder-worker had been apprehended, by stealth in the night, for fear of the people. But the people had not stormed the place of judgment and demanded his release. He had been sent to Pontius Pilate, the Roman Governor, and when the latter offered to release them a prisoner they had chosen Barabbas, a robber, rather than the Prophet who had healed their sick—aye, their own sick bodies. It was an incredible revolution. It was the complete and sudden helplessness of the accused that had sent his reputation tottering to its fall. He was unable to save himself. No legions of angels had come to his assistance. The Power which had made of him a wonder worker had forsaken him and left him an ordinary man to make good the imaginary claims which he had set forth. It was the collapse and exposure which Ezra the Pharisee had foretold. After all he was a truer prophet than the peasant of Galilee.

Thaddeus remained in his own house all that appalling day when they kept

bringing in stories and reports of what was in process. He was told of the final verdict and his heart turned cold. The cross! The slave's death! Ezra the Pharisee brought him the news. He stood there in the doorway of Thaddeus' house, and there was a half-smile of satisfaction on his lips.

Thaddeus was silent—rigid. He had read the secret of the half-smile. It had betrayed the man whose sleek words were pouring forth the falsehoods of a generation of vipers. He saw the truth in all its nakedness. It was from envy that they had delivered him—the Prophet who hated lies, whose doctrine was the opposite of theirs. Their vaunted intellects had been capable of a self-deception that made them less creatures of reason than the brute beasts. And he, Thaddeus, had followed these leaders, drawn not by admiration of a noble message but by pride. A pride which held his spirit to the limitations of the flesh because he had not learned of one who was meek and humble of heart.

Ezra the Pharisee rubbed his hands together in smooth satisfaction. The hand of Thaddeus had doubled into a fist, but it continued to hang at his side. Who was he to administer justice? It was by his own choice that he had associated himself with this man of the half-smile. It was sun-set when Thaddeus crept out of the house. Things had happened. There had been an earthquake and a darkening of the sky. A curious coincidence when the Prophet was hanging on the cross. People had passed his window weeping and striking their breasts. He had heard one telling the other that the dying man on the cross had cried out asking God why He had forsaken him. Those words had gripped him. Forsaken by God? Could the sight of one returning disciple, one of those who had walked with him no more after the hard saying, offer a crumb of consolation? If it were possible he would go and face the horror—stand up by His side and let those that passed by see him there. It was said that all the twelve had fled.

THADDEUS approached the hill of Golgotha. Three stark crosses stood there (he had been crucified between two thieves) but they had been relieved of their burdens. At the foot of the centre one there was the figure of a woman kneeling and supporting something in her arms. She was holding as a mother holds her child the body of a full-grown man.

Others stood round, but the central figure dominated the scene.

A woman standing near him turned and addressed Thaddeus. "That is His mother," she said. "She will be thinking that it is the same that she held in her arms as a new-born babe."

Yes, it was a mother holding in her

arms her off-spring. It was the son born of her and still her child. The mystery of identity all suddenly presented itself to the mind of Thaddeus. The babe might be saying of the grown man, "this is my body"; the grown man might say of the babe, "this is me."

The unsolved mystery of life lay in the mother's arms as she gazed in the face of death.

For the Prophet was dead. This was no reprieved living man—this stark form that bore the traces of that which had gone before. They had hung a dying man on the cross.

Thaddeus was too late to proclaim his discipleship. There were others who had not been too late. Joseph, the rich man of Arimathea, was there, and Nicodemus, the Pharisee who had indeed first gone to the Prophet by night, but later openly. Joseph was about to lay

Night Reveals the Stars

By Richard A. Welfle, S.J.

THOUGH steadfast in the sky, their
fires

Shine only now, as vanquished Day
Before her swarthy foe expires,
And Night proclaims his ruthless
sway. . . .

Let sorrow be!

The jewels in Faith's fair diadem,
Which days serene had lost to sight,
Now, that I know the need of them,
Gleam through the darkness of my
night,
And comfort me.

Him in his own new tomb. The Seeker would find himself in good company at this juncture in the Prophet's career. He was too late.

They had placed the body on a bier. Joseph and the others had removed themselves a little way off. The mother stood beside the bier, and near her was John, one of the twelve who had not fled with the others.

Thaddeus crept forward. They were encouraging him to come nearer, the mother and her adopted son. He knelt at the foot of the bier. Was it majestic death that he was looking upon? Or was it something more mysterious, more majestic still? A voice seemed to answer his question.

"This is the bread that cometh down from Heaven."

The Body lay there, drained of every drop of blood. The ground at the foot of the cross was crimson with that same Blood.

"What, then, if you shall see the Son of Man ascending to where he was be-

fore? Could this mangled body and spilt blood be once more united in a living body that had not lost its identity?

Thaddeus, the man who had looked on from a distance, was now standing up close and looking on the mystery of Sacrifice. The Mother stood above Him and John, the faithful one, knelt at His side. With tear-blinded eyes he gazed upon the torn, maltreated face. On the awesome aloofness of death. Had he come too late?

Ezra the Pharisee had seen from the far distance a sight that had moved him to fury. Thaddeus, a man of repute, had followed the example of Joseph of Arimathea and of Nicodemus and was accompanying the body of the discredited prophet to the tomb, making outward profession of allegiance to him. Ezra sought out one of the soldiers who had been told off to dispose of the bodies of the two crucified thieves. "Keep an eye on yon fellow," he said. "He will be up to no good."

Thaddeus was kneeling close to the sealed sepulchre. He was deep in contemplation of many wondrous things. He, the dead prophet, had said: "What if you shall see the Son of Man ascend to where He was before?" He was lying in the tomb. What kind of dominion had Death over the One who lay there, his broken body, his flesh, given for the life of the world?

And John the disciple had told him a wondrous thing. How the Master on the previous night had taken bread in His hands and blessed it saying, "This is My body." And after that, He had—John had whispered it to the penitent, to the returned wanderer—"he had given Himself with His own hands."

"For the life of the world, for all time. Bread in the wilderness of the ages. Spirit and Life. The letter killeth. The flesh profiteth nothing." Thaddeus the man of letters, the humanist—felt his soul rising upward to a realm where his senses failed him. Faith was bearing him on her wings. Upward, upward.

A GUARD came up behind him. This was the fellow who was up to no good. The kneeling figure remained motionless. The guard gave him a prick in the side with his lance. Thaddeus fell heavily onto the sharp spear-head, a dead weight. The other was not overmuch concerned. He had not meant to slay the fellow, but what matter? He was one better out of the way. The Pharisee had assumed that.

It would be easy enough to throw the body into the pit where he had already flung that of the thief who had made friends with the dying prophet on the cross. He might have promised Paradise to this one, too?

And so the soul of Thaddeus the Seeker ended its quest.

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

"SUBJECTIVE SENSUALISM" OF ASCETICISM

Please explain what non-Catholics mean when they accuse ascetics of "subjective sensualism" in the use of the discipline. They often quote Saint Matthew (6:25-34) as directly opposed to monastic practices.—B. McC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Asceticism, which derives from the Greek word *askesis*, meaning exercise, is defined as the system whereby both body and mind are trained for the attainment of virtue. In this struggle bodily mortification and privation hold an important place. In order to attain true and solid virtue a man must learn how to control and regulate the lower passions, which constantly war against the higher interests of his soul. An ascetic is one who aims at being spiritually "fit," just as an athlete aims at being physically "fit." Both exercises demand privation. To say that one who uses the discipline is guilty of "subjective sensualism" is to beg the question. The ultimate end of Christian asceticism is union with God. The text of St. Matthew refers to the Providence of God, and has no relation to bodily mortification. The objection to asceticism is one of the results of Luther's revolt from Catholic faith and morality. It is an objection which is directly refuted by the very Bible which Luther and his followers profess to revere. Therein one finds an abundance of texts which urge and command the mortification of the body for the sake of virtue and perfection. St. Paul directed the attention of the Corinthians (Cor. 9:29) to the athletes who then, as now, refrained themselves from enervating pleasure, in order to harden themselves for the games, and urged his converts to emulate their example for the sake of virtue and an eternal victory. Asceticism and mortification are intimately bound up with the doctrine of the Cross. Those who dislike the teaching of Christ and the Saints concerning the necessity of control over bodily passions often exhibit what the psychologists call a "defense complex" by ascribing ascetical exercises to sensualism—the very thing which true ascetics endeavor to overcome. It is worthy of note, by the way, that there is a great deal of Protestant literature of an ascetic nature, though it does not emphasize bodily mortification as much as Catholic ascetical literature.

CHURCH AND BLESSING OF WAR FLAGS

During the World War and since I have seen pictures in Catholic magazines of priests of various nationalities blessing their countries' flags, just before the troops left for the front. At least this is what the accompanying articles would suggest. Why does the Church allow this kind of ceremony? Is the Church not universal in that there is no distinction of this or that nation? Since war in itself is wrong, why recognize the flags of any nation just because there are Roman Catholics? I am of the opinion that this practice should be prohibited.—C. A. R., ALBANY, N. Y.

Your objection rests on an erroneous foundation. War is not an intrinsic evil, otherwise God would never have expressly commanded it in the case of the Jews in the Old Testament. War is evil when it is started for no just and sufficient cause, or conducted in an unjust manner. Of course, it is absurd to hold that, objectively, all the nations which were engaged in the World War were justified, but,

subjectively, the soldiers who fought in the individual armies were presumably of the opinion, if not the conviction, that they were engaged in a just war. The justice or injustice of war ultimately rests on the consciences of the rulers of nations, not on the people. The people have no say in declaring or carrying on war. Hence, there is nothing worthy of censure for a Catholic priest to bless the war flags of Catholic troops. We can find no specific formula for such a blessing in the Church's liturgy, unless it be the "Blessing for All Things." There is nothing incongruous in a priest praying to God that He would grant to the troops the grace to conduct themselves always in a just and proper manner in the field, to preserve them from harm to soul and body, and, if it be God's will, to crown their efforts with victory. The Church, is, indeed, universal in that she embraces people of all nations, but that does not mean that she wishes to abolish the natural ties which bind the faithful to their fatherland, any more than that she wishes to sever the ties which unite them in families.

WAR AND DOCTRINE OF MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST

(1) Why are Catholics permitted to kill one another in war, in view of the doctrine that we are all members of the mystical body of Christ; to kill a man is like killing Christ. God alone gives life; God alone can take life. (2) Should not the Pope command all Catholics to refrain from bearing arms, even though as a result Catholics would be imprisoned or executed for following his command; and even though it meant persecution of the Pope and the loss of large numbers of Church members? It would appear that instead of holding to Christ's teachings, the Church is temporizing, and is more concerned with keeping a vast organization together.—C. K., BELMONT, MASS.

(1) When discussing the ethics and morality of war, it is necessary to distinguish sharply between reason and sentiment. Sentiment, of course, should be on the side of peace and prevention of war, so far as it is humanly possible. But sentiment should not blind us to the demands of reason. It is Catholic doctrine that war is not an intrinsic evil. Theologians generally teach that war is lawful under the following conditions: (a) there must be a just and sufficient cause; (b) a right intention; (c) the decision to wage war must come from the supreme authority in the state; (d) pacific efforts to avert war have been seriously tried and found unavailing.

The Bible does not condemn war as immoral. In fact, there are many instances in the Old Testament in which God expressly ordered the Jews to make war on their enemies, and the Almighty worked miracles to bring his people to victory. In the New Testament the references to war, either direct or indirect, nowhere imply that it is evil in itself. Thus, St. John the Baptist's exhortation to the soldiers who came to him for advice (Luke 3:14) did not contain a condemnation of their profession. Our Lord Himself expressly praised the faith of the Roman Centurion (Matt. 8:10), and left no impression that he was following an unlawful vocation.

Therefore, when soldiers kill their enemies in a just war, they are not guilty of murder. They act in concert with the

State to vindicate its rights, just as a private individual may, in order to repel an unjust aggressor, kill him, if necessity demands. Although Christ identifies himself, as it were, with the members of His mystical body, it must not be thought that He is put to death when one of the faithful is killed. He is immortal and therefore not subject to death. The way in which Christ is put to death again is by the commission of mortal sin, by which a sinner crucifies to himself again the Son of God and makes Him a mockery (Heb. 6:6). This is a spiritual crucifixion, not a corporal one, and is to be understood in the Pauline sense.

(2) Since war is not an evil in itself, it would be immoral and absurd for the Pope to declare it such, and command Catholics to refuse to bear arms, even in the case of a just war. This is sentiment gone astray. He would be abetting Catholics in the crime of treason. The present Pope and his immediate predecessors have done something better. They have protested in season and out of season against the perils of exaggerated nationalism and excessive armaments, which are intolerable abuses of things good in themselves, and have pleaded for a reduction of armaments among nations and the substitution of the Christian law of charity and justice for selfish nationalism. But it seems that (so far) they have pleaded in vain. Here is a plan which pacifists may with all reason adopt and strive to carry through. The right to wage war is an odious right which might well be supplanted by arbitration in the light of Christian ideals of justice and charity.

REAL CAUSE OF MEXICAN PERSECUTION

What is the real cause of the Mexican persecution of the Church? Some critics say that the Church owned too much property.

There are many causes of the persecution of the Catholic Church in Mexico, but the cause which in our opinion is the fundamental one is the spirit of false liberalism—that brand of liberalism which instigated the French Revolution. This kind of liberalism is diametrically opposed to supernatural revelation and the subordination of the State to the Divine law. As the Catholic Church is recognized by liberals of this stripe as the authentic organ and interpreter of Divine Revelation it is attacked systematically and without cessation. The “hidden hand” upholding the spirit of false liberalism in Mexico has been and still is the Masonic fraternity. Undoubtedly the Church in Mexico possessed great wealth at one time, but never at any time so great wealth as that possessed by some Protestant churches in the United States. Thus, if a comparison is made between the wealth of the Church in Mexico (due allowance must also be made for fictitious values) in 1810, the period of her greatest prosperity, with the Baptists in the United States as of 1916 (when the latter were about equal to the Mexican church of 1810 as to numbers), we find that the total wealth of the Baptists was \$272,159,644; whereas that of the Mexican church was \$116,405,074. (Baptist Year Book, 1916: Pastoral Letter of Catholic Episcopate of U. S., 1936.) The charge of exorbitant wealth with reference to the Catholic Church is an ancient but convenient subterfuge to allow the State to steal this wealth for its own purposes.

CONSUMPTIVE MARRYING PROTESTANT

May a Catholic girl, an “arrested case” of tuberculosis, marry a Protestant man, if her physician forbids her to have any children? She was told that if she married under this condition she would be living in a state of sin. Why? Isn't one's health considered by the Catholic Church?

In the first place, the Canon Law forbids Catholics to marry non-Catholics. In the second place, no one can marry validly unless he or she can provide the essential object of the matrimonial contract; which is the mutual acceptance of

the right and obligation of rendering the marriage debt in a manner suitable for the propagation of children. It is not within the legitimate province of any physician to lay down moral precepts for his patients. By so doing he exceeds his authority and transgresses on the rights of the Church, to whose custody Christ confided the Sacrament of Marriage. The Church, indeed, is not unmindful of the health of her children, but she cannot carry her sympathy to the extent of allowing them to transgress the laws of both nature and God. This is a case for her pastor to take into consideration, and not her physician only.

MARY STUART AND QUEEN ELIZABETH: AUTHORS OF PROTESTANT CREEDS

(1) Where could I obtain an authentic history of Mary Stuart and Queen Elizabeth of England? (2) Who were the originators of the creeds adopted by the Lutherans, Calvinists, etc.?

(1) You will find authentic accounts of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, and Elizabeth, Queen of England, in *The Catholic Encyclopedia*. You should be able to find this encyclopedia in your public library.

(2) The authors of the many Protestant creeds were either the men whose name they bear, or their disciples.

ST. ODILIA: ST. WINIFRED: HITLER: KING OF ITALY: JESUIT AUTHOR

(1) Why is St. Odilia patroness of those suffering from eye afflictions? Please give a short account of her life. (2) Who is St. Winifred? (3) Is Adolph Hitler a Catholic? (4) Is King Victor Emmanuel of Italy a Jew? (5) Who is the Jesuit author of the life of Martin Luther?

(1) St. Odilia (Othilia, Ottilia) a virgin and saint of the 8th century, was born in Alsace of noble parents. She embraced the life of the cloister, where she lived a life conspicuous for its austerity. She is said to have been healed of blindness at the tomb of St. Lambert, Bishop of Maestricht. Her feast day is December 13th.

(2) St. Winifred (Winefride, Wenefreda) was a virgin and martyr of the 7th century. She is the patron saint of North Wales. With other pious maidens she is said to have served God under the direction of St. Bueno, though it is not certain that she became a nun. She suffered death at the hands of the tyrant Caradoc, at the place since called Holywell, so named because of the many miracles which bear witness to her sanctity. The medieval legend that St. Winifred was raised to life again by the prayers of St. Bueno and for many years presided over a convent of nuns is unworthy of notice. (*Book of Saints and Patrons and Patronesses*.)

(3) Hitler was baptized and brought up a Catholic, but he has ceased to act as one. He espoused the cause of the Nazi philosophy of “race, blood and soil,” in place of the Catholic doctrine of faith, hope and charity. If he claims that he is still a Catholic, his deeds give the lie to his profession. (Titus 1:16.)

(4) No.

(5) Father Hartmann Grisar, S.J., is the author of six volumes on Martin Luther.

CONTRIBUTING TO PROTESTANT RELIGIOUS SERVICE

In my office a collection among the employees was taken up, in order to pay for a non-Catholic memorial service in honor of the deceased head of the firm. I did not feel that I as a Catholic should contribute to such a fund. Was my action bigoted?—N. N., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

It was not bigoted. You had a convincing and conscientious reason for not doing so. It is unlawful for a Catholic to participate formally in erroneous forms of

worship. If the memorial service was a religious one and conducted in a Protestant temple, you were logical in declining to contribute towards it. But in such circumstances you might have coöperated materially in this service by sending flowers. This would have indicated your good will and at the same time gotten you out of any unpleasant difficulties.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

N.W., New Haven, Conn.; R.C., Miami Beach, Fla.; H.T.M., Brookline, Mass.; K.C.V., Union City, Ind.; M.S., Batesville, Ind.; M.K., Paterson, N. J.; R.L.K., Louisville, Ky.; S.S., Essex Falls, N. Y.; T.T.V., Irvington, N. Y.; M.C.J.S., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; C.F., Dorchester, Mass.; M.W.P.L., Omaha, Nebr.; M.D., Jamaica, N. Y.; H.G.M., New York, N. Y.; F.M.P., New York, N. Y.; F.S., Weehawken, N. J.; C.K., St. Paul, Minn.; M.W.T., Charlestown, Mass.; I.M.C.I., New York, N. Y.; M.C.B., New York, N. Y.; L.M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M.C.G., Quincy, Mass.; M.W.S., Bellevue, Ky.; H.F.C., Ardmore, Pa.; N.R., St. Louis, Mo.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Our Lord, Jesus, Mary and Joseph, M.J., Wyncote, Pa.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, Little Flower, St. Rita, C.T.W., Phila., Pa.; St. Gabriel, M.C.D., S. Boston, Mass.; St. Rita, M.W., New Haven, Conn.; Our Lord, Blessed Mother, E.D.M., Brighton, Mass.; Holy Souls, M.F., St. Louis, Mo.; St. Anthony, S.S., Essex Falls, N. Y.; Blessed Virgin, St. Theresa, A.P.L., Dorchester, Mass.; Souls in Purgatory, A.K.M., Trenton, N. J.; St. Anthony, A.B., Cambridge, Mass.; Sacred Heart, M.M.B., Owensboro, Ky.; Blessed Virgin, M.C.L., Sheridan, Pa.; Blessed Virgin, M.H., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Souls in Purgatory, M.S.H., Dorchester, Mass.; Souls in Purgatory, M.M., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, M.McS., New York, N. Y.; St. Paul of the Cross, A.K., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Sacred Heart of Mary, St. Ann, St. Joseph, M.W.P.L., Omaha, Nebr.; Immaculate Conception, M.G., New York, N. Y.; St. Joseph, Little Theresa, M.J.D., Woodside, L. I.; Blessed Virgin, St. Anthony, J.M.P., Minot, N. Dakota; St. Gabriel, M.M.R., Newton, N. J.; Infant Jesus, Immaculate Mother, M.R.H., Brookline, Pa.; Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, E.M.H., Freeport, N. Y.; St. Anthony, M.M.F., Louisville, Ky.; Gemma Galgani, E.W., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Souls in Purgatory, H.A.B., Dorchester, Mass.; Little Flower, LaCrosse, Wis.; Holy Souls, S.M.J.A., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Souls in Purgatory, M.M., Brockton, Mass.; Blessed Virgin Mary, R.A.B., Bridgeport, Conn.; Our Lady of Perpetual Help, M.B.S., Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Paul and St. Gabriel, M.E.B., Allston, Mass.; St. Theresa of the Child Jesus, M.J.M., Litchfield, Ill.; Poor Souls, M.R.S., Hillsboro, Mass.; Blessed Gemma, A.W., Garfield Heights, Ohio; M.M.C., Dorchester, Mass.; M.T.K., Brooklyn, N. Y.; L.S., Richmond, Ind.; A.R.B., Waterbury, Conn.; J.E.M., Buffalo, N. Y.; C.A.H., Decatur, Ill.; A.O'D., Dorchester, Mass.; A.J.A., New York, N. Y.; M.J.McG., Steubenville, O.; M.H., New York, N. Y.; A.A.G., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M.P.B., Medford, Mass.; M.J.R., Arlington, N. J.; A.S., Kansas City, Mo.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has prepared a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlets are 10c. each or 15 for \$1.

May He Rest in Peace

On January 13th the Most Reverend Thomas O'Donnell, Archbishop of Halifax, passed to his eternal reward. A short time before his death THE SIGN received the following letter from His Excellency:

Archbishop's Palace,
Villa Maria,
Halifax, Canada.
December 12th, 1935.

MY DEAR FATHERS:

THE SIGN has been coming to me for some time. I am writing you just to express my approval of THE SIGN, subject matter, makeup, etc. To my mind, you are giving the Catholic people the best Catholic publication of the kind in America. Can you keep it up?

Enclosed find ten dollar cheque as a mark of my appreciation of your work. Yours in Domino,

✠ THOMAS O'DONNELL,
Archbishop of Halifax.

Title "Co-Redemptrix"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I yield to no one in devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, but I cannot reconcile myself to the title "Co-Redemptrix" [The Sign-Post, October 1935, page 154]. There is but one Mediator between God and men, one Redeemer, Christ Jesus. The title "Co-Redemptrix" places the Virgin Mary on a level with Him who redeemed both her and us. No creature can play a coördinate part with God in any work. Of course, those who use the title do not mean to give the Blessed Virgin a coördinate part in the work of our redemption, but, since they do not, they should not even seem to do so.

ANTIGONISH, N. S.

THEOLOGUS.

Arguing About Religion

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Many of us must be asking whether Sheed & Ward anticipated or were pleased with the reception accorded to the Lunn-Haldane controversy [Science and the Supernatural] by the reviewers. Reviews from *Commonweal*, *THE SIGN*, *The New York Times*, as well as the editorial "What Good is Controversy?" in *The Catholic World* are before me. The question, expressed or implied, in all of them is whether arguing on matters of religion gets you anywhere. That we Catholics are convinced it does is shown by our complete system of apologetics. That the book by Lunn and Haldane has not helped to bring that conviction to many non-Catholics seems to be indicated by the following quotation from *The New York Times* review: "The human lesson of the book is that argumentation on matters of religion is, of itself, rarely a means of converting an opponent. . . . When it is all over Haldane regrets that 'our standards of intellectual valuation are so different that we found it hard to come to grips.' The reader will doubt if on such questions they could effectually come to grips at all."

Yet we know that Mr. Lunn himself, and many another convert, took their initial steps toward the portals of the Church because they effectually came to grips with some competent Catholic apologist. Why, then, this widely felt impression of futility in the intellectual duel between Haldane and Lunn? Father Gillis places his finger on the reason in the editorial in *The Catholic World*. He quotes Prof. Haldane's fundamental admission: "I am prepared to admit that some hundreds of millions of Buddhists are in fact correct in referring to 'the illusion of personal identity.'" We could hardly expect anyone effectually to come to grips with

the Professor, when he is not sure whether there are two such persons as Mr. Lunn and Professor Haldane in existence. Do the publishers of the book, or Mr. Lunn, consider such an opponent worthy of the Catholic steel?

One finds it difficult to believe that Sheed & Ward wish their readers to take literally the remark made on the jacket of the book: "In this instance, we fancy that those who hold the Haldane view at the beginning will hold it at the end; and that Lunnsmen will be Lunnsmen still." We are inclined to think they cherish a very strong hope that those who hold the Haldane view at the beginning will be Lunnsmen, if not at the end of the book, at least at the end of their search for truth.

JAMAICA, N. Y.

(REV.) BERTRAND WEAVER, C.P.

Mexican Interlude

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have read with keen interest and a deep sympathy for our persecuted Mexican friends the article entitled "Mexican Interlude—Dwight Morrow's Part in Mexican Affairs" in the January, 1936, issue of THE SIGN. It is perhaps superstitious, but one wonders sometimes if a curse dogs the footsteps of the innocent members of this man's family. It would almost seem so.

Can you tell me where those consecrated vessels now are, those "gifts of ancient chalices sacked from old churches that General Calles made to Mr. Morrow at a time when Catholic blood was being shed in martyrdom"? Can you further tell me what American Catholics may still do about this, beyond prayer and continued protest, which can effectively be made at the polls in the forthcoming national elections?

PITTSBURGH, PA.

HERBERT H. SULLIVAN, M.D.

Greatest News Story: Healing at Lourdes

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have just read the editorial that your magazine published concerning my selection of the greatest news story ["Woman to Woman," December, 1935, p. 283].

Of course, the point is well taken, but you must be aware that, while you and I have been convinced of the evidence of immortality, a great number of readers of newspapers are not yet convinced.

I had dinner the other night with Dr. Alexis Carrel, the distinguished surgeon, who told me of his observations of the actual healing of tissue in the human body by the miracle of Lourdes. He told me he had measured the bed sore on the back of a woman, which was triangular-shaped, seven inches long and five inches wide, and by the time that she had reached the top step of Lourdes all but two inches of the tissue had been completely healed.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

J. V. CONNOLLY, President
International News Service.

"Catholics Won't Buy"?

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I would like to tell you the pleasure I got on reading your comment "Catholics Won't Buy" in the January number of THE SIGN. It was so thrilling to feel a little effort was bearing fruit. I feel confident that Catholics will buy if the proper material is presented to them. If the Catholic writer would realize, as the Communist does, that it isn't the cultured and intellectual who need constructive reading, but the man of the street, the worker, surprising results could be accomplished.

I am not advocating the lowering of standards; keep them as high as possible, but make them interesting.

The man or woman who has spent a busy day at the typewriter or digging a ditch is not going to burden a tired brain, no matter how much they enjoy reading, with something away over their heads. Right here is where the pulp magazine scores. It is widely advertised, easily accessible, cheap, interesting and understandable. That its pagan influence is destructive never enters the public mind, and never will until educated to it; and that is Catholic work. I do not intend to criticize, but rather to bring out my viewpoint. I sincerely hope that your most laudable example will be widely followed.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

SUSANNAH F. LANGE.

"In Honor Bound"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

President Roosevelt has laid his cards on the table. We now know precisely where he stands on the Mexican situation. We can now walk on sure ground. The supreme head of the Knights of Columbus promises to continue the fight for justice. Let us hope that no effort will be spared to let the whole country understand the real situation in unfortunate Mexico and the responsibility of the American people therefor.

The people as a whole have not so far acted, partly because they have been patiently waiting for the President to act, and partly because they did not clearly understand conditions below the Rio Grande. Those who waited for the President to act have not to wait any longer. He has acted. Those who do not understand conditions down there will surely act as soon as they understand them. During the past year a vast number of people became thoroughly acquainted with the actual facts on Mexico. Bishop Kelly of Oklahoma with his complete mass of facts in *Blood-Drenched Altars*; Father Kenny with his wonderful little volume *No God Next Door* (William Hirtin Co., New York); Father Lodge Curran with his two no less wonderful pamphlets *Catholic Mexico* and *Rebel Mexico*; *The Brooklyn Tablet*, one of the champions of the Mexican cause, with its relentless and vigorous campaign; Archbishop Curley of Baltimore with his valiant attitude for Mexico; and in general the Catholic Press of this country, have indeed been doing a great service, not only to the Catholic Church, but also to the United States at large, because the Mexican problem is not only a religious problem, but it is also a problem of national honor.

President Roosevelt cunningly quoted Theodore Roosevelt in what suited his (the President's) argument. Brother Carmody brought out quite well the balance of T. R.'s views as to intervening in another country's affairs. Concerning the Mexican situation, let me quote from Theodore Roosevelt's last statement:

"Mexico is our Balkan Peninsula, and . . . thanks to Mr. [Woodrow] Wilson's able assistance, it has been reduced to a condition as hideous as that of the Balkan Peninsula under the Turkish rule. *We are in honor bound to remedy the wrong.*"

American citizens, whether Catholic, Protestant or Jew, so long as they are good citizens, are "in honor bound to remedy the wrong." To the "Good Neighbor" Rooseveltian policy the whole length and breadth of Spanish America says—"Bunk"! One has only to hear what Father Brovillette of *The Providence Visitor* said about what he heard in South America concerning the Mexican situation to realize that the so-called "Good Neighbor" policy is not swallowed by the Spanish American peoples. They do fully realize that, as Theodore Roosevelt said, the United States is "in honor bound to remedy the wrong." And the remedy is in the ballot box.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DANIEL A. PARDO.

FRANCE AT THE CROSSROADS

By Denis Gwynn

SINCE I wrote last month M. Laval has occupied more of the limelight than anyone else. He has staved off a fresh crisis in France by obtaining a vote of confidence which should carry his government on for some time, but it seems impossible that even he should continue his tight-rope dance much longer. Nobody can envy him, his position of thankless responsibility; and he has shown qualities of tenacity and skill in manipulation which have certainly made him a much more important figure than he appeared to be when he took office.

Not since Briand has any politician in France shown the same almost uncanny cleverness in holding together a coalition of conflicting groups. In foreign politics no less than in home affairs he has displayed a dexterity in personal negotiation and a resourcefulness in concocting compromises which recalls the long and successful record of Lloyd George in England. Briand had the same gifts in France. He was a born politician who was also an artist in manipulating situations. He had outgrown the more obvious sort of ambition after being Premier in many short-lived governments, and he cared little who was Prime Minister so long as he occupied some pivotal position in any coalition that was formed. When everybody else was in despair of reconciling forces which were opposed to each other, Briand loved to come on the scene after all others had failed, and after half-an-hour's quiet reflection he would devise a formula or propose some course of action on which all parties would agree.

Laval Like Lloyd George

LOYD GEORGE in English politics was a supreme artist in the same technique for many years. Long before he became Prime Minister he had become the indispensable negotiator whenever a deadlock occurred. If a miners' strike was threatened he would meet the leaders on both sides in private interviews, when everybody could talk with absolute frankness. He had a devastating power of conveying to every man whom he met in private that he not only understood fully but sympathized completely with his particular point of view. And when both coal-owners and miners had gone home after agreeing separately to the same formula, which each interpreted

in a contradictory sense, the newspapers would announce one more triumph for the diplomatic genius of the "Welsh Wizard" who could always solve insoluble problems.

It is easy to ridicule successes of that kind, which always lead to fresh outbursts of resentment and eventually create an atmosphere of general suspicion and mistrust. But politics in any country is a game which requires peculiar gifts, and the ordinary problems of government from day to day demand skill in adapting principles to circumstances which is none the less necessary if it is best described as opportunism. In different times one can only expect that politicians will come and go; and the man who can overcome temporary difficulties by temporary expedients is invaluable in reducing the anxieties caused by constant uncertainty and unrest. Moreover, the skilful opportunist can have a profound influence on events if he can impose his own solutions by force of character.

Laval Not a Great Orator

BOTH Briand and Lloyd George were Opportunists of that kind. They were always ready with a solution when other people could make no headway; but they were able to do much more than invent compromises for any emergency. They each had an unrivalled power of compelling assent by appeals to the ideals which they shared with the ordinary man. They could force both sides in any dispute to make sacrifices that other men could not obtain; and their real command of public opinion outside the sphere of any dispute was always a powerful factor in securing an agreement. Both men were superb natural orators, with a genuine attachment to certain ideals, and they were able to overbear resistance by emotional appeals in Parliament, where no one could beat them at their own game.

Unfortunately for M. Laval, he appears to possess none of these more attractive and compelling attributes. He has never shown himself to be a great orator; and there is no hope of his swaying the Chamber of Deputies as Briand could sway it by passionate eloquence, just as Lloyd George could sway the House of Commons or sweep all before him at a great public gathering. Both

Briand and Lloyd George were also blessed with a spontaneous wit which was irresistible either in ridicule or in winning sympathy for a difficult cause. But Laval has no such gift of humor. He is apparently little more than an extremely astute and industrious lawyer with a remarkable record of success in getting disputes settled before they come into court.

I emphasize this contrast because it goes far to explain the extraordinary rise and relapse of his reputation at the end of 1935. For a few days it looked almost as though he had rivaled the most dramatic personal triumphs of Briand or Lloyd George. He had outwitted all his critics on both sides, and had evolved and carried through proposals which secured agreement in desperately difficult conditions. But when the reaction followed he was left with scarcely a friend to support what he had proposed, and with no sense of confidence in his ability to keep his team together.

In previous articles I have explained the general difficulties in which he assumed office after the Flandin government fell. By February, 1934, party politics in France had become utterly discredited; seventeen different governments have been formed in the last six years alone, and the riots in Paris were a spontaneous protest against the inability of the Chamber to provide an Executive which could deal with abuses and produce a balanced Budget. As a last resort M. Doumergue, a former President of the Republic, was recalled from his retirement to form a government of National Union. But it lasted barely a year; and then M. Flandin, as a younger Minister with no strong party ties and with special knowledge of economics and finance, attempted to carry on. He also was outvoted before long, while the public debt grew and unemployment continued to increase, and revenue was falling far short of the Budget estimates.

Laval's Policies

IN those conditions M. Laval took office again as the only politician of his discredited class who was able to form a new coalition. He succeeded after several more important politicians had failed even to form a Cabinet; and his subsequent efforts have been a con-

tinuous exercise in manipulation. He began his career as a Socialist but later became independent of all party ties; and his policy both at home and abroad has been entirely opportunist. His immediate problem at home was to balance the Budget by enforcing retrenchment and imposing new taxes. He carried his measures by decrees, after Parliament had risen; but even so, his retrenchments had been only partially carried out and the new taxes have failed to fulfill expectations, while great new expenditure has been incurred for naval and military defence in view of the European situation.

No one can be surprised that in these circumstances France has turned more and more towards agitation outside Parliament, and that the demand has grown for a dictatorship which will at least restore strong government and put an end to disastrous borrowing. But in France as in most countries, these extra-parliamentary agitations have been organized chiefly by members of the Right, and particularly by soldiers and ex-service men of the Great War, who know the value of military discipline. As political and economical prospects have grown worse, these semi-military Leagues which demand a temporary dictatorship of some sort have gained strength steadily. The *Croix de Feu* is much the most important of them, under the leadership of Colonel de la Rocque, a retired soldier of intense patriotism and ascetic life, whose career in Africa bears considerable resemblance to that of the famous Colonel Lawrence in Arabia. His organization has rapidly absorbed most of the others, and by early December he claimed to have over 700,000 enrolled members.

Various Leagues

THE growth of the *Croix de Feu* has for months past caused intense anxiety to the Socialists and their sympathizers in the Left wing of Laval's coalition. Ever since the riots in Paris in February, 1934, which would have resulted in burning down the Chamber of Deputies if the soldiers had not fired on the demonstrators who were forcing their way across the river bridge, the government has been in a state of constant apprehension. For many months the *Croix de Feu* were accused of intending to march on Paris if any political crisis arose. Steps were accordingly taken to prohibit their meetings in the neighborhood, and Colonel de la Rocque has since developed an alarming procedure of mobilizing great bodies of his men without any public notice in many different parts of France.

This formidable group has led to the organization of counter-formations on the Socialist side, and for months past there has been fear of open collisions between them. In November such a collision did occur in Limoges, and the

Croix de Feu suffered numerous casualties from their armed opponents. For a long time the Left parties have been clamoring for legislation to dissolve the *Croix de Feu* and the other Leagues, but de la Rocque is extremely clever and has made it almost impossible to find any definition which would cover his organization, which repudiates any intention of carrying arms or any hostility to the Republic. But in November the Left wing decided that it would even risk incurring the unpopularity of wrecking Laval's government if it did not dissolve the Leagues, and Laval used all his ingenuity to frame legislation which in effect left the Leagues a free hand.

Laval, the League and Italy

HIS national sympathies are with the Left rather than with the Right, but he has come to regard the Leagues as valuable allies to the government in case of a general strike. His support for them has been won over still more by the fact that the Leagues have all shown their sympathy with Italy in the international dispute and have expressed their determination to help Italy in resisting the efforts of Russia to overthrow Fascism by mobilizing the League of Nations against her. They have announced loudly that they will refuse any order to mobilize France for a war against Italy.

These factors go far to explain Laval's policy in regard to the Ethiopian war. He was directly responsible for the agreement with Mussolini which enabled France to reduce her garrisons on the Italian frontier and in her African colonies, and which encouraged Mussolini to believe that France would never interfere with his military designs against Ethiopia. But the war in Ethiopia involved the League of Nations in a direct challenge which it could not ignore; and Laval has ever since been in the hopeless position of trying to retain friendship with Italy while appearing to carry out France's obligations under the Covenant of the League. Hence his persistent efforts to put a brake on the application of effective sanctions against Italy; and hence also his strenuous attempts to formulate peace proposals which Mussolini would accept as a basis for discontinuing the war.

Undoubtedly he has the support of a large section of opinion in France in pursuing that policy. His own attitude is probably very little more than mere opportunism, in striving to preserve peace at any price. No country desires war anywhere, but all Europe is now organized on the assumption that the League of Nations will take steps to punish any aggressor, and France would lose more in security than almost any other country if the League were to dissolve in futility. Laval knows that quite well, and he has fulfilled the obligations

of the Covenant in the letter, if not in the original spirit, by joining with the other countries in enforcing—and even in proposing—certain sanctions which are unlikely to provoke Italy too far. But he knows also that war with Italy would be a really formidable menace for France, especially in her African colonies.

In so far as he has striven to make peace by negotiation, he has deserved profound gratitude from all the world for his persistence and courage in face of a storm of personal abuse. But his methods have certainly inspired mistrust, and he has not only shaken confidence in France's practical support of the League but estranged English sympathy to a most dangerous extent. England has much less to lose than France if the League were discredited, and Laval has been told with increasing emphasis that if France will not concur in effective action to stop Italy from continuing her war, then France must expect a similar attitude from England in any future crisis when she might appeal to the League for protection from Germany.

On that issue there is a curious cleavage of opinion in France between the Right and the Left. Broadly speaking, the conservative Right has always had a strong antipathy towards England and a natural sympathy with Italy as a Latin country; while the democratic Left is instinctively more drawn towards English parliamentary institutions and opposed to any Catholic State. In the present dispute the Left wing of the Cabinet, led by Herriot, is strongly pro-English and pro-League, while the Right wing distrusts the League and attaches enormous importance to keeping the friendship of Italy. Laval, in his efforts to please both Italy and the League, has consequently relied more and more upon the Right wing of the Chamber. His attitude has been so distasteful to Herriot that Herriot has made no secret of his disapproval. At Geneva Herriot has ostentatiously applauded the speeches of the Ethiopian delegates while Laval remained silent; and in Paris when Laval appealed for a decisive vote of confidence from the Chamber before going to the League Assembly of December 18th, Herriot remained with his arms folded at the end of Laval's speech while his supporters were applauding vigorously.

Laval and Herriot

FRICION between Laval and Herriot in the Cabinet has been notorious for some time past. It has reached a climax in the controversy over the proposed suppression of the Fascist Leagues. Herriot pressed vehemently for their suppression, with the urgent backing of the Radicals, but succeeded only in obtaining a mild measure directed against them. Not until quite recently has the direct connection between the Leagues

and the international crisis become really evident. It was well known that when the Italian press was fulminating about the presence of the British Fleet in the Mediterranean the British government demanded assurances that the French naval bases would be placed at its disposal in case of attack. Laval's hesitation in giving such promises was surprising, and the real explanation lay in the political discord in France. Herriot obviously would have given assurances at once; but Laval demurred, and it is now known that his chief difficulty lay in the attitude of the Fascist Leagues whose suppression Herriot was demanding.

It had not been foreseen that the French naval ports could not be got ready for war conditions without mobilizing the naval reserves and that other complications also were involved. To mobilize the naval reserves is not permissible under the French Constitution when the army also is mobilized. But the plain truth was that the Fascist Leagues had threatened to resist mobilization in connection with the Italian war. For that reason among others the Left was determined that the Leagues must be dissolved; but Laval pleaded inability to dissolve them without provoking civil war.

Croix de Feu

THAT situation had arisen early in December when Laval achieved the most dramatic success the Chamber has witnessed for years. His Left wing had been pressing vehemently against the Leagues, and Laval had to exercise all his ingenuity in finding a settlement by consent. He interviewed the leaders on both sides, gave them both promises which were regarded as satisfactory, and then came to the Chamber to watch the development of his plan. M. Ybernargaray, an ardent deputy from the extreme south, who is an intimate friend of Colonel de la Rocque and a prominent leader of the *Croix de Feu*, had agreed to make a dramatic appeal for national unity. His commanding presence and loud voice could cope with the storm of shouting and protest which his appearance in the tribune aroused. And after a dashing defence of the *Croix de Feu* and its leader, he suddenly challenged his opponents to accept a simple formula of agreement. He undertook, on behalf of the *Croix de Feu*, that they would surrender all their arms if the Socialist organizations would do the same; and he proposed the outlines of a simple bill to make it illegal for any one to carry arms.

By arrangement with Laval, the Socialist leader, Léon Blum, immediately rose to accept this challenge, and the Communists also did the same. The Chamber was swept by an outburst of emotional patriotism and in the same

afternoon Laval introduced the bills which had been accepted in advance by all parties. But disillusionment followed very quickly, when it was realized that the *Croix de Feu* had always proclaimed that they carry no weapons, and that the Socialists, who had merely promised to abandon their military formations, had always disclaimed any military character in their societies. The old quarreling broke out immediately over amendments which were inserted by the Left to make the bills more effective against the *Croix de Feu*.

Escape From Chaos

A FEW days later Laval achieved a similar triumph with the announcement that he had reached complete agreement with Sir Samuel Hoare on the peace proposals to be submitted to Mussolini and to Ethiopia. Before the terms could reach London for approval, their substance was revealed to the French newspapers, and the English Cabinet was tricked into the dilemma of having either to repudiate Sir Samuel Hoare or allow the proposals to go forward. Both in France and in England they provoked an extraordinary outcry of condemnation by public opinion, and Laval's reputation dwindled as rapidly as it had grown. A week later, when he appealed to the Chamber for a vote of confidence before going to Geneva, his majority had fallen to a figure lower than that given to any similar resolution on foreign affairs for years past.

Laval's tenure of office is certainly near its end at the time of writing, but the difficulty of his position makes everyone unwilling to assume his burden. The general elections will be held early in the new year, and there is every indication that they will result in a wide swing towards the Left. The internal position of France is worse than it has been for years—with threats of civil war between the rival Fascist and Socialist Leagues, with an intolerable Budget of which half is already required to pay interest on public loans, with further borrowing in progress, and with revenue steadily declining in spite of increased taxation. Even if there were no foreign

complications, on a scale which at other times would test any government to the utmost, the future would be full of uncertainty. It will require much more than the legal dexterity of M. Laval to settle the immense and fundamental problems which face France in the new year.

It is at least certain that all France desires an escape from the chaos of party politics, and that almost any sort of dictatorship, whether of the Right or of the Left, would be preferred if either one side or other could produce a strong leader really in sympathy with the instincts and traditions of modern France. Colonel de la Rocque and his military associates are gravely handicapped by their instinctive tendency to support the traditional reaction against Republican institutions. On the other hand, there are several strong men emerging among the younger leaders of the Left, and they have an extremely experienced and popular figurehead in Herriot, if events do not move so fast that he will be discredited as an elderly leader of the bourgeoisie.

Final Result?

THE general tendency towards a victory for the Left at the elections is plainly evident, and it remains to be seen how far the elections will carry France towards a revival of ardent Republicanism which would almost certainly be strongly anti-clerical. Much will depend upon the development of international affairs. The extreme Left in every country, and not least in France, regard the present crisis as the supreme opportunity for bringing about the downfall of Fascism, and all that it stands for in suppression of Socialist and anti-religious agitation. If a government were to be formed in France with that program in view, there is no knowing what the result might be for the peace of Europe; for it would challenge Italy in a manner that Mussolini would not accept without a violent counter-attack. And in the new alignment of forces, the old quarrels between the Church and the various Republics might be revived in spite of years of effort to reconcile them.

Argosy By Sister M. Raymund, R.S.M.

"TRADE till I come," my Master counsels me;
And on a vast uncertain sweep of foam
I launch each day an argosy full-sailed,
Bound for the port of Home.

And since my ships may dash on sudden rocks
Or swerve to where deceitful quicksands are,
O Lord, light up the dark sea's roaring surge
With Love's unerring star.



Woman to Woman



BY KATHERINE BURTON

Mary Pickford As Prophetess

TO most of us Mary Pickford has for years been a long curled, never quite grown up, child whose screen pictures were all sweetness and light. Anyway sweetness. But now she emerges definitely as a prophetess of light. She has lately been writing and it is quite a toss up as to whether she was more a child in her screen portrayals or is now in her guise of author. Her little book—syndicated by a chain of papers—is entitled: *Why Not Try God?* which to me at least seems an extremely impertinent title, the only excuse for it being that she does not know how bad it is.

Father Gillis says of it that it seems to him to be innocuous Pollyanna stuff and for once I disagree with Father Gillis. This sort of thing it seems to me is soothing syrup that lulls to sleep and though putting people to sleep may make it easier for the rest, in the end opiates help neither the one who takes nor the one who gives. But both Father Gillis and I were caught by one of her instances. Her main idea is that one must contemplate only the beautiful in order to make the soul beautiful. I fancy Miss Pickford has dabbled in eastern cults and has also taken a bit of Christian Science in her stride—or rather her skip—and that this is the result. Anyway, she uses the example of some visitors to the Orient who were taken to see a very beautiful wall near the city gates. One admired it, but another, though admitting its beauty, said he would never go to see it again because of the repulsive beggars grouped at its base.

Of course there are so many things to be said right here that one doesn't know which to say first. One thinks of the missionaries in the Orient who, no doubt, admire the lovely architecture of those lands and their silks and potteries, but who spend their time among the beggars both inside and outside the gates. One thinks of the men and women who nurse the lepers and no doubt have little time to admire the beauty of the southern seas since they must keep their eyes fixed on the sad unfortunates about them; of other men and women, quite as capable as Miss Pickford of knowing and appreciating beauty, who spend months each year in personal care of the pathetic and often unsightly wrecks who journey to Lourdes; of the many others who go into homes of poverty and clean up the filth and feed the sometimes dirty but nevertheless hungry ones who live there.

What Mary Pickford might do with profit is to read the *Vision of Sir Launfal* by Lowell and see how the knight who sought beauty through the world found it in the beggar at his gate who was his Lord. In her early days Miss Pickford worked hard. She was a brave child who went into the world to earn a living for her family; she endured poverty and suffering. Perhaps it is because her early life was so starved of beauty and peace that she now feels life can be made lovely only by ignoring all that is not seemly in appearance, but she seems to me to have been much truer and more worthy of attention in what she practiced then than in the slipshod philosophy which she advocates now.

Birth Control

BIRTH CONTROL has now become almost as commonplace a topic as who will be our next President and why doesn't the depression end. There has been singularly serious handling of it, too. This is easy to understand from the viewpoint of Cardinal Hayes and those in agreement with him, but the other side is indulging in no flippancy at all,

though as a rule one gets heavy satire and equally heavy jesting from the opposition when the defense uses as its basic argument such a supposedly outworn argument as a moral code. But there was one singular bit of humor anent the topic in the papers the other day—albeit they did not know they were being funny. I was straying through the radio announcements for Christmas Day (and this year, alas, there was no lovely music from the Benedictines in Germany) when my eye caught the following: "Dr. Charles Francis Potter, founder of the First Humanist Society of America, will talk on the Ethical Implications of Birth Control." So while other stations were caroling about the Babe of Bethlehem, while all the Christian sects were hymning the birth of a baby this singularly inept topic was being caroled forth by the founder of a humanist sect, which bases most of its tenets on the teachings of Christ, as its contribution to the day of Christ's birth.

What is Worship?

ANOTHER statement that might provoke at least a smile is the statement of seven principles for public worship which the Federal Council of Churches has just put out. Worship they state is not "entertainment for the purpose of interesting people in religious things." The minister "should not draw attention to himself in person or remarks" nor should the service be "degraded to playing up the talents of preachers or musicians." When one considers the ministers who have been front paged for the past year because of their loud interest in this, that or the other; when one considers that some churches depend for their congregations to a great extent on their wonderful choirs and organists, and when one considers how Protestantism pushed away the very altar from its churches to make room for the pulpit, and also when one remembers how the annoying Catholics insisted on all these points and are still insisting on them, then just a nice smile may be allowed, I think.

Once Again!

OVER in London they are singing a bit of doggerel to which many of us would be glad to add a fervent amen:

All aboard for Abyssinia,
Join the League of Nations corps;
One more war to end all war.

Thanks, we've heard all that before
And we aren't having any, any more.

Reasoning in Reverse

THE cosmetics people had a big convention lately and they agreed, or at least one of the speakers said, that cosmetics were a great aid in eliminating divorces; and he implied that if ladies would only use more and more cosmetics divorces would get fewer and fewer. This would seem to imply that the ladies only are responsible for divorces—a rather one sided opinion, but let that pass. What held my attention was that they also announced that Nevada leads the land in the sale of cosmetics and they gave a prize to a woman who represented that state and she came from Reno. Something is all wrong here but I never was any good at logic so some one else may figure it out.

A GREAT CHIEF JUSTICE

Roger Brooke Taney

By Joseph Gurn

THE four words constituting the title of this article refer to Roger Brooke Taney, the first Catholic to preside over the august tribunal which is the Supreme Court of the United States. They were applied to him by the present Chief Justice of the United States, Charles Evans Hughes, in an address delivered in 1931. They tell just what Taney really was.

We are rapidly nearing the centenary of Taney's elevation to the Chief Justiceship, through the agency of President Jackson, the hero of New Orleans. This notable centenary occurs at a time when the Supreme Court, with its vast powers and responsibilities, occupies a leading place in the forum of national political discussion and debate. Taney presided over the tribunal for more than a quarter of a century, during a period wherein the Republic experienced extensive territorial expansion, bitter political strife and harrowing civil war. His record in that exalted yet trying capacity is a proud one. "A large debt of gratitude is due to him alike by the members of the profession of the law, the students of constitutional history, and the lovers of free, representative government throughout the world, for the tenor of his course while sitting as Chief Justice of the United States." This is the verdict of George W. Biddle of Philadelphia in an address delivered before the Political Science Association of the University of Michigan in 1889.

Roger Brooke Taney was born on St. Patrick's Day, 1777, on his father's plantation in Calvert County, Maryland. Both his parents were Catholics. Michael Taney, his father, had been educated in Europe and was in comfortable circumstances. When the future Chief Justice of the United States was born, the War of Independence was still young, so to speak. One of the most far-reaching consequences of the final break with England, which occurred at Philadelphia on July 4, 1776, was the opportunity afforded for the cultivation of real religious freedom on American soil.

The Catholics of Taney's native Maryland had experienced the severe effects of British anti-Catholic legislation not alone in the religious sphere but in the educational as well. "After the accession of William and Mary to the throne

of England," declares the Chief Justice in his unfinished autobiography, "the severe penal laws of that country against Roman Catholics were introduced into Maryland; and, among others, every Roman Catholic was prohibited from teaching a school in the province." And he goes on to say that naturally parents were opposed to their children attending "a school where their religion would be scoffed at."

As was customary in cases where financial circumstances would permit it, Michael Taney, the jurist's father, was sent to Europe for his education under Catholic teachers. The War of Independence saw Maryland rise from the status of a colony ruled from London to that of an American State. With the new order of things came a profound change in the condition of Catholics there, for in her constitution adopted in 1776 Maryland granted full religious liberty to all Christians.

AFTER a preliminary education under schoolmasters and private tutors Roger Brooke Taney, when fifteen, entered Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., from which institution he graduated in 1795 with a B.A. degree. Next year he took up the study of law in the office of Judge Jeremiah T. Chase at Annapolis, Md., and after three years there he won the sheepskin as a duly admitted lawyer.

In his autobiography Taney gives an amusing account of his debut as an attorney, which took place in 1799 in the Mayor's Court at Annapolis, a very ordinary tribunal, where he acted as co-defender with another fledgling lawyer in a case of assault and battery.

Because of the character of those sitting on the bench and in the jury box, both advocates felt mighty confident, and moreover regarded themselves as "men of some consequence" in their surroundings. They had just selected the jury when, to their supreme astonishment, Recorder Duvall, a distinguished jurist whom they had not expected to attend, came into the court to take part in the hearing of the case. Our two brave advocates were no longer brave. Seemingly the Recorder observed their predicament, for his attitude was sympathetic.

"I watched the testimony carefully as it was given in, turning in my own mind

the use that might be made of it," explains Taney. "I took no notes, for my hand shook so that I could not have written a word legibly if my life had depended on it; and when I rose to speak I was obliged to fold my arms over my breast, pressing them firmly against my body; and my knees trembled under me so much that I was obliged to press my limbs against the table before me to keep me steady on my feet."

BY a heroic effort at self-control he was enabled to advance a fairly good argument for his client, but in a voice that was shaky and at times discordant, and altogether his performance was below what he could have accomplished under more favorable conditions. Although his client was acquitted, the result hardly compensated him for his timidity and lack of physical control, which he thought looked to be little removed from "absolute cowardice."

This was not a temporary condition on the part of Taney. Although he tried hard he never succeeded in fully mastering his morbid sensibility, attributed by him to his constitutionally weak system. This great man, who lived to a great age, was never physically robust. His success while thus handicapped is an impressive evidence of his strength of character. A man of less unyielding purpose would have deserted the bar at the very outset.

Soon after this performance before Recorder Duvall he returned to his native Calvert County, where it was the wish of his father that he should begin practice. Furthermore, the elder Taney, who had often been elected to the Maryland House of Delegates, desired that his lawyer son should enter the political arena. Accordingly, he stood as a candidate for delegate shortly after his homecoming, and was duly returned. In November, 1799, he took his seat in the Assembly at Annapolis.

A memorable event occurred while this session was in progress—the death of George Washington. Taney records the profound impression made upon him and his colleagues by the intelligence of this event, and describes the solemn scene which took place in the House when two members deputed by the Senate to convey a proposal for befitting honors entered the chamber and per-

formed their sad duty. Tears ran down the cheeks of both men, one of whom was Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and few were present who did not weep.

In the election of 1800 Taney lost his seat as a consequence of his championing the Federalist cause in the matter of selecting electors for the forthcoming Presidential election. His political ambitions thwarted, to his own mortification and his father's as well, he took up the practice of law at Frederick, Md., in 1801. Here he had as mentor no less a personage than Thomas Johnson, the man who, in the Continental Congress, on June 15, 1775, had moved that Washington be made commander-in-chief of the American forces, and who moreover had been first Governor of the State of Maryland and subsequently a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, a position given him by the Father of his Country. Johnson was a distinguished lawyer, but now retired. Tyler, biographer of Taney, says of him:

"Being born in the same county with Mr. Taney, and an intimate friend of his father, he often went to his office and advised him in matters of his profession, and talked of the men and events of the Revolution. His conversations made so much impression on the mind of Mr. Taney that often, in the last years of his life, he narrated some of them to me, in regard to the men of that period, especially Mr. Madison."

Taney's attention to the welfare of the Catholic Church during his residence in Frederick is commented upon by my good friend, Edward S. Delaplaine, a distinguished Maryland lawyer, in an address published in the *American Law Review*, 1918. He informs us that the future Chief Justice "took a deep interest in his church," and points out that in November, 1803, the Legislature empowered him and six others "to devise a lottery to raise \$3,600" for the purpose of completing the Catholic church in Frederick. This project was duly carried out.

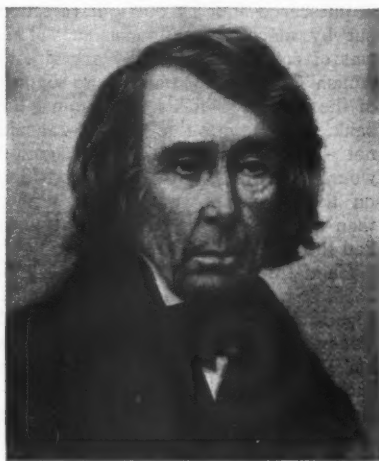
January 7, 1806, was a big day in the life of Roger Brooke Taney, for on that day he married Miss Anne Key, sister of the author of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Father John Dubois, later Bishop of New York, performed the ceremony.

AS co-defender with John Hanson Thomas in the celebrated trial of General Wilkinson, commander-in-chief of the United States army, which took place in 1811 before a military court at Frederick, Taney acquitted himself with great distinction—as did his fellow-advocates. The general was exonerated and his sword was returned to him.

In spite of the fact that, as a Federalist, Taney was opposed to President Madison's declaring war against Great

Britain in 1812, he loyally supported the Government once the step had been taken. In this memorable contest, the second War of Independence, Taney's brother-in-law gave the Republic its national anthem, *The Star-Spangled Banner*. The Chief Justice has left an absorbing and historically valuable account of the circumstances under which *The Star-Spangled Banner* was composed.

After the war, in 1816, Taney was elected to the Senate of Maryland and served a five-year term in that body. In 1819 he acted as counsel with two other lawyers in a case which is of particular significance in estimating his attitude toward slavery, a subject which plagued the nation in the nineteenth century. In



ROGER BROOKE TANEY

Taney was the first Catholic to become Attorney-General of the United States—in fact to hold any Cabinet position. He was also the first Catholic Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Taney's appointment by President Jackson was confirmed by the Senate in March, 1836, so that we are approaching the centenary of this event. The centenary is focusing considerable attention on this man who was at once a great Catholic and a great patriot.

the year referred to Rev. Jacob Gruber, a Methodist minister, in a sermon delivered at a camp meeting in Maryland, used violent language in dealing with slavery, for which he was indicted on the charge of trying to bring about "acts of mutiny and rebellion" in Maryland on the part of negro slaves. Gruber, a Pennsylvanian, was a man who did not mince words—the type of preacher who did so much to inflame passions on the prohibition issue in our own time. His action aroused intense feeling. The trial was held in a slave-holding State, before a jury of slave-holders, and with slave-holding judges on the bench. The value of this case lies in its bearing upon the

odium to which Taney was subjected for the dictum that the negro had no rights which the white man was bound to respect, a dictum which the Chief Justice was falsely charged with uttering in his decision in the famous Dred Scott case, 1857. Addressing the jury in behalf of Gruber, Taney declared:

"A hard necessity, indeed, compels us to endure the evils of slavery for a time. It was imposed upon us by another nation while we were yet in a state of colonial vassalage. It cannot be easily or suddenly removed. Yet while it continues it is a blot on our national character; and every real lover of freedom confidently hopes that it will effectually, though it must be gradually, wiped away, and earnestly looks for the means by which this necessary object may best be obtained."

The defendant was swiftly acquitted. Delaplaine calls this the "most famous criminal case" argued by Taney. The same authority informs us that, due to his Dred Scott verdict, Chief Justice Taney was looked upon by the northerners as a cruel believer in human bondage. But he points out that his freeing seven of his own negroes in 1818, "his classic declaration to the jury" when defending Gruber, his remarkable kindness to all bondmen, the negro's implicit confidence in him, as shown "by the free negro's voluntary indenture to him as a slave in 1817," taken in conjunction with his opposition as attorney to the liberation of ten slaves in 1821, furnish enough evidence to disclose his real attitude in relation to slavery.

In 1823 Taney removed to Baltimore, where his great reputation as a lawyer found wider scope. Tyler records certain particulars at this stage which give a valuable insight into the Chief Justice's character. The jurist's mother had been buried in the cemetery at the Catholic chapel in Frederick, and before leaving for Baltimore he arranged with a young friend of his for his own interment beside her, the place and time of his death notwithstanding. "It was in this little chapel," adds Tyler, "with its twilight stillness, that Mr. Taney for many years could be seen every morning, in sunshine and in rain, during his residence in Frederick, at his religious devotions. Under its shadow, his filial piety made him select his grave."

In the Presidential election of 1824 Taney supported the candidacy of Andrew Jackson, but after an acrimonious contest John Quincy Adams won the coveted prize. Yet in 1827 Governor Kent of Maryland, a strong ally of President Adams, appointed Taney as Attorney-General of the State, although he continued to be a supporter of General Jackson. Old Hickory won the Presidency in 1828. In June, 1831, Taney was offered the post of Attorney-General in Jackson's Cabinet. Francis

Scott Key, whom the President had sounded out in the matter, wrote Taney on June 14:

"I do not think you ought to have any hesitation in accepting. I believe it is one of the instances in which the General has acted from his own impulses, and that you will find yourself, both as to him and his cabinet, acting with men who know and value you, and with whom you will have the influence you ought to have, and which you can do something efficient with."

TANEY accepted, and was the first Catholic to hold the great office of Attorney-General of the United States—indeed the first Catholic to attain cabinet rank in the nation's government.

An event of profound importance occurred in 1832 when President Jackson vetoed a bill making provision for the rechartering of the Bank of the United States, a powerful institution which, despite its name, was neither run nor owned by the Government. This bank was originally chartered by Congress in 1816 for a period of twenty years. High hopes were then held that it would be of great benefit to the country. Its charter called for renewal in 1836, but Jackson and Taney saw that, instead of being a power for good it had grossly abused its privileges and was a positive danger to the Republic. Taney alone among the members of the cabinet supported the Presidential veto. As a matter of fact he was Jackson's principal mainstay in this mighty contest against the entrenched money power represented by the bank. The paramount issue of the Presidential election of 1832 was Jackson *vs.* the Bank—and Jackson won. He now had a mandate from the people, and he used it with excellent effect.

The Government had certain funds on deposit with the bank, and, in 1833, after receiving the advice of Attorney-General Taney, the President ordered William Duane, Secretary of the Treasury, to remove them. Duane refused, and was dismissed by Jackson, who in turn invited Taney to become Secretary of the Treasury, an offer which he accepted. Congress was not sitting when Taney became Secretary of the Treasury, and when, in the ensuing session, his appointment was laid before the Senate, that body, influenced by pro-bank sentiment, refused its approval. Taney therefore resigned, after having served for nine months. After taking office an order had been issued by him which ensured the gradual using up of the Government deposits with the bank by applying them to meet governmental needs.

When the Senate refused to confirm Taney's nomination the bank was doomed. Its charter was never renewed, and the nation was eventually liberated from the clutches of a dictatorial and dangerous institution. The vindictive-

ness of the Senate in declining to approve Taney's appointment to the Treasury redounded to his prestige. "He became a hero to the Jackson party and was given a grand reception in Baltimore," declares John Spencer Bassett in a footnote to one of Taney's letters printed in his *Correspondence of Andrew Jackson*. But if his supporters did not neglect him on his return to Baltimore, neither did his enemies. In October, 1833, President Jackson sent him a pressing invitation to come to Washington, but he was forced to decline because of ill health and the opposition of men with corpulent bank-rolls.

Early in 1835 a vacancy occurred on the bench of the United States Supreme Court, and Jackson nominated Taney to fill it. The Senate, however, refused acquiescence—not by outright rejection but by indefinite postponement. This was of course prompted by a desire to punish Taney for his unflinching support of the President in his war against the bank. The opposition Senators could not have foreseen that their action would enable Taney to reach a position on the Supreme Court bench higher than that which he would have attained had they approved his nomination.

Chief Justice Marshall died on July 6, 1835. Six months later—on December 28, 1835—President Jackson named Taney as his successor. Although the make-up of the Senate had changed in Jackson's favor since the preceding session, the nomination met with strenuous opposition, led by the advocates of the bank. It was confirmed, however, on March 15, 1836. This was a great victory for Taney and Jackson. In a warm letter of thanks to the President, March 17, 1836, the new Chief Justice expresses his gratification over his elevation to the only position which he "ever wished to attain."

TANEY had been a tower of strength to Jackson, and Jackson was not ungrateful. For the first time in its history the Supreme Court of the United States had a Catholic as its Chief Justice. Those were days of intense anti-Catholic hostility, but the hero of New Orleans was not a man to bow before the dictates of those who would deny Catholics full participation in the rights of American citizenship. His fearless action in elevating Roger Brooke Taney to the Chief Justiceship of the Republic set a precedent which later Chief Executives would have done well to follow.

One of the most aggressive Senatorial opponents of the confirmation of Taney was Daniel Webster. I recently located a remarkable statement of Webster's concerning Catholicity in America, wherein Chief Justice Taney is specifically referred to. This statement, from a letter of Webster's, is to be found in the *United States Democratic Review*, 1856.

"We are all Protestants, generally speaking," he declared; "but you know that there presides at the head of the Supreme Judicature of the United States a Roman Catholic; and no man, I suppose, throughout the whole United States, imagines that the judicature is less safe, that the administration of public justice is less respectable or less secure, because the Chief Justice of the United States has been, and is, a firm adherent of that religion. And so it is in every department of society amongst us."

CONVINCING testimony as to the practical nature of Taney's Catholicity is available in a letter from his intimate friend, Father John McElroy, published by Tyler. The manner in which he attended his religious duties was both faithful and edifying.

During his long tenure as Chief Justice of the nation, which ended with his death on October 12, 1864, Roger Brooke Taney rendered the most signal service to the Republic. In his address cited at the beginning of this article, Chief Justice Hughes affirmed that under the most favorable conditions it would have been a hard task to fill the office vacated by the great John Marshall, "but the acrimony of partisan criticism" rendered Taney's incumbency one which called for "an exceptional equipment of courage, firmness and judicial equanimity." With the passing of time and the moderating of old animosities, declared the Chief Justice, the strenuous service nobly performed by Taney has been fittingly recognized. He carried "his wounds with great fortitude and an invincible spirit. He was a great Chief Justice."

In his evaluation of Taney contributed to *Great American Lawyers*, William E. Mikell, Professor of Law in the University of Pennsylvania, makes an important declaration; which is best given in his own language:

"When his opinions have been more generally studied, and, without any preconceived political ideas in regard to the comparative value of a centralized or non-centralized government, and without the preceding opinions of the court as a point of departure, but in the light of the history of the adoption of the Constitution, it is believed that he will be recognized as the greatest *expounder* of the Constitution that ever sat on the Supreme Court bench, because the truest expounder of the intentions of those who framed that great instrument."

The Republic may well take pride in Roger Brooke Taney. His task in the nation's supreme judicial office was a heavy one, but he at all times saw his duty clearly, and never failed to perform it as his sense of right and justice directed. He was a great Catholic jurist, and a great American as well.

THE RED JUDAS

By Douglas Newton

THE STORY THUS FAR.—Hungary in the throes of dictatorship—and Béla Kún, the dictator, has sworn the death of every name listed cunningly between the lines of a book of poems. Those fortunate enough to escape his red terror have quartered themselves in Vienna. Among them is Colette Honraith. In her, Dominic Sable, a young Englishman who is helping the cause of the refugees, discovers a boyhood sweetheart. Love grows between them. But that love is threatened by the suspicion which points to her as the Red Judas who wrote the names in the book. That book is in the safe in the office of Garrison—one of Béla Kún's Commissars in the Parliament House in Budapest.

To get at that book—to steal it from under the nose of Béla Kún himself, and to prove that it does not contain Colette Honraith's writing—that is the peril to which Dominic has exposed himself now.

Unbeknownst to his loved one, who thinks he has gone to Hungary for refugee work—and who does not know she is suspected, Dominic finds work in the very office where the safe is located.

So close to him—he has but to reach out to take it and go. And yet a wall of death and danger separates him.

He becomes suspected himself.

In the basement of the house Prince Viktor is being held prisoner. It is he who has named Colette Honraith as the Red Judas.

He must free the Prince—and he must steal the book before her name can be cleared. No matter if the Red Terror is all about him—he must accomplish his dangerous task at any cost.

XXI

DOMINIC made a point of drifting in to see Schoplin in Garrison's office at least once a day. It had the air of being a warm and spontaneous friendship, but it also made him a familiar figure with Garrison and his assistants.

Of these assistants the curt man, Heller, was the most dangerous. The bushy-haired man, Wittmann, was a mere office automaton. Heller greeted Dominic with a crude sneer disguised as a joke, generally at the expense of Dominic's education. Education was not only a sore point with a half-illiterate yet shrewd fellow like himself, but he saw that it was a quality Garrison favored, and, as second-in-command, he brooked no rivals.

Garrison had something of Schop-

lin's liking for Dominic. With his white flame of idealism; he saw Communism as a pure, clean force of the intellect, and, in Dominic, the type best likely to forward it. In getting to know Schoplin, the Englishman had scored a better stroke than he had hoped. He saw that he might worm his way into Garrison's department as an assistant, and so make his attempt to get the book measurably easier.

TO encourage such a chance he increased his friendship with Schoplin and even took rooms in a house near his. This was not only so that he could spend his evenings in the young Jew's company, but also because he wanted to protect Zoltan Kaffka against any risk.

Communism was on tenterhooks in Budapest. The provinces were becoming rebellious. Starving Budapest accused the country of keeping back food. The Provinces retorted by putting the blame on headquarters.

Rumors of growing discontent were daily gossip. There were counter-revolts everywhere. Even the Red Army was crumbling to pieces, the troops threatening to shoot their officers, it was said. The government was both sullen and nervous under the strain.

Dominic knew he must get hold of the book before the crash came; more, must rescue Prince Viktor if he could. If things went wrong there might be a massacre of hostages as there had been under the French Terror.

But it was not until the afternoon of Tuesday, June 24th, that he got his first real chance of doing anything. He was standing at the window of Werkerli's room when he saw what he thought to be three tugs steaming down stream. As he stared at them he realized that the tugs were armored, that they carried guns, and, most startling of all, they carried not the red flag but the old Imperial tricolor.

They were monitors from the harbor of O-Buda, out to fight the revolutionaries. Even as he grasped this the snouts of the guns lifted, spat fire and he heard the crash of a shell. Firing broke out all over Budapest. He heard the rattle of rifles, the hammering of machine guns, the occasional sullen thud of a bursting grenade. Again the monitors fired. There was the crash of glass shattered somewhere in the Parliament House itself. The whole town was fighting.

He turned to find that he was alone

in the room. His heart jumped. Perhaps they had panicked and fled from Garrison's room, which also faced the Danube; if so it would be his chance of chances of getting the Petofi book.

He dashed downstairs, but all in Garrison's room had remained at their posts. Schoplin crouched very white and frightened near the door, but Garrison himself was calm. With an automatic pistol in one hand and the other holding a blood-stained handkerchief to his lips, he stood watching the callers while Wittmann returned all the office papers to the safe. Garrison even took control of Dominic.

"Ah, Ambrus," he cried, "you've got some wits left. Clear those people out of the room. We know all about this affair. We will crush it."

Dominic did as he was ordered. Heller had lost his head with rage. He was hanging out of the window, pistol in hand, and cursing all bourgeoisie in an insensate passion. He turned to scream out that the monitors were shelling the Soviet headquarters and, as another shell burst:

"The swine, a direct hit. . . . Murderers," he yelled, and thrusting himself half out of the window began to shoot at the monitors.

"That fool," Garrison shouted in disgust, "will draw their fire."

DOMINIC moved across the room towards Garrison. If anything happened he might get a chance at the safe. It was an absurd idea, but then he was too excited to realize the risks. Before he could reach Garrison, however, there was an appalling crash and the big window flew to pieces as a machine gunner answered Heller's shots with a couple of bursts. Heller ducked, facing the room with a look of sheepish surprise on his face.

He still held his pistol in his hand. The sight of it brought cold sense back to Dominic. He could do nothing against two weapons. The firing in Budapest seemed to have suggested chaos. He thought now of Prince Viktor, wondering whether the panic in the building might favor a rescue. He moved at once to the door, and called back that he was going to see what was happening in the city.

In the big vestibule there was an indescribable scene. It was packed with half the inmates of the building, and many more who had bolted in from outside to take cover. Everyone was

shouting and on the edge of panic. He heard the wildest assertions flung about. An excited man bawled that the sailors would probably land from the monitors. Dominic cried: "Then we're done for. They will take this Parliament House first."

He had said this half in mockery, and was astonished at the way his words were caught up. They were tossed and twisted through the crowd like a flash. The panic spread like a flame in tow. There was a mad rush for the entrance.

Dominic had not foreseen such a result, but he was not slow to make the most of it. As the mob charged towards the doors he made for the cellars. The words he had started went ahead of him and all those who had sought the cellars for better cover came surging up in such a mass that Dominic had to cling to a balustrade.

When at last he did gain the underground warren he found it deserted. He might have released all the prisoners, but he did not know their cells, only Prince Viktor's. He ran straight to that, found the corridor empty and unguarded, but the door locked. It was an immensely stout door.

HE dodged back into the main corridor, of the cellars, looking into room after room in the hope of finding some instrument to force the door. He knew he had little time. The firing from the monitors had stopped and order might be restored any moment. With abruptness he entered a room to find a man robbing a safe. He was a rough, weedy sort of ruffian and he was ramming bank-notes into his pocket. He whipped round on hearing Dominic, dragged a pistol from his pocket and fired. Dominic ducked blindly, snatched up a nearby chair and flung it at the man.

It was a light chair, but it caught the man's face and knocked him down. The fellow made no attempt to rise, and Dominic, flinging himself on him, got an appalling shock to find that he was dead. He had struck his head on the sharp edge of the safe as he fell and been killed.

Dominic realized that there was too much other noise in the city for men to be curious about one pistol shot. He snatched the weapon and ran back to Prince Viktor's cell. He shouted through the key-hole for the Prince to stand back from the door and then emptied shot after shot into the lock. With a shove at the door he had the Prince free.

He found himself confronted by a tall, bearded old man with steady eyes. It was the Prince who suggested an exit by a side door. It was the Prince who paused in a corridor littered with discarded garments and trifles and picked up both a hat and an umbrella.

"Nobody," he said dryly, "can ever suspect a man with an umbrella of being an escaping criminal."

Just before they left the building Dominic passed the pistol and the key of his rooms to the Prince. It was, they decided, better to separate; the Prince to hide in Dominic's lodgings while the latter went off to warn Zoltan Kaffka.

XXII

HE did not, however, reach his lodgings. He found himself involved in the fighting round the telephone exchange, where the cadets were still holding out. They had barricaded the building and were keeping up a brisk resistance with machine-gun and rifle fire. Their position might be hopeless, but they were still defiant. Dominic managed to get a good post of observation in a doorway. The casualness of the fighting impressed the folly of the rising upon him. A Red officer strolled up to find out what he was doing there, but recognizing his Government Department badge, he stayed to boast how Communist cleverness had completely defeated the attempt.

As he spoke a burst of cheering rose around them. A machine-gunner, after several bursts, had shot away the flag-staff carrying the royalist colors. A minute later a slight, boyish figure in the white uniform of the cadets appeared on the roof. Quite calmly he lifted the shattered flag pole, and thrust it and the flag out over the street. There was at once a furious outpouring of rifle fire from the Reds.

The telephone building became alive with vicious spats of rifle flame and man after man went down. Dominic's companion was one of the first to fall, and Dominic himself was hit by a ricocheting bullet that knocked him out for half an hour. When he came to he had to go to a nearby dressing station to have it bound up. However, he decided that it had kept him too long away from the Parliament House so he returned there instead of going on to Prince Viktor in his lodgings.

It was then that Dominic learnt that Prince Viktor's escape was known, though being kept quiet.

"It looks like a deliberate plot," Garrison said. "Somebody spread a cry that the monitors had landed men to capture this building. That resulted in a panic which caused even those in the cellars to bolt. The whole thing was calculated."

Dominic felt a rather clammy chill under his breast bone. If they had already linked the Prince's escape with the man who had raised the cry, it did not look healthy for him. He wondered if anybody would recall that he was the one to raise that cry.

Garrison went off to a conference, taking the bushy-haired Wittmann, leaving Schoplin to tell Dominic about Prince Viktor. And it was this talk with Schoplin that curiously and quite unexpectedly brought Dominic within meas-

urable distance of putting his hand on the book of Petofi poems. Schoplin, in telling how Prince Viktor had been taken, made it an opportunity for belittling the aristocracy. They were, he said, just as treacherous as others. Prince Viktor had been betrayed by the daughter of a count.

Dominic, his heart jumping, said: "I thought they always held together."

"That is a fiction," Schoplin shrugged. "Prince Viktor was betrayed by the daughter of a count named Honraith."

"But is that possible?" Dominic asked from a sick heart.

"It is fact," Schoplin said. "We in this department know it better than anybody."

"You mean, she came in here, you saw her?" Dominic was inwardly aghast.

"I—no. I was not here then. But I have heard Garrison say so. He gave her a permit to escape in exchange for a list of dangerous counter-revolutionaries. She was as cunning as a vixen, too. She wrote the names in a book of patriotic poems—Petofi's. The very poems that inspire these aristocrats. Ironical, eh? And she wrote them cunningly, too, between the lines of the poems."

"HOW do you mean, between the lines of the poems?" Dominic cried. His ears were drumming with blood. Could he persuade Schoplin to produce that book now?

"Between the printed lines of the verse," Schoplin explained. "Turning the leaves casually one could easily miss them."

"Amazing," Dominic said. "It would be something worth seeing, that book."

Schoplin fell at once into the trap.

"Why, you can," he laughed. "It is kept in the bottom drawer of the safe here."

He walked towards the safe, and Dominic braced himself. It was his great chance. There was only Schoplin and Heller to deal with, and Heller was sitting with his back to him. There was a heavy ebony ruler on Garrison's desk. He would hit Schoplin with all his force on the chin with that as he turned from the safe with the book in his hand. Then he would jump across to Heller and stun him before he could rise. And then, with the book in his possession, he could get out of the building, reach Zoltan Kaffka, and escape tonight with the Prince.

It could have been carried through, save for one thing. Schoplin bending over the safe said:

"The drawer is locked." Then he called: "Heller, you have a key of this?"

"What is it you want now?" Heller asked sullenly, but he turned and automatically felt in his waistcoat pocket.

Dominic moved close to Garrison's



DOMINIC LOOKED STRAIGHT DOWN INTO THE DRAWERS AND SAW THE BOOK OF PETOFI POEMS

table, his fingers resting near the ruler. Even with Heller on the alert he would take the risk.

"I want to show Dominic Ambrus the Petofi book," Schoplin said.

"Hm!" Heller sent a sour glance at Dominic. "I think not. You must wait until our precious chief returns before you tamper with official secrets."

"It doesn't matter," Dominic shrugged. "Another day will do."

He went back to his room hoping he had killed suspicion in Heller's mind. Above all he was terribly oppressed by Schoplin's downright assertion that Colette Honraith had been the traitor.

XXIII

DOMINIC'S oppression became more catastrophic before the night was out. He learnt that Prince Viktor regarded his identification of Colette Honraith as final. The Prince unlocked the door of the young Englishman's lodgings at the signal knock. He was delighted to hear plans that had been made to get him to Szeged. All he had heard in prison had convinced him that Béla Kún's power was almost at an end.

His praise of the young Englishman's courage and ability was generous. His friendliness grew when he heard that Dominic was descended from a Varosmarvy, for he had known Dominic's grandmother well. He was, indeed, so attracted to Dominic that he urged him to escape with him to the National force. It was then Dominic told him he could not, and why.

BUT to run risks to get that book is senseless," he said, puzzled. "We know all about it, and who was responsible for it."

"You are quite sure of that?" Dominic asked.

"Sure? Why, I even held that devil's book in my hands before it was delivered to Garnison."

"In a very dark room?" Dominic wanted to establish that before Prince Viktor could have second thoughts.

"An extremely dark room," the Prince shrugged in puzzlement. "But there was a candle there. I was able to read the poems by its light."

"I cannot believe Colette Honraith was the betrayer."

"Why not? What is your interest in the girl?"

"I know her well, Highness. We were children together in England. It is because I know her mind and character that I am sure she did not do this quite damnable thing."

"You cannot know very much about the Honraith character, then, my young friend," said the Prince with a touch of stiffness.

"Was her father, then, such a traitor?" Dominic asked.

"Hm!" the Prince grunted. "Certainly not. Oscar Honraith was the soul of honor. . . . But I saw the girl with my own eyes. I have no doubts about her. She is the guilty one."

"You saw her in an extremely dark room," Dominic pressed. "Can you be sure it was Colette Honraith and no other?"

BUT, of course. I have never had a moment's doubt. There can be no question who she was."

"No doubt, Highness, only you may have been mistaken."

"Nonsense," rapped the Prince, and

then sharply: "You are in love with this girl?"

"Yes, Highness. That is how I know her heart and mind so well."

"And you know all this from being playmates with her as a child," the Prince said scornfully.

"No, I have met her in Vienna since. She has not changed."

"Perhaps not in a lover's eyes, or in Vienna," the Prince shrugged. "But here, in Budapest, when her wretched life was in peril, the bad strain in her came out."

"Her life is in peril in Vienna," Dominic said, "yet she stays on there."

He told the Prince something of what had happened in Vienna. How Colette could have escaped to England and safety with him; how she had refused.

"That is not the attitude of one who knew that she risked her life as a traitor," he ended.

THE Prince was impressed, but only a little. He said testily, "But there is no getting over the fact that I saw her in Orgrof's room—with the book."

"But that room was dark."

"Of course. Of course. Why harp on it? I still have no doubts at all. I knew the whole family well enough not to be mistaken."

"But intimately? Had you actually ever come in personal contact with her?"

"I am under great obligation to you, Mr. Sable," the Prince said coldly. "But this sort of cross-examination becomes offensive."

"Forgive me, Highness," Dominic pleaded. "But a woman's life is at stake. Please understand it is only my anxiety—"

"That I understand." The Prince was more gentle. "Your chivalry I can understand, too, my boy. It is quite true that I do not think I have met or spoken with Colette since she was a child. But I recognized her instantly in spite of that."

"I agree. On the other hand, if the person you met was deliberately made to be like her, the outward resemblance might convince you instantly; while your lack of intimate knowledge would prevent you penetrating the disguise."

"You are suggesting that somebody might actually have been impersonating her?" The Prince was startled.

"We went very deeply into that possibility in Vienna," Dominic told him. "At first most held that the suggestion was absurd, but in the end it was admitted by Julius Roth, Colonel Apard, my cousin Stephen, and the majority who had already condemned Colette Honraith, that there was real reason for suspecting that someone might have impersonated her. They have suspended judgment until I can get this book."

The Prince, who had listened with extreme interest, burst out:

"What, you risked your life to come down into this den of slaughterers to get that book and save your sweetheart?"

"And to try and free your Highness, too," Dominic smiled. "But, to be honest, Colette's life came first."

"You crack-brained young Quixote!" the Prince cried, but the spirit of his race had kindled something within him. "You thought I was an old fool who had jumped to a wrong conclusion?" the Prince said, but his attitude was distinctly friendly now.

"No, Highness. I felt that somebody had deliberately impersonated Colette Honraith; that the very darkness of the room had been arranged to carry out the deception, and that you, being naturally unsuspicious, took appearances at their face value."

"You put it very diplomatically," the Prince mused. "Hmm! I wonder if there is anything in it? . . . The candle was on the mantelpiece. . . . Really an awkward place for reading. There was a low table beside Orgrof's bed—a much more likely place. You see, the candle was masked to throw only a narrow shaft of light. Dear me, have you found a weakness in my case, after all, my boy?"

"You weren't looking for such things at the time," Dominic said eagerly. "But they are significant. For we know the spy was not reading. She was taking down the names as they came from Orgrof's lips. Would she stand away off at the mantelpiece to do that?"

"Certainly not," the Prince said excitedly. "Orgrof could only whisper—it was much too far away."

THEN she moved that candle to the mantelpiece for a purpose," Dominic drove home. "Why?"

"A first-rate point," the Prince said. "The placing of that candle is suspicious. And now I remember. She kept her face always in the shadow."

"Because she was afraid that you, who knew the Honraiths, would see through her disguise," Dominic cried.

"No, that is jumping too far," the Prince objected. "She was a Honraith. I was forgetting the main reason for knowing her. The voice, you know. There is no mistaking the Honraith voice, a curious voice—husky and very deep."

"You are sure about that?"

"Perfectly sure. I recall now that is what made me certain. But when she spoke she gave herself away absolutely."

"Louis Honraith had the same voice, the same timbre," Dominic said.

"Louis—where does he come in?" the Prince demanded.

"Louis was like his sister. They were twins."

"But Louis was a man," the Prince objected.

"An effeminate sort of a man."

"Are you suggesting that it was Louis dressed up as his sister?" the Prince asked, unable to believe his ears.

"He did it once before," Dominic said, and told how the twins had mystified an audience when acting as sisters in a performance.

"Oh, no! Quite absurd. It was a woman I saw with Orgrof."

"But in a dark room, and with Louis able to pass as Colette—"

"No, it might have been another woman made up to look like Colette; but a man dressed as a girl, that is too much."

There was no shaking that opinion. Dominic tried to plead that such a dissimulation would seem natural, but the Prince burst out:

"It was a woman. I have no doubts at all about the sex."

Dominic saw that to press the matter further would seriously antagonize the old man. He himself felt surer than ever that it had been Louis. The new facts the Prince had supplied supported his theory.

"Perhaps I am wrong about Louis," he said. "Still there are strong grounds for arguing it was someone other than Colette Honraith."

"Well, yes. I am not convinced myself, but, theoretically, there is a loophole for certainty."

"Any uncertainty means that to kill Colette will be risking grave injustice."

"So, they mean to kill her," the Prince said. "Rightly, of course."

"Only rightly, if she was the traitor," Dominic said.

"Of course. But in the circumstances all the proof is against her."

"The book will clear her," Dominic said. "And I mean to get that book."

The ice-blue eyes of the Prince melted as he stared at Dominic. Then he put his hands on the young man's shoulders.

"You are a brave boy. . . . A fine youngster. Prove to me by that book that my old eyes have made a fool of me and none will be gladder."

"I hope to, Highness. And might I plead that you will use your influence to save Colette's life until I am able to produce that book?"

"It will be a sacred obligation," Prince Viktor said.

There came a knock on the door, the signal Dominic had agreed upon with Zoltan Kaffka. The *hausmeister* led the Prince and Dominic through quiet streets until they reached the Danube. A boat was waiting there. Half a minute later the Prince was in it and going down stream in the shadows, leaving Dominic behind with a deepening sense of dread for Colette.

XXIV

HIS work in Garrison's office added to his distress. It was connected largely with counter-revolutionary espionage. He had to interview and exam-

ine men and women who could supply information against the "bourgeoisie." Some gave it with a terrible willingness for mere spite or the rewards, others had to be coerced by threats.

There was also the enmity of Heller to face. Garrison's assistant had always disliked Dominic, and this turned to an active hatred when the young Englishman was brought on to Garrison's staff. Heller saw it as a blow to his own ambition. Of the rough and violent type, he could only feel contempt for Garrison's bureaucratic idealism.

Regarding Dominic as being of the same "squeamish" school, he saw in Garrison's choice the end of his chances of authority. He became not only viciously resentful, but suspicious.

AND Heller, with his enmity at work, was formidable. He had no great intelligence, but he was no fool. He could follow out a fixed idea like a bloodhound. Dominic realized how dangerous the fellow could be when one evening he saw Heller talking to one of the porters. As Dominic came level with them, Heller said: "Is that the chap?"

"Well, maybe he was one of them," the porter said.

"One of what?" Dominic asked, feeling that it would be dangerous to ignore the matter.

"It was you who led the panic by starting the cry that men had landed from the monitors," Heller said roughly.

"Is that so?" Dominic managed to say coolly enough. "Well, I wasn't alone. We were all shouting like fools."

Heller was taken aback. His scowl deepened as the porter said:

"That's right. The whole mob went batty."

"Well, what's the idea?" Dominic asked Heller. "It was a fool thing to shout, but where's the harm?"

"It cleared the vestibule and the cellars, didn't it? Very neatly—and what happened to you?" Heller demanded viciously.

"If you'd been here you wouldn't need to ask," Dominic managed to grin. "We were all swept out of the building like a herd of Gadarene swine."

"You didn't come back, maybe?" Heller sneered.

"I couldn't if I'd wanted to, which I didn't."

"That's right," the porter laughed. "They carried me out, too, lifted me right off my feet and through the doors."

"Yes, there's no getting the better of a mob," Dominic said. He smiled at Heller but the man only scowled and walked away. He had been checkmated, but that didn't mean that his malice had been slaked.

By some process of his shrewd, slow wits Heller had got it into his head that Dominic's worming his way into the inner circles of officialdom meant treach-

ery to the Revolutionary Government. He was therefore trying to link the young Englishman with that specific act of treachery—the release of Prince Viktor.

The porter, luckily, had almost proved that Dominic could only have been carried out of the building. But Dominic knew that Heller's attack had been only momentarily checked. He would go on and grow more dangerous as, later, the incident in Octagon Square also proved.

The Octagon Square business arose out of the counter-revolution. Although the defeat of this on June 24th was the occasion of a great deal of public rejoicing, with speakers and *The People's Voice* loosing a flood of boastful triumph on the country, beneath this self-glorification was an ever growing unease. The spirit of rebellion was spreading. There were disturbances all over the land. Even Számuelly with his Terror train was losing effectiveness. At Dunapataj the peasantry had actually fought his men, and had held them at bay for five hours.

In Budapest itself discontent was so rife that martial law came into force, citizens were commanded to be off the streets by eight, and such lights as famine conditions left must be out by ten. The numbers of armed trucks in the streets redoubled. Floods of new white-backed money appeared, and it became a "crime" to possess any "blue" money of the Austro-Hungarian bank.

"They are getting ready to bolt," Zoltan Kaffka told Dominic on one of the now rare occasions when they met. "Their white money, which is worthless here, will be mere wastepaper outside Hungary."

THERE was other evidence, too, that the Revolutionary rule was disintegrating. Handbills were brought regularly to Garrison's office bearing the words: *The Hour of Delivery is at Hand! Prepare to Support the National Government!*

With fear growing in their ranks, the People's Commissars began to turn to that last resort of Tyranny—Terror. There was a demand for the iron hand, for massacres. Számuelly and the Left brought increasing pressure to bear on Béla Kún, demanding that the growing spirit of revolt could be intimidated by wholesale executions. To his credit Béla Kún held out, but in time he did succumb enough to Számuelly's demands to permit a mass execution.

The killing was to be made a spectacle. The finest square in Pest was chosen for it, the Oktogen-ter. There was room for thousands there, and the whole city converged on to the square all the morning of the day set for the executions.

Dominic was present. To Garrison's department the execution was an opportunity for counter-espionage. Scores of agents were turned loose in the crowd.

Heller, admirably fitted for the work, was put in charge. He demanded Dominic as his assistant. The fellow, of course, hoped that under the horror of the executions Dominic would be one of those who betrayed himself.

They arrived at the Octagon Square to find that it was already so crowded that it was necessary to use troops to clear a space for the executions. It was a sullen crowd. There was no hint of the blood fury that had awaited the tumbrils during the French Revolution. A stolid, muted, half-starved mass, staring with dull eyes from which resentment was carefully banished, murmuring a little and even that with caution. Lips tightened even over words as Czerny and his Terror Boys drove up in their armored cars and set machine guns to overawe the crowd.

DOMINIC, slipping into the crowd, moved through it as much as its pressure allowed. He tried to shake off Heller, but the fellow stuck to him like a leech. Soon, the atmosphere of the moment mastered him, and he almost forgot Heller.

The tension increased as time passed. The Terror Boys in their leather jackets moved about, glancing always up at the thronged windows of the buildings. Sometimes they waved hands to girls, but mainly their looks were wary—windows are such vantage places for snipers. If the crowd gave a surge, their hands flew automatically to the stick grenades in their belts.

There were no gallows in that bleak, open arena of death.

"They are going to hang them from the lamp-posts," Heller said, watching Dominic's face for reactions. "Have you made any discoveries, Comrade?"

"None yet," Dominic said evenly. "When do the executions start?"

Heller did not know. Nobody knew. Carts to carry away the bodies rolled with wooden rattlings into the square. A shudder like a wave of nausea went through the crowd. Yet nothing happened.

Five o'clock came and went. The Terror Boys gathered in groups, looking like men kept beyond their union hours. Six o'clock and still no pageant of slaughter. A car came rushing into the square. A man got out and the executioners and officials gathered round him. A voice shouted:

"They are bringing the condemned." The crowd surged, was forced back by bayonets. There was some shouting. A woman near Dominic suddenly gave way under the strain, began to wail: "I should not have come."

The officials about the new arrival in the center of the square shrugged and began to break away. The Terror Boys strolled in little groups to their trucks and began to climb aboard. Machine

guns were handed up. A big red car belonging to some high commander burst into a roar of power, and rushed noisily back to the Inner City.

"There is going to be nothing," voices cried. "The executions are off."

The troops forming the cordon fell into ranks and marched away. Had there been a general reprieve? Or another counter-revolution? Heller made his way back to Dominic's side. "It was those Italians," he said fiercely. "That blackguard Colonel Romanelli of the Italian Mission. He sent a note forbidding the executions."

Dominic's heart almost sang with elation. That the political prisoners had been saved was a tremendous thing, but it meant more. The Dictators were beginning to surrender to fear. They knew their doom was near and dared not defy the Entente. With the end of their rule in sight they were playing for personal safety.

Dominic stood watching the rapidly thinning crowd. Heller, who hoped to catch unguarded remarks from the excited people, kept on moving away and rejoining him. So lost in his thoughts was Dominic that he did not notice the man who had stopped to stare at him. It was Heller's "That comrade seems to know you" that brought him to his senses.

HE saw the man then, remembered having noticed him before. The newcomer had been dodging about Dominic, trying to get a good look at him. Now he was standing a little way off, staring with a look half doubt, half recognition in his eyes.

Dominic recognized him at once. It was the man named Jawl, who had been put to guard him on the night they had rescued Dr. Ady's party, the fellow Colonel Apard had had to knock insensible. There was no mistaking the man.

The man remembered him, too, but not quite so surely. No doubt the bandage still round Dominic's head made a difference; above all, the man was a clog with dull wits. All the same, he was sure enough to want to prove himself certain.

Dominic realized his peril vividly. With Heller at his side a mere denunciation from the man would be fatal. He must act swiftly. Ignoring Heller's remark, or rather pretending to mistake it, he muttered: "Yes, better be getting back."

As he spoke he fumbled in his pocket, drew out a cigarette, felt for a match, and then, as they had now drawn level with the man Jawl who was smoking, he stopped in the most natural way in the world and begged a light.

The man was thoroughly taken aback. He remembered that the man they had caught in the empty house had been an Englishman, and Dominic had now addressed him in fluent and colloquial Hun-

garian. More, as he automatically held his cigarette forward he noted Dominic's sickle and hammer badge. Above all, Dominic's utter unconcern mastered him. He blurted as Dominic turned away:

"For a moment I thought you were someone I knew."

"Is that so, comrade?" Dominic smiled indifferently.

"It's a good job you aren't the fellow," the man said. "The chap was a dirty spy."

Dominic had already moved away; he kept moving, pretending not to have heard. He was conscious that Heller was too close for any conversation. Even now he had a cold fear that Heller had heard too much.

He dared not look round, though he was sure Heller was talking to the man, Jawl. He went on at an even pace. Heller did not reach Garrison's room in the Parliament House until ten minutes after Dominic had got back.

He said at once to Dominic: "Why didn't you wait? Didn't you see me stop and talk to Laidlier of the Secretariat? He had the news about the way these swines of Italians had stopped the execution, and the defiance Béla Kún had flung in their faces."

Dominic knew that Heller was lying to trap him. It was true, that Béla Kún had sent a bombastic answer to Colonel Romanelli—after he had obeyed and called off the executions, but he also knew that Heller was saying this to make Dominic feel that he had not talked to the man Jawl. The crudeness of Heller's manner gave him away. Dominic knew that he had learnt enough from Jawl to inflame his ready suspicions.

Just before Schoplin and Dominic were leaving for the day Heller said casually as Dominic passed his desk:

"Got a match, Ambrus?"

The very ordinariness of Heller's tone sent Dominic's hand into his pocket; it was only when, half turning, he caught a wolfish gleam in the man's hard eyes and realized his danger. Heller was attempting to prove to himself that Dominic's asking Jawl for a light back in Octagon Square had only been a ruse to confuse the man.

He had just time to open his fingers and drop the match-box back as they came out of his pocket. Then he began slowly to search through his other pockets before saying: "Sorry."

He could see from the half-suppressed sneer on Heller's mouth that the man did not believe him. That animal instinct in Heller had become more than ever sure that Dominic was an enemy.

XXV

THERE was something wolf-like about Heller's hunting of Dominic. The man seemed to function like some wild animal. For instance, the way the fellow sensed that Dominic was after

the book of Petofi's poems was quite uncanny.

In his incessant watching of Dominic he had noted that the latter could never refrain from some slight gesture whenever the lower drawers of the safe were opened. Dominic had schooled himself to show nothing, but such was the almost feral intuition of the man that not even a shade of expression passed unnoticed.

Perhaps, too, he remembered the incident when Schoplin had wanted to show Dominic the book. The young Englishman soon realized that Heller was sure that the lower drawers of the safe had some connection with Dominic's presence here. Not only did Heller suspect it; he began laying traps.

The traps were crude; still, they were dangerous.

ONCE when Dominic was searching the upper shelves of the safe for papers, Heller came humming across the room, unlocked both the bottom drawers of the safe, and, after pulling both out, went back to his table as though he had forgotten something. Dominic looked straight down into the drawers, and thus, for the first time, saw the book of Petofi poems. It was the only book there. Also it tallied with the description of the Judas book. It was a small pocket edition, tastefully bound in soft, olive-green leather, just the sort of book a woman would own.

For a long moment Dominic stared down at it as his hands automatically fumbled amid papers. He felt a thrill that, uncontrolled, might lead to either recklessness or panic. The book was so near. He had only to drop his left hand to snatch it up and slip it into his coat pocket. The thing would be dead easy.

Even as the temptation wrung Dominic, he was aware of danger. He seemed to feel that Heller was watching him like a cat, and that this was a trap. He was alert at once. He went on searching for his papers as though nothing had disturbed him, and returned to his place.

It was fortunate that the fellow was so clumsy. It was fortunate, too, that the man Jawl, with whom Heller had entered into alliance, was even clumsier. Heller set this man to trail Dominic. He found this out when he began to search for a duplicate copy of the Petofi book. He had decided that it would be a good thing to have such a copy, so that if Heller was fool enough to give him another chance at the book, he could replace it with a substitute, so identical that Heller, looking into the drawers would be convinced that it had not been taken. He began a search of every second-hand book-shop. While he was hunting through the second-hand book-shops he noticed the man Jawl shadowing him. He moved and Jawl followed. There was no doubt what the man was up to.

(To Be Continued)

The Passion and the Poets

Blessed Robert Southwell, S.J.

By Daniel B. Pulsford

FRANCIS THOMPSON spoke of poetry as the handmaid of religion. It has not been always that. The poets, when they have not ignored the themes suggested by Revelation, have frequently exploited them as though their chief value was in providing material for the literary craftsman. The sentimentality and insincerity of much "religious" verse is due to this inverted relationship. It is refreshing therefore to come upon one who observed the order defined by Francis Thompson. Father Robert Southwell, S. J., is known to us not only as a poet but as a martyr for the Faith. He was one of those missionary priests, educated on the continent, who, at the risk of their lives, came over to England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth to sustain the faith of those who remained loyal to the Old Religion.

Father Southwell's ministry was not a long one. He reached his native land in 1586, was arrested in 1592 and was tried and executed three years later. During a good part of the time that he was at liberty he acted as chaplain to Lady Arundel whose husband had been imprisoned for his Catholicism in the Tower, where he eventually died. It was during the period of this chaplaincy that Father Southwell wrote most of his poetry. Poetry was for him but a means for glorifying that Lord for whom he gave his life. He was not a poet who happened also to be a martyr, one whose literary reputation is independent of his heroic fidelity; it sprang from the same root as that fidelity. He was a martyr who used his leisure for exercising his gift of song in the service of Him Whose priest he was. His life is a consistent whole. The martyr and the poet acted under the same inspiration.

Now a man may be a very great saint and a very poor poet. It will by no means always happen that heroic devotion finds expression in a poem worthy of it. In a case such as this we may be tempted to imagine that the writer owes his fame merely to the fact that he was otherwise distinguished. But this would be doing Southwell, the poet, an injustice. In fact his reputation was established at a time when to have died for the penalized faith might be counted a hindrance to fame. In spite

of the fact, however, that his poems came from the pen of one who had been executed as a traitor, some fifteen or sixteen editions were published in the forty years following the author's death on the scaffold. Father Tanner says: "It is indeed the highest testimony and a most unusual one to the excellence of Father Southwell's writings that they were not only read after his death by his enemies, including Queen Elizabeth herself, but were reprinted by them in editions brought out at their own expense." And this, be it remembered, was in the golden age of English Literature—the age of Spenser and Shakespeare. Of one of his poems, Ben Jonson is reported to have said: "That Southwell was hanged yet so had he [Jonson] written that piece of his, *The Burning Babe*, he would have been willing to destroy many of his."

The man who gave his few years to the work of strengthening and converting his fellow countrymen carried the same spirit into his literary efforts. That is to say, he not only tried to Catholicize men, he endeavored to Catholicize literature. Quite consciously he tried to baptize the beauty he found in secular poets into the Faith. Instead of allowing literature to go its own way as a sphere with which religion had nothing to do, he set himself to turn the enemy's guns against himself. The skill that had been shown in singing profane love he adopted and adapted in singing of Sacred Love. It is as though someone in our own day should emulate Bernard Shaw's wit in order to puncture Bernard Shaw's philosophy.

HE wrote with the express purpose of redeeming literature from the paganism which at the time was permeating it. Miss Christobel M. Hood, in her Introduction to *The Book of Robert Southwell*, says: "Father Robert Southwell did not write his poems only for his own pleasure and recreation; he also had a very definite aim and object in his mind. It was an age both of moral and of artistic license, an age, moreover, which loved to contrast 'Sacred and Profane Love.' With open sin paraded before his eyes, even in his own family, it is not surprising to find the gentle priest turning with disgust from the secular verses of his day as belonging wholly

to this world, and yet endeavoring out of the very same words and in the very same style to compose poems to illustrate the Love of God instead of the lusts of men." She then quotes *The Cambridge History of English Literature* to the effect that: "His object, like Milton's in the following century, was to rescue the art of poetry from the worldly uses to which it had been almost solely devoted," and adds, "In his hatred of vice and worldly pleasure, at times Father Southwell does indeed appear to be a very Puritan of the Puritans, but he is saved from coldness and severity by the underlying graces of Catholic love and fervor, which are never far absent even in his sterner poems."

THIS process of transposition from secular to sacred is clearly apparent. "He was evidently well acquainted," I am again quoting Miss Hood, "with the works of Shakespeare and other contemporaries, and his longest poem, 'St. Peter's Complaint,' is in the same metre as 'Venus and Adonis.' A poem 'Fancy,' on the sorrows of love, by Sir Edward Dyer, is converted by Father Southwell into 'Master Dyer's Fancy turned into a Sinner's Complaint.' Again, his verses, 'Love's Garden Griefe,' bear a somewhat similar relation to Nicholas Breton's 'Strange Description of a Rare Garden Plot.'"

If the priest-poet whom we are considering failed to rival the great literary masters of his age this can be attributed to something more than the differences between individual geniuses. The main stream of English Literature at the time was flowing in other than Catholic channels. The interests of his generation were concerned with this world. A writer is dependent not merely on the inspiration of his subject and the personal gifts which he has received but on the indefinable sense of being "in the swim." Even great genius may appear inferior if it rides on an ebbing tide. How much Shakespeare gained by the fact that he interpreted aright the spirit of his age and how much Father Southwell lost because he espoused a Faith that contradicted the main tendencies of the national life we cannot say. But we may be sure that, under other circumstances, the genius of this most devout and beautiful soul

would have functioned far more effectively than it actually did. It is a false, individualistic philosophy which leads us to regard genius as independent of its place in history.

BUT there was another reason closely related to that very habit of borrowing from his contemporaries which we have noted in our poet. By the sixteenth century the naive freshness of medieval times had gone. Literature had become self-conscious. Writers seem to have been intoxicated with the new possibilities of the language that were being discovered. The virgin soil which they were cultivating was too rich. And hence we get an abundance of verbal "conceits" in which the play on words becomes fantastic. Figures of speech are strained until they become grotesque. Shakespeare himself was not guiltless and the lesser writers of the period adopted the new form of speech with still less restraint. This trick of tying verbal knots and asking the reader to untie them was regarded as wit, and, indeed, one often finds in those who wrote thus ingenious ideas expressed in an ingenious way. But the effect is to give an impression of artificiality. Unfortunately Father Southwell in imitating the secular poets did not always avoid their faults, and in particular, he may be charged with having at times copied only too well the labored cleverness which has been described. Yet when we compare him with the religious poets who followed him and with whom we shall have later to deal it is apparent that he retained much of the vigorous freshness of the past. Though it is not directly related to our main theme, I may quote as an example of his more truly inspired work the lines entitled, *New Prince, New Pomp*. They run as follows:

Behold a silly tender Babe,
In freezing winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies,
Alas! a piteous sight!

The inns are full, no man will yield
This little pilgrim bed;
But forced He is with silly beasts
In crib to shroud His Head.

Despise Him not for lying there,
First what He is enquire;
An orient pearl is often found
In depth of dirty mire.

Weigh not His crib, His wooden dish,
Nor beasts that by Him feed,
Weigh not His Mother's poor attire,
Nor Joseph's simple weed.

This stable is a prince's court,
The crib His chair of state;
The beasts are parcel of His pomp,
The wooden dish His plate.

The persons in that poor attire
His royal liveries wear;
The Prince Himself is come from
heaven,
This pomp is prized there!

With joy approach, O Christian
wight!
Do homage to thy King;
And highly prize His humble pomp
Which He from Heaven doth bring.

But even here one may observe the studied antithesis. The spontaneity of medievalism has gone. The poets are now craftsmen. But one characteristic of the Middle Ages remains: the Catholic poet of the sixteenth century is no more afraid than were his predecessors of the physical aspects of the Passion. He can dwell on the wounds of Our Lord with the same graphic intensity as they. This is apparent in the poem which is dedicated to *Christ's Bloody Sweat*. We read:

Fat soil, full Spring, sweet olive, grape
of bliss,
That yields, that streams, that pours,
that doth distil,
Untill'd, undrawn, unstamp'd, untouch'd
of press,
Dear fruit, clear brooks, fair oil, sweet
wine at will!
Thus Christ unforced prevents, in shed-
ding blood,
The whips, the thorns, the nails, the
spear and rood.

After comparing Our Lord to the pelican the poet proceeds:

Elias once, to prove God's sovereign
power,
By prayer procured a fire of wondrous
force,
That blood and water and wood did
devour,
Yea stones and dust beyond all nature's
course:
Such fire is love that, fed with glory
blood,
Doth burn no less than in the driest
wood.

O sacred fire! come show thy force
on me,
That sacrifice to Christ I may return:
If wither'd wood for fuel fittest be,
If stones and dust, if flesh and blood
will burn,
I wither'd am and stony to all good,
A sack of dust, a mass of flesh and
blood.

I MUST spare space for one other poem dealing directly with the Crucifixion both for its own sake and because it is fairly typical of Father Southwell's style. He calls it, *Man to the Wound in Christ's Side*. It runs thus:

O pleasant spot! O place of rest!
O royal rift! O worthy wound!
Come harbor me, a weary guest,
That in the world no ease have found!

I lie lamenting at Thy gate,
Yet dare I not adventure in:
I bear with me a troublous mate,
And cumbered am with heaps of sin.

Discharge me of this heavy load,
That easier passage I may find,
Within this bower to make abode,
And in this glorious tomb be shrined.

Here must I live, here must I die,
Here would I utter all my grief,
Here would I all those pains descry,
Which here did meet for my relief.

Here would I view that bloody sore,
Which dint of spiteful spear did breed:
The bloody wounds laid there in store,
Would force a stony heart to bleed.

Here is the spring of trickling tears,
The mirror of all mourning wights,
With doleful tunes for dumpish ears,
And solemn shows for sorrow'd sights.

O happy soul, that flies so high
As to attain this sacred cave!
Lord, send me wings, that I may fly,
And in this harbor quiet have!

IT might seem absurd to charge one who became a martyr with adopting a style which strikes one more by its quaintness than by its sincerity. But it must be remembered that personal sincerity and literary sincerity are two different things. Intention is one thing, execution another. The most transparent soul may yet be found using an artificial form of speech. I do not think we can entirely acquit the author of the poem just quoted from having sometimes sacrificed simple and direct statement for comparisons and figures of speech which are more ingenious than convincing. But this does not, I believe, apply to the lines entitled: *Mary Magdalen's Complaint at Christ's Death*. Here we have the outpouring of heart-felt devotion. I cite only the first three stanzas:

Sith my life from Life is parted,
Death come take thy portion,
Who survives when Life is murder'd
Lives by mere extortion:
All that live and not in God,
Couch their life in death's abode.

Silly stars must needs leave shining
When the sun is shadowed,
Borrowed streams refrain from running
When head springs are hindered:
One that lives by other's breath,
Dieth also by his death.

O true Life! sith Thou hast left me,
Mortal life is tedious;
Death it is to live without Thee,
Death of all most odious:
Turn again or take me to Thee,
Let me die or live Thou in me!

Had space allowed I should like to have cited the long poem—the longest that Father Southwell wrote—dealing with St. Peter's contrition after his threefold denial of his Lord. I should like to have examined it for a special reason. It illustrates a characteristic which is exemplified also in some of those poems from which I have already quoted; that is to say it has a certain dramatic quality. The author puts himself in St. Peter's place, interpreting what he imagines may have been his feelings, just as elsewhere he views the Cross from the standpoint of the Blessed Virgin or from that of Mary Magdalen. In these poems the writer is not stating directly his own sentiments but approaches his subject under cover of another's personality. And this dramatic character, in the case of St. Peter's Complaint, is, I believe, well sustained. The easily-flowing verses do really admit you into the shame that overwhelmed the Chief Apostle. This

dramatic element is interesting for two reasons.

In the first place, it must be remembered that it was in drama that the literary genius of the age chiefly manifested itself. The art of the stage had been reborn, but it had been reborn without that religious coloring which it had possessed in earlier times. The Miracle and Mystery plays were things of the past. But there is a sufficiency of the spirit which had created them in these poems of the Jesuit priest to show what, under happier circumstances, he might have done in bringing the drama back to its original source of inspiration. Any development of that kind, however, was forbidden by the fatal divorce which had occurred between Church and Stage.

In the second place, we cannot but be struck by the fact that one whose constancy was so fiercely tried and was so triumphantly victorious over the temptation to desert the Cross should have devoted his chief work as a poet to describing the spiritual experience of the Disciple who most conspicuously denied his Lord. The sympathetic rendering of St. Peter's reflections show that the Martyr had realized fully the strength of the impulse which, under

certain conditions, may assail the most loyal. It was not because he had not known that impulse, not because he had not weighed in his mind the alternative, that he went to the Tyburn Scaffold that February morning. He had looked through St. Peter's eyes at what it meant to desert the Crucified and the knowledge no doubt strengthened his own resolution. None knew better than he that, but for the Grace of God, "The Complaint of St. Peter" might have been "The Complaint of Richard Southwell."

One is tempted to wonder whether, in the London crowd which saw him dragged on a hurdle to the place of execution was a certain William Shakespeare, witnessing the end of a fellow-poet, and if so, what were his reflections. There was one who possessed, though not in the same measure, gifts resembling his own. But he had thrown away the chances of the literary fame that might have been his for the sake of the Lord Whom the greater poet all but banished from his pages. Did he characterize his fellow-poet as an over-conscientious fool, or did he, in his secret heart, wish that he had the courage to die with him? It would be interesting to know.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

Red Gaols

Translated from the French by O. B.

The grim, stark reality of the most awful human tragedy of our present time—perhaps of any past time—stares at us in the naked exposure of these pages.

Red Gaols is the recounting of a woman's experiences in the prisons of Soviet Russia. The work appeared originally in French. The translation is admirable. That is all we wish to say about the book from the literary viewpoint. The important thing is the revelation which the book gives of Soviet Russia.

Never have I seen so vivid a portrayal of this cross-section of Soviet administration. It is almost incredible. That men could be so utterly cruel to their fellow human beings—and on such a tremendous scale—is astounding. Yet to doubt the truth of the narrative would be to do violence to one's instinctive appreciation of truth. Furthermore, a Catholic Bishop and a Dominican priest vouch for the fidelity of the account.

I will not attempt to visualize for the reader the horror of these women's prisons. I will take their indictment

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from the lips of a man who vainly tried to protest: "I can bear this hell, but if I heard that my wife or daughter were coming, I would sooner kill them with my own hands!"

Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London. \$90.

Catholic Liturgics

by David Baier, O.F.M.

The present volume is intended primarily for seminarians. It is a translation and adaptation of a text book by Richard Stapper, S. T. D., Professor of Liturgy at the University of Muenster. Two excellent qualities distinguish it—completeness and conciseness. No pertinent topic relative to the liturgy has been omitted. It offers to the ecclesiastical student an excellent text book, to the priest a valuable source of sermon matter, and to those interested in the liturgical movement a solid and satisfying foundation for their enthusiasm. An index and an extensive bibliography add

to its worth. The publishers merit praise for the typographical perfection of the text and the beautiful and substantial binding. St. Anthony's Press is truly distinguishing itself among publishers.

St. Anthony's Press, Paterson, N. J. \$3.00.

Selina

by Sheila Kaye-Smith

That Sheila Kaye-Smith is among the few writers who are gifted with the ability to transform ordinary incidents into exciting and amusing adventures is evidenced by her most recent novel, *Selina*.

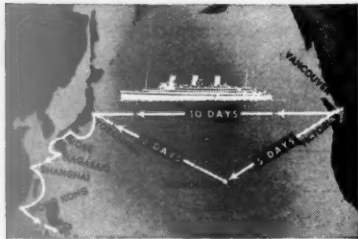
The story concerns the daily experiences of Selina and Moira South—two little girls engaged in the serious business of living. When we meet Selina, she has just made the bitter discovery that "grown-ups never understand." On her mother's birthday, Selina solemnly undertakes to entertain her adult audience with a tragic play, in the preparation of which she has spent many weeks. The assembled guests derive only amusement from her very serious attempts to present the story of "Pomfi-

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terania, an Early Christian Martyr." Whereupon Selina loses her temper, and a bewildered little girl is sent to bed.

But there are many delightful episodes to make up for the disappointments and humiliations which she suffers. For instance, there is her first party—long to be remembered as the occasion on which the little girl in the pink dress set her hair afire, causing Selina to become terrified by the fear that the little girl would burn to death, and the grown-ups might neglect to distribute the presents.

Although Selina is a little English girl, her experiences are those of childhood the world over—and they recall the joys and heartaches of our own youth. The story is written in the author's usual humorous style, and though the plot differs from her recent novels, it is a book which both young and old will read with enjoyment.

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The Children's Story Caravan

by Anne Pettit Broomell

Young readers will find this book both amusing and instructive. It contains several fairy stories, a few narrative poems, and also short accounts of the lives of the Saints. Mrs. Broomell presents each story in a most delightful manner and at the same time manages to convey to the juvenile mind the unspoken moral of each tale. This book is especially recommended for children of eight years and over.

J. B. Lippincott, Co., Phila., Pa. \$2.00

Cell 202—Sing Sing

by Lewis E. Lawes

Warden Lawes has become well known to the reading public through his vivid stories of prisoners and prison life. The title of this latest book is taken from the fact that it relates the careers of four men who successively occupied Cell 202 in Sing Sing Prison from 1826 to 1911.

The book is not limited to a revelation of the actual prison experiences of the four men. Much research has gone into the portrayal of the general social milieu of the various periods of American history in which the lives of the unfortunate men were cast. Into this background are fitted the individual careers of the prisoners so that we can see the circumstances and influences which moulded them from their earliest years until they committed the crimes that swept them within the grim gates of Sing Sing.

Throughout the book it is evident that Warden Lawes realizes that every prisoner is a problem not only for the prison officials but also for society. Those

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directly engaged in prison work have the problem of striving to rehabilitate as far as it can be done the men sent to them by the courts. Society must endeavor to find a place for the worthy discharged prisoner but above all attention must be directed to the remedying of conditions which contribute so heavily to the increase of our prison population.

From the last comments it must not be concluded that the Warden has proposed in this book any extensive program for prison reform and the elimination of crime. His comments on these points are more or less incidental. *Cell 202—Sing Sing* is principally a factual record of four lives and as such it is both interesting and enlightening.

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by Joseph McSorley, C.S.P.

Here is a spiritual book that bears the stamp of religious conviction on every page. Fr. McSorley grasps firmly the fundamentals of Catholic spirituality and expresses them in an intelligible and easily understandable manner. His appeal is to the mind and heart and he never divorces one from the other. In a word the author makes the solid truths of the spiritual life a vital reality in the everyday world of the individual and shows how a truly religious life is possible even amidst the confusion of worldly interests.

"The School of Paul," "On Being Cheerful," "The Ideal Man," "God in the Soul" are a few of the religious topics that the author touches with originality of thought and expression. *The Sacrament of Duty* is good reading material for every Christian interested in the spiritual realities of life. But indifferent and worldly souls especially will find it helpful to bring their mental and moral outlook into focus with the eternal verities.

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P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. \$2.15.

Pain and the Providence of God

by M. C. D'Arcy, S.J.

In his *Pain and the Providence of God*, Fr. D'Arcy, S. J. has treated this most perplexing problem of evil in the interesting way of an open discussion. The reader attends an imaginary meeting at which are present, among others, a Catholic Philosopher, a Scientist, an Atheist, an Artist, a Psychologist, an Agnostic, and a Catholic Priest. The Catholic Philosopher (as a philosopher and not a theologian) reads a paper on Providence and Evil. Objections are raised; the Atheist, the Agnostic, and the others speak their minds. Man's

free will, as well as the existence and goodness of God, are questioned and defended; the argument from design is turned back upon its propounder; the excess of suffering in this world, animal suffering, child suffering, and the many other evidences of evil in our world are all discussed in this book of a little over a hundred pages.

When the discussion is over, you have heard Augustine and Aquinas, the twentieth century psychologist, scientist, artist and Catholic priest all unite to justify the presence of evil in this world and do homage to the wise Providence that permits it. This is but another instance of the unity of truth and a proof that true knowledge and true science are contrary neither to right reason nor faith. Worthy of mention also is the sharp distinction made by the Catholic Philosopher between a doubt and a difficulty. Following Newman's tack, he says, "a doubt affects the value of a formerly held argument, whereas a difficulty is felt about what is *independently certain*."

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$1.35.

Essays in Culture

by John M. Wolfe, Ph.D., S.T.D.

Monsignor Wolfe's ability and zeal are attested by the fact that he holds, in the Archdiocese of Dubuque, the important offices of Superintendent of Schools, Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and General Chairman of Catholic Action. The present volume represents a generous selection of the sermons and addresses which he has delivered in the course of his varied ministry. It is published at the solicitation of many of the author's friends.

The subjects cover a wide field, dealing with such topics as: Music in the Art of Prayer; Washington the Educator; Stewardship; False Prophets; Christ in the Priesthood, etc. The book derives its unity, and its title, from the general purpose of the author to develop each theme "in an educative way for spiritual and religious purposes and ends." This purpose has been well attained.

The Stratford Co., Boston. \$2.50.

Selected Books and Magazines

by Sister Cecil

In order to supply a need keenly felt by teachers in parochial schools and supervisors of children's rooms in public libraries in large cities, Sister Cecil has compiled this *Selected Annotated List of Books and Magazines for Parochial School Libraries*. It is a pioneer effort, and the author is engagingly modest in her request for as-

sistance, in order that she may have as perfect a list as possible. She declares that she will welcome suggestions about her selected list.

She follows the Dewey Decimal scheme in making her classification. The list is made up of books by Catholic and non-Catholic authors. The former list includes religious stories, biography, and fiction. The latter list embraces mythology, social sciences, fairy tales, natural and applied, science, fine arts, literature, history and biography, fiction, and easy books and picture books. There is also a list of children's magazines, a librarian's shelf, a reference shelf, and a parent-teacher shelf. The latter was interesting to this reviewer in that Sister Cecil included only one Catholic magazine of a general character. She might possibly be able to expand this list somewhat. By and large, however, this book is deserving of hearty commendation, and is to be recommended to Catholic parents, teachers and librarians. An excellent Index adds great utility to it.

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Gentle Ireland

by Hugh de Blacam

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also the spirit behind its faith, history and culture. In this it reminds one of Lockington's *The Soul of Ireland*.

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This series of images of the land and people give us sketches of the life of the scholar, poet, soldier, priest and nun of Ireland. We get a brief introduction to St. Patrick, St. Colmcille, Blessed Oliver Plunkett, Matt Talbot and Canon Sheehan. Too brief they are. We finish these vivid word pictures with a wish that the author had written more.

Poems translated by the author from the Irish are interspersed throughout, and fine, full-page pictures make real the author's descriptions.

The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$2.00.

Athens, Argentine, Australia

by C. C. Martindale, S.J.

Father Martindale has compressed into this fascinating book an account of his experiences and reflections in the course of his recent travels in the Grecian lands, through the South American republics—with the Eucharistic Congress at Buenos Aires as his main objective—and to those countries of his predilection, New Zealand and Australia. Yet even this wide field does not indicate the confines of the wealth of fact and discussion to be found here; we learn much about England, too, and get occasional side-lights on conditions in Italy, Portugal, and several other places.

All this would indicate a very discursive treatment, and that Father Martindale's certainly is. Indeed, at times his thoughts so tumble over one another that it requires real study to follow them. But they are always worth the trouble, for they are the product of a mind exceptionally gifted and penetrating. This "psychological" style, too, explains the author's ability to tell so much in relatively short space and, at the same time, to make the reader feel that he is not so much following an account as sharing an experience. The writing frequently rises to heights of real beauty and eloquence.

But while, as an Apostolic priest, the author's primary concern is with the Church and souls, he is very human, too, and his book is humanistic in the best sense. It is colorful, witty, and modern in its outlook. Indeed, it has the qualities of a best seller and, were it not so distinctively Catholic, it might long since have been acclaimed in blurb

and broadcast. Our own people, at least, should know it; it is a book to treasure.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.50.

England Speaks

by Philip Gibbs

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2 Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

3 It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

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